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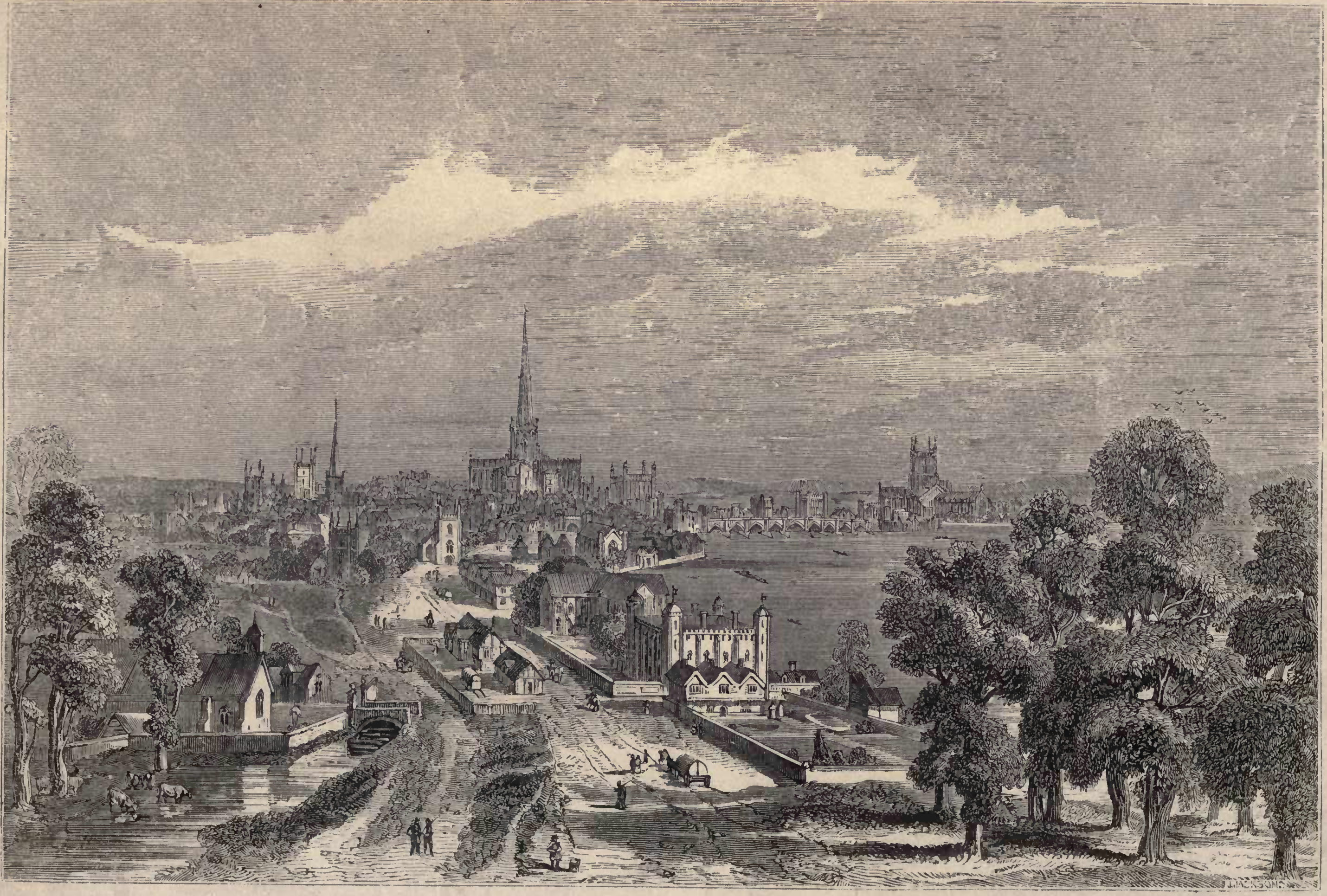

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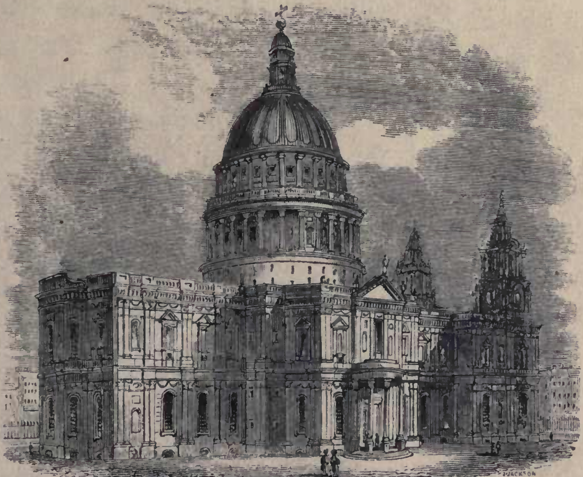
VOLUME I.



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⁂ In the Introduction, or rather Prospectus, of 'LONDON,' we have said—"If the encouragement of the public should enable this work to be carried forward to something like a general completeness, its miscellaneous character may be reduced into system by chronological and topographical Indexes." That encouragement has been bestowed; and the Editor ventures therefore to hope that the plan which he conceived of producing a new work on London, "wholly different from any which has preceded it," has been carried out in a manner which may enable him to look to its completion within moderate limits, when its "miscellaneous character" will appear not wholly without a plan. In the mean while, the following Analytical Table of Contents will be of some assistance to those readers who may desire to use the volume for reference.

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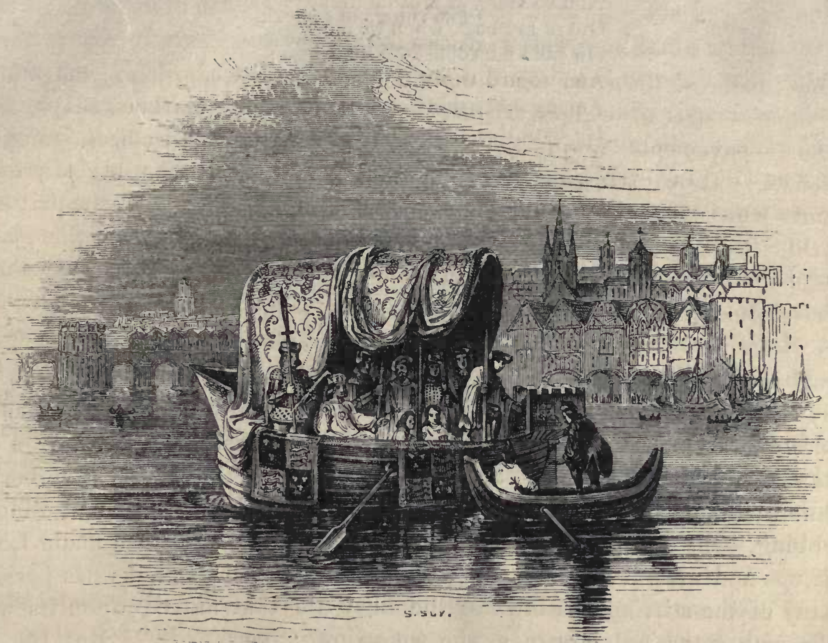

[Richard II. and Gower.]

I.—THE SILENT HIGHWAY.

One of the most remarkable pictures of ancient manners which has been transmitted to us is that in which the poet Gower describes the circumstances under which he was commanded by King Richard II.

> " To make a book after his hest."

The good old rhymer,—"the moral Gower," as Chaucer calls him,—who probably resided in Southwark, where his monument may yet be seen in the church of St. Mary Overies, had taken boat; and upon the broad river he met the king in his stately barge. It was an accidental meeting, he tells us. The monarch, who had come most probably from his palace of Westminster, where even thousands ministered, it is said, to his luxurious tastes, espied the familiar face of the minstrel, and stopped him upon that great highway of London, which was an open road for the meanest as for the highest. He called him on board his own vessel, and desired him to book "some new thing." This was the origin of the '*Confessio Amantis.*' But the poet shall record the story in his own simple words:—

" As it befel upon a tide,
As thing which should then betide,
Under the towné of New Troy,
Which took of Brute his firsté joy;

In Thames, when it was flowing,
As I by boaté came rowing,
So as fortune her time set,
My liege lord perchance I met,
And so befel, as I came nigh,
Out of my boat, when he me sygh,*
He bade me come into his barge :
And when I was with him at large,
Among other thingés said
He hath this charge upon me laid,
And bade me do my business,
That to his high worthiness
Some new thingé I should book,
That he himself it might look,
After the form of my writing.
And thus upon his commanding.
Mine hearté is well the more glad
To writé so as he me bade."

Nothing can be more picturesque than this description, and nothing can more forcibly carry us into the very heart of the past. With the exception of some of the oldest portions of the Tower of London, there is scarcely a brick or a stone left standing that may present to us a memorial of "the king's chamber"† of four hundred and fifty years ago. There, indeed, is the river, still flowing and still ebbing,—the most ancient thing we can look upon,—which made London what it was and what it is. Nearly all that then adorned its banks has perished; and many of the stirring histories of the busy life that moved upon its waters have become to us as obscure as the legend of "New Troy." But the poet calls upon our imagination to fill up the void.

One of the most ancient pictorial representations of London which exists is of a date some fifty years later than the poem we have quoted. It is found in a manuscript preserved in the British Museum, and represents the captivity of the Duke of Orleans in the Tower. The manuscript itself, which consists of the poems of the royal captive, was probably copied in the time of Henry VI.; but the illumination purports to represent the London of an earlier date, with its bridge, its lofty-spired cathedral, its numerous churches, its gabled houses. Under these walls we may imagine the poet and his patron to have glided, amidst crowded wherries, and attendant barges, and the merry sounds of song and clarion, and the shouts of the people. Often had the "imaginative" king so passed between his palace of Westminster and his Tower of London. But the state was to end in misery, and degradation, and a solitary and mysterious death.

The 'Prologue' of Gower, in the true spirit of the romantic times, tells us of the town which was founded by the Trojan Brute. Here was the fable which the middle-age minstrels rejoiced in, and which History has borrowed from Poetry without any compromise of her propriety. The origin of nations must be fabulous; and if we would penetrate into the dark past we must be satisfied with the torch-light which fable presents to us. We commend, therefore, the belief of the good citizens of London, who, in the time of Henry VI., sent the king a copy of an ancient tract, which says of London, "According to the credit of chronicles it is considerably older than Rome; and that it was, by the same Trojan author, built by Brute, after the likeness of great Troy, before that built by Romulus and Remus. Whence to this day it useth and enjoyeth the ancient city Troy's liberties, rights, and customs."* This is dealing with a legend in a business-like manner, worthy of grave aldermen and sheriffs. Between Brute and Richard II. there is a long interval; and the chroniclers have filled it up with many pleasant stories, and the antiquarians have embellished it with many ingenious theories. We must leap over all these. One ancient writer, however, who speaks from his own knowledge,—William Fitz-Stephen, who died in 1191,—has left us a record in his 'Description of London,' which will take us back a few hundred years further. The original is in Latin. "The wall of the city is high and great, continued with seven gates, which are made double, and on the north distinguished with turrets by spaces: likewise on the south London hath been enclosed with walls and towers, but the large river of Thames, well stored with fish, and in which the tide ebbs and flows, by continuance of time hath washed, worn away, and cast down those walls." Here, then, six hundred and fifty years ago, we find the river-bank of London in the same state as described by Sir Thomas More in his imaginary capital of Amaurote:—"The city is compassed about with a high and thick stone wall, full of turrets and bulwarks. A dry ditch, but deep and broad, and overgrown with bushes, briers, and thorns, goeth about three sides or quarters of the city. To the fourth side the river itself serveth as a ditch."† The Saxon chronicle tells us that in the year 1052 Earl Godwin, with his navy, passed along the southern side of the river, and so assailed the walls. A hundred and fifty years after, in the time of Fitz-Stephen, the walls were gone. About the same period arose the stone bridge of London; but that has perished before the eyes of our own generation.

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* Saw.

† *Camera Regia;* which title, immediately after the Norman Conquest, London began to have.—CAMDEN.

There is another passage in Fitz-Stephen which takes us, as do most of his descriptions, into the every-day life of the ancient Londoners—their schools, their feasting, and their sports:—

"In Easter holidays they fight battles on the water. A shield is hanged on a pole, fixed in the midst of the stream; a boat is prepared without oars, to be carried by violence of the water, and in the forepart thereof standeth a young man, ready to give charge upon the shield with his lance. If so be he break his lance against the shield and doth not fall, he is thought to have performed a worthy deed. If so be, without breaking his lance, he runneth strongly against the shield, down he falleth into the water, for the boat is violently forced with the tide; but on each side of the shield ride two boats, furnished with two young men, which recover him that falleth as soon as they may. Upon the bridge, wharfs, and houses by the river-side,‡ stand great numbers to see and laugh thereat."

The sport, which may be still seen amongst the watermen of the Seine, and of the Rhine, was the delight of the bold youth of London in the days of Henry II. Fitz-Stephen tells us of this amongst the sports of the people generally; and the circumstance shows that they were accustomed to exercise themselves upon their noble river. Four centuries afterwards Stow saw a somewhat similar game:—"I have seen also in the summer season, upon the river of Thames, some rowed in wherries, with staves in their hands, flat at the fore-end, running one against another, and,

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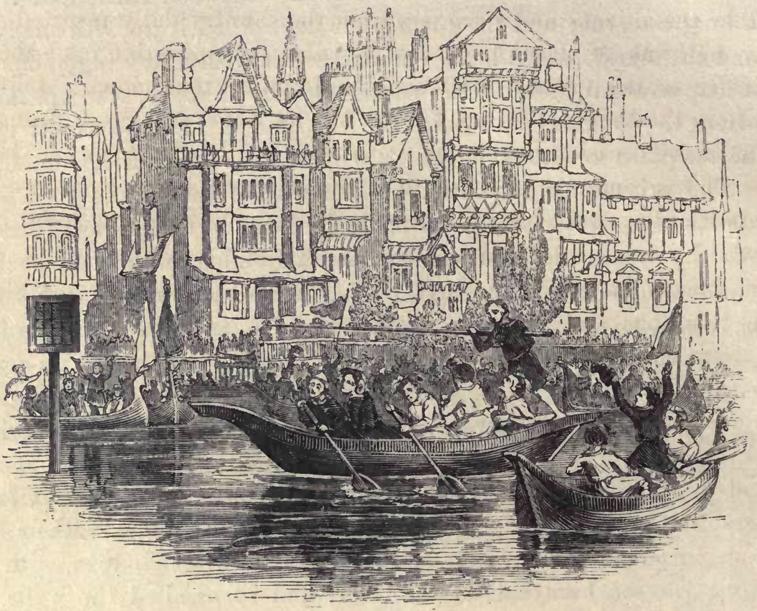
* Stow, book i.

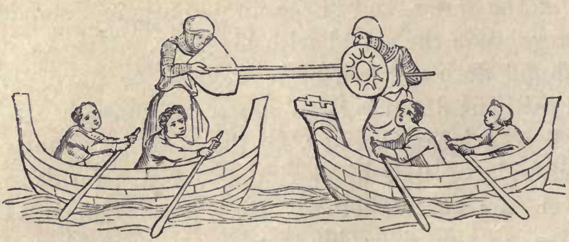
† Utopia, b. ii. c. ii.

‡ We give the translation of Stow, but he appears here to have taken a little licence with the original:—"*Supra pontem et in solariis supra fluvium.*"



[Water Quintain.]

for the most part, one or both of them were overthrown and well ducked." Of the antiquity of these customs we have evidence in two drawings of a beautiful illuminated 'History of the Old Testament,' &c., of the fourteenth century, in the British Museum. Howel says, "There was in former times a sport used upon the Thames, which is *now discontinued:* it was for two wherries to row, and run one



[Water Tournaments.]

against the other, with staves in their hands, flat at the fore-end; which kind of recreation is much practised amongst the gondolas of Venice."*

From the time of Fitz-Stephen to that of Gower we may readily conceive that the water-communication between one part of London and another, and between

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* Londinopolis: 1657.

London and Westminster, was constantly increasing. A portion of London Bridge was moveable, which enabled vessels of burden to pass up the river to unload at Queenhithe and other wharfs. Stairs (called bridges) and Water-gates studded the shores of both cities. Palaces arose, such as the Savoy, where the powerful nobles kept almost regal state. The Courts of Law were fixed at Westminster; and thither the citizens and strangers from the country daily resorted, preferring the easy highway of the Thames to the almost impassable road that led from Westminster to the village of Charing, and onward to London. John Lydgate, who wrote in the time of Henry V., has left us a very curious poem, which we shall often have occasion to refer to, entitled 'London Lyckpeny.' He gives us a picture of his coming to London to obtain legal redress of some grievance, but without money to pursue his suit. Upon quitting Westminster Hall, he says,

"Then to Westminster *Gate* I presently went."

This is undoubtedly the Water-gate; and, without describing anything beyond the cooks, whom he found busy with their bread and beef at the gate, "when the sun was at high prime," he adds,

"Then unto *London* I did me hie."

By water he no doubt went, for through Charing he would have made a day's journey. Wanting money, he has no choice but to return to the country; and having to go "into Kent," he applies to the watermen at Billingsgate:—

"Then hied I me to Billingsgate,
And one cried *hoo*—go we hence:
I pray'd a bargeman, for God's sake,
That he would spare me my expense.
Thou scap'st not here, quoth he, under two pence."

We have a corroboration of the accuracy of this picture in Lambarde's 'Perambulation of Kent.' The old topographer informs us that in the time of Richard II. the inhabitants of Milton and Gravesend agreed to carry in their boats, from London to Gravesend, a passenger, with his truss or farthell, for two-pence.

The poor Kentish suitor, without two-pence in his pocket to pay the Gravesend bargemen, takes his solitary way on foot homeward. The *gate* where he was welcomed with the cry of *hoo*—ho, ahoy—was the great landing-place of the coasting-vessels; and the king here anciently took his toll upon imports and exports. The Kentishman comes to Billingsgate from Cornhill; but it was not an uncommon thing for boats, even in those times, to accomplish the feat of passing through the fall occasioned by the narrowness of the arches of London Bridge; and the loss of life in these adventures was not an unfrequent occurrence. Gifford, in a note upon a passage in Ben Jonson's 'Staple of News,' says somewhat pettishly of the old bridge, "had an alderman or a turtle been lost there, the nuisance would have been long since removed." A greater man than an alderman—John Mowbray, the second Duke of Norfolk—nearly perished there in 1428. This companion of the glories of Henry V. took his barge at St. Mary Overies, with many a gentleman, squire, and yeoman, "and prepared to pass through London Brigg. Whereof the foresaid barge, through misgovernment of steering, fell upon the piles and overwhelmed. The which was cause of spilling many a gentle man, and other; the more ruth was! But as God would, the Duke himself, and two or three other gentle men, seeing that mischief, leaped up on the piles, and so were saved through help of them that were above the brigg, with casting down of ropes."* But there were landing-places in abundance between Westminster and London Bridge, so that a danger such as this was not necessary to be incurred. When the unfortunate Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, was condemned to do penance in London, in three open places, on three several days, she was brought by water from Westminster; and on the 13th November, 1440, was put on shore at the Temple bridge; on the 15th, at the Old Swan; and, on the 17th, at Queenhithe. Here, exactly four centuries ago, we have the same stairs described by the same names as we find at the present day. The Old Swan (close to London Bridge) was the *Old* Swan in the time of Henry VI., as it continued to be in the time of Elizabeth. If we turn to the earliest maps of London we find, in the same way, Broken Wharf, and Paul's Wharf, and Essex Stairs, and Whitehall Stairs. The abiding-places of the watermen appear to have been as unchanging as their thoroughfare—the same river ever gliding, and the same inlets from that broad and cheerful highway to the narrow and gloomy streets.

The watermen of London, like every other class of the people, were once musical; and their "oars kept time" to many a harmony, which, if not so poetical as the song of the gondoliers, was full of the heart of merry England. The old city chronicler, Fabyan, tells us that John Norman, Mayor of London (he held this dignity in 1454), was "the first of all mayors who brake that ancient and old-continued custom of *riding* to Westminster upon the morrow of Simon and Jude's day." John Norman "*was rowed thither by water*, for the which the watermen made of him a roundel, or song, to his great praise, the which began,

> 'Row the boat, Norman, row to thy leman.'"

The watermen's ancient chorus, as we collect from old ballads, was

> "Heave and how, rumbelow;"

and their burden was still the same in the time of Henry VIII., not forgetting, "Row the boat, Norman."† Well might the first mayor who carried the pomp of the city to the great Thames, and made

> "The barge *he* sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
> Burn on the water,"

deserve the praises of watermen in all time! We could willingly spare many more intrinsically valuable things than the city water-pageant; for it takes us even now into the old forms of life; and if it shows us more than all other pageants something of the perishableness of power and dignity, it has a fine, antique grandeur about it, and tells us that London, and what belongs to London, are not of yesterday.

We every now and then turn up in the old Chronicles, and Memoirs, and Letters that have been rescued from mice and mildew, some graphic description of the use of the river as the common highway of London. These old writers were noble hands at scene-painting. What a picture Hall gives us of the populousness of the Thames!—the perfect contrast to Wordsworth's

> "The river glideth at his own sweet will"—

in the story which he tells us of the Archbishop of York, after leaving the widow of Edward IV. in the sanctuary of Westminster, sitting "alone below on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed," returning home to York Place in the dawning of the day; "and when he opened his windows and looked on the Thames, he might see the river full of boats of the Duke of Gloucester his servants, watching that no person should go to sanctuary, nor none should pass unsearched." Cavendish, in his 'Life of Wolsey,' furnishes as graphic a description of the great Cardinal hurrying to and fro on the highway of the Thames, between his imperious master and the injured Katharine, when Henry had become impatient of the tedious conferences of the Court at Blackfriars sitting on the question of his divorce, and desired to throw down with the strong hand the barriers that kept him from the Lady Anne:—"Thus this court passed from session to session, and day to day, in so much that a certain day the king sent for my lord at the breaking up one day of the court to come to him into Bridewell. And to accomplish his commandment he went unto him, and being there with him in communication in his grace's privy chamber from eleven until twelve of the clock and past at noon, my lord came out and departed from the king, and took his barge at the Black Friars, and so went to his house at Westminster. The Bishop of Carlisle, being with him in his barge, said unto him, (wiping the sweat from his face,) 'Sir,' quoth he, 'it is a very hot day.' 'Yea,' quoth my Lord Cardinal, 'if ye had been as well chafed as I have been within this hour, ye would say it were very hot.'" Between Westminster and the Tower, and the Tower and Greenwich, the Thames was especially the royal road. When Henry VII. willed the coronation of his Queen Elizabeth, she came from Greenwich attended by "barges freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silk." When Henry VIII. avowed his marriage with Anne Boleyn, she was brought by "all the crafts of London" from Greenwich to the Tower, "trumpets, shawms, and other divers instruments, all the way playing and making great melody." The river was not only the festival highway, but the more convenient one, for kings as well as subjects. Hall tells us, "This year (1536), in December, was the Thames of London all frozen over, *wherefore* the king's majesty, with his beautiful spouse Queen Jane, rode throughout the city of London to Greenwich." The interesting volume of the 'Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII.' contains item upon item of sums paid to watermen for waiting with barge and boat. The barge was evidently always in attendance upon the king; and the great boat was ever busy, moving household stuff and servants from Westminster to Greenwich or to Richmond. In 1531 we have a curious evidence of the king being deep in his polemical studies, in a record of payment "to John, the king's bargeman, for coming twice from Greenwich to York Place with a great boat with books for the king." We see the "great Eliza" on the Thames, in all her pomp, as Raleigh saw her out of his prison-window in the Tower, in 1592, as described in a letter from Arthur Gorges to Cecil:—"Upon a report of her majesty's being at Sir George Carew's, Sir W. Raleigh, having gazed and sighed a long time at his study-window, from whence he might discern the barges and boats about the Blackfriars stairs, suddenly he brake out into a great distemper, and sware that his enemies had on purpose brought her majesty thither to break his gall in sunder with Tantalus' torment, that when she went away he might see death before his eyes; with many such-like conceits. And, as a man transported with passion, he swore to Sir George Carew that he would disguise himself, and get into a pair of oars to ease his mind with but a sight of the queen." In the time of Elizabeth and the First James, and onward to very recent days, the North bank of the Thames was studded with the palaces of the nobles; and each palace had its landing-place, and its private retinue of barges and wherries; and many a freight of the brave and beautiful has been borne, amidst song and merriment, from house to house, to join the masque and the dance; and many a wily statesman, muffled in his cloak, has glided along unseen in his boat to some dark conference with his ambitious neighbour. Nothing could then have been more picturesque than the Strand, with its broad gardens, and lofty trees, and embattled turrets and pinnacles. Upon the river itself, busy as it was, fleets of swans were ever sailing; and they ventured unmolested into that channel which is now narrowed by vessels from every region. Paulus Jovius, who died in 1552, describing the Thames, says, "This river abounds in swans, swimming in flocks; the sight of whom, and their noise, are vastly agreeable to the fleets that meet them in their course." Shakspere must have seen this sight, when he made York compare the struggle of his followers at the battle of Wakefield to a swan encountering a tidal stream:—

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* Harl. MS., No. 565, quoted in 'Chronicles of London Bridge.'

† Skelton.

"As I have seen a swan,
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves."*

But there were those, during three centuries, to whom the beauties of the silent highway could have offered no pleasure. The Thames was the road by which the victim of despotism came from the Tower to Westminster Hall, in most cases to return to his barge with the edge of the axe towards his face. One example is enough to suggest many painful recollections. When the Duke of Buckingham was conducted from his trial to the barge, "Sir Thomas Lovel desired him to sit on the cushions and carpet ordained for him. He said, 'Nay; for when I went to Westminster I was Duke of Buckingham; now I am but Edward Bohun, the most caitiff of the world.' "† But these exhibitions, frequent as they were, occupied little of the thoughts of those who were moving upon the Thames, in hundreds of boats, intent upon business or amusement. In the beginning of the seventeenth century the river was at the height of its glory as the great thoroughfare of London. Howel maintains that the river of Thames hath not her fellow, "if regard be had to those forests of masts which are perpetually upon her; the variety of smaller wooden bottoms playing up and down; the stately palaces that are built upon both sides of her banks so thick; which made divers foreign ambassadors affirm that the most glorious sight in the world, take water and land together, was to come upon a high tide from Gravesend, and shoot the bridge to Westminster."‡ Of the "smaller wooden bottoms," Stow computes that there were in his time as many as two thousand; and he makes the very extraordinary statement, that there were forty thousand watermen upon the rolls of the company, and that they could furnish twenty thousand men for the fleet. The private watermen of the court and of the nobility were doubtless included in this large number. It is evident, from the representations of a royal procession in the early times of James I., that, even on common occasions, the sovereign moved upon the Thames with regal pomp, surrounded with many boats of guards and musicians:—

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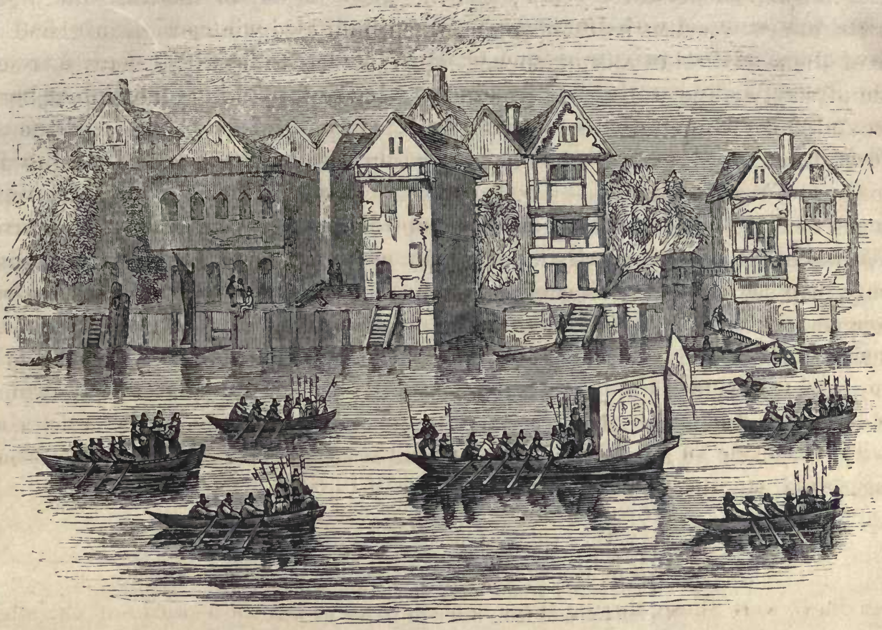
* Henry VI., part III.

† Hall.

‡ Londinopolis, p. 403.



[Procession of James I. on the Thames.]

The Inns of Court, too, filled as they were not only with the great practitioners of the law, but with thousands of wealthy students, gave ample employment to the watermen. Upon the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Palatine, in 1613, the gentlemen of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn presented a sumptuous masque at court. "These maskers, with their whole train in all triumphant manner and good order, took barge at Winchester Stairs, about seven of the clock that night, and rowed to Whitehall against the tide: the chief maskers went in the king's barge royally adorned, and plenteously furnished with a great number of great wax lights, that they alone made a glorious show: other gentlemen went in the prince's barge, and certain other went in other fair barges, and were led by two admirals: besides all these, they had four lusty warlike galleys to convoy and attend them; each barge and galley, being replenished with store of torch-lights, made so rare and brave a show upon the water, as the like was never seen upon the Thames."* When Charles was created Prince of Wales, in 1616, he came from Barn Elms to Whitehall in great aquatic state. In 1625, when Henrietta Maria arrived in London (June 16), "the king and queen in the royal barge, with many other barges of honour and thousands of boats, passed through London Bridge to Whitehall; infinite numbers, besides these, in wherries, standing in houses, ships, lighters, western barges, and on each side of the shore."† What a contrast does this splendour and rejoicing present to the scene which a few years disclosed!—"The barge-windows," (says Mr. Mead, the writer of this letter,) "notwithstanding the vehement shower, were open: and all the people shouting amain. She put out her hand, and shaked it unto them." The Whitehall, to which the daughter of Henri Quatre was thus conveyed, had another tale to tell in some twenty-three years; and the long tragedy of the fated race of the Stuarts almost reaches its catastrophe, when, in a cold winter night of 1688, the wife of James II. takes a common boat at Whitehall to fly with her child to some place of safety; and when in a few weeks later the fated king steps into a barge, surrounded by Dutch guards, amidst the triumph of his enemies, and the pity even of those good men who blamed his obstinacy and rashness: "I saw him take barge," says Evelyn,—"a sad sight." But let us turn from political changes to those more enduring revolutions which changes of manners produce.

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* Howes' Continuation of Stow's Annals, p. 1007.

† Ellis's Letters, vol. iii. p. 196.

We have before us a goodly folio volume of some six or seven hundred pages, closely printed, and containing about seventy thousand lines, for the most part of heroic verse, entitled "All the Works of John Taylor, the Water-Poet, being sixty and three in number, collected into one volume by the Author."* John Taylor, who made this collection of his tracts in 1630, was literally a Thames waterman, working daily for his bread. He says,

"I have a trade, much like an alchemist,
That oft-times by extraction, if I list,
With sweating labour at a wooden oar
I'll get the coin'd, refined, silver ore;
Which I count better than the sharping tricks
Of cozening tradesmen, or rich politicks,
Or any proud fool, ne'er so proud or wise,
That does my needful honest trade despise." †

The waterman's verses are not so ambitious as those of the Venetian gondolier, Antonio Bianchi, who wrote an epic poem in twelve cantos; but they possess a great deal of rough vigour, and altogether open to us very curious views of London manners in the early part of the seventeenth century. Taylor is never ashamed of his trade; and he cannot endure it to be supposed that his waterman's vocation is incompatible with the sturdiest assertion of his rights to the poetical dignity:—

"It chanc'd one evening, on a reedy bank,
The Muses sat together in a rank;
Whilst in my boat I did by water wander,
Repeating lines of Hero and Leander:
The triple three took great delight in that;
Call'd me ashore, and caus'd me sit and chat,
And in the end, when all our talk was done,
They gave to me a draught of Helicon,
Which proved to me a blessing and a curse,
To fill my pate with verse, and empt my purse." ‡

In one of his controversies—for he generally had some stiff quarrel on hand with witlings who looked down upon him—he says, addressing William Fennor, "the king's rhyming poet,"

"Thou say'st that Poetry descended is
From Poverty: thou tak'st thy mark amiss.
In spite of weal or woe, or want of pelf,
It is a kingdom of content itself."

Such a spirit would go far to make a writer whose works would be worth looking at two centuries after the praise or abuse of his contemporaries was forgotten; and so homely John Taylor, amongst the race of satirists and manner-painters, is not to be despised. "The gentleman-like sculler at the Hope on the Bankside" (as he makes Fennor call him) lived in a poetical atmosphere. He probably had the good fortune to ferry Shakspere from Whitehall to Paris Garden; he boasts of his acquaintance with Ben Jonson; and the cause of his great quarrel with Fennor is thus set forth: "Be it known unto all men, that I, John Taylor, waterman, did agree with William Fennor (who arrogantly and falsely entitles himself the King's Majesty's Rhyming Poet) to answer me at a trial of wit, on the 7th of October last, 1614, at the Hope Stage on the Bank-side; . . . . . . and when the day came that the play should have been performed, the house being filled with a great audience who had all spent their money extraordinarily, then this companion for an ass ran away and left me for a fool, amongst thousands of critical censurers." Taylor had taken his waterman's position in a spot where there was a thriving trade. The Bankside was the landing-place to which the inhabitants of Westminster, and of the Strand, and of London west of Paul's, would daily throng in the days of the Drama's glory; when the Globe could boast of the highest of the land amongst its visitors; when Essex and Southampton, out of favour at court, repaired thither to listen, unsatiated, to the lessons of the great master of philosophy; when crowds of earnest people, not intent only upon amusement, went there to study their country's history, or learn the "humanities" in a school where the poet could dare to proclaim universal truths in an age of individual dissimulation; and when even the idle profligate might for a moment forget his habits of self-indulgence, and be roused into sympathy with his fellows, by the art which then triumphed, and still triumphs, over all competition. Other places of amusement were on the Bankside—the Paris

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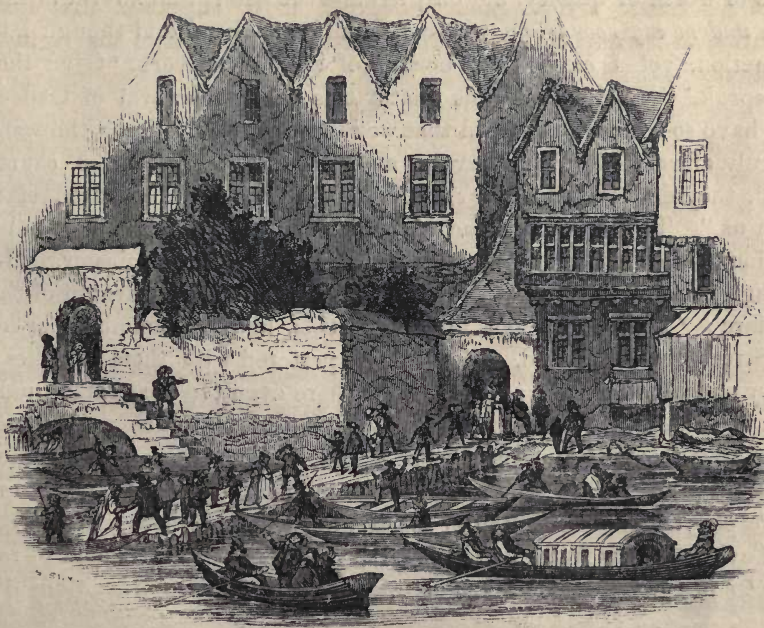
* Taylor, after the publication of this volume, printed about fifty more tracts, in prose and verse.

† Taylor's Motto, p. 50.

‡ Ibid., p. 55.



[Palace Yard Stairs, 1641.]

Garden, the Rose, and the Hope playhouses; and in earlier times, and even when the drama had reached its highest point of popular attraction, on the same spot were the "Bear-houses"—places of resort not only for the rude multitude, but to which Elizabeth carried the French ambassador to exhibit the courage of English bull-dogs. Imagine Southwark, the peculiar ground of summer theatres and *circi,* with no bridge but that of London, and we may easily understand that John Taylor sang the praises of the river with his whole heart:—

> " But noble Thames, whilst I can hold a pen,
> I will divulge thy glory unto men:
> Thou in the morning, when my coin is scant,
> Before the evening doth supply my want."*

But the empire of the watermen was destined to be invaded; and its enemies approached to its conquest, after the Tartarian fashion, with mighty chariots crowded with multitudes. Taylor was not slow to complain of this change. In his 'Thief,' published in 1622, he tells us that,

> " When Queen Elizabeth came to the crown,
> A coach in England then was scarcely known;"

and he adds, "'tis not fit" that

> " Fulsome madams, and new scurvy squires,
> Should jolt the streets at pomp, at their desires,
> Like great triumphant Tamburlaines, each day,
> Drawn with the pamper'd jades of Belgia,
> That almost all the streets are chok'd outright,
> Where men can hardly pass, from morn till night,
> Whilst watermen want work."

In a prose tract, published in the following year, Taylor goes forth to the attack upon "coaches" with great vehemence, but with a conviction that his warfare will not be successful: "I do not inveigh against any coaches that belong to persons of worth or quality, but only against the caterpillar swarm of hirelings. *They have undone my poor trade,* whereof I am a member; and though I look for no reformation, yet I expect the benefit of an old proverb, 'Give the losers leave to speak.' "† He maintains that "this infernal swarm of trade-spillers (coaches) have so overrun the land that we can get no living upon the water; for I dare truly affirm that every day in any term, especially if the court be at Whitehall, they do rob us of our livings, and carry five hundred sixty fares daily from us." This is a very exact computation, formed perhaps upon personal enumeration of the number of hired coaches passing to Westminster. He naturally enough contrasts the quiet of his own highway with the turmoil of the land-thoroughfare: "I pray you look into the streets, and the chambers or lodgings in Fleet Street or the Strand, how they are pestered with them (coaches), especially after a mask or a play at the court, where even the very earth quakes and trembles, the casements shatter, tatter, and clatter, and such a confused noise is made, so that a man can neither sleep, speak, hear, write, or eat his dinner or supper quiet for them." The history of this innovation we shall have to recount in a future paper. The irruption of coaches must have been as fearful a calamity to John Taylor and his fraternity in those days, as the establishment of railroads has been to postmasters and postboys in our own. These transitions diminish

* Praise of Hemp-seed.

† The World runs on Wheels.

something of the pleasure with which we must ever contemplate a state of progress; but the evil is temporary and the good is permanent, and when we look back upon the past we learn to estimate the evil and the good upon broad principles. Half-a-century hence, a London without railroads, that inns and stages might be maintained, would appear as ludicrous a notion as that of a London without carriages, that John Taylor might row his wherry in prosperity, gladdened every day by the smiles of ladies, "whose ancient lodgings were near St. Katharine's, the Bankside, Lambeth Marsh, Westminster, Whitefryars, Coleharbor, or any other place near the Thames, who were wont to take a boat and air themselves upon the water,"—and not have to complain that "every Gill Turntripe, Mistress Fumkins, Madam Polecat, and my Lady Trash, Froth the Tapster, Bill the Tailor, Lavender the Broker, Whiff the Tobacco-seller, with their companion trugs, must be coach'd to Saint Alban's, Burntwood, Hockley-in-the-hole, Croydon, Windsor, Uxbridge, and many other places."* Peace be to honest John Taylor. He was the prince of scullers; for he rowed in a wherry "that had endured near four years' pilgrimage," from London to York, on one occasion; made what he calls "a discovery by sea from London to Salisbury," on another voyage; and passed, "in a sculler's boat," from London to Hereford, on a third adventure. He never bated "one jot of heart or hope," and yet the coaches, and other evil accidents, drove him from his waterman's trade, and he finished his eccentric career as a victualler at Oxford, writing against sectaries and schismatics, and filling bumpers to prerogative, on to a good old age.

The revolutions of half-a-century made wonderful changes in the aspect of the Thames. The Restoration found the famous old theatres swept away, and the ancient mansions towards the east invaded by the traders. Wharfs took the place of trim gardens; and if the nobleman still kept his state-boat, the dirty coal-barge was anchored by its side. D'Avenant has given a description of this state of things, which he puts into the mouth of a Frenchman:—

"You would think me a malicious traveller if I should still gaze on your misshapen streets and take no notice of the beauty of your river; therefore I will pass the importunate noise of your watermen (who snatch at fares as if they were to catch prisoners, plying the gentry so uncivilly, as if they never had rowed any other passengers but bear-wards), and now step into one of your peascod-boats, whose tilts are not so sumptuous as the roofs of *gondolas*, nor, when you are within, are you at the ease of *chaise à bras*. The commodity and trade of your river belongs to yourselves; but give a stranger leave to share in the pleasure of it, which will hardly be in the prospect or freedom of air; unless prospect, consisting of variety, be made up with here a palace, there a wood-yard, here a garden, there a brewhouse; here dwells a lord, there a dyer, and between both *duomo comune*. If freedom of air be inferred in the liberty of the subject, where every private man hath authority, for his own profit, to smoke up a magistrate, then the air of your Thames is open enough, because 'tis equally free."†

It is easy to perceive that during the progress of these changes—all indicating the advance of the middle classes, and the general extension of public accommodation and individual comfort—the river was every day becoming less and less a general highway for passengers. The streets from Westminster to St. Paul's were paved, after a fashion; the foot-passenger could make his way, though with some danger and difficulty; and the coach, though sometimes stuck in a hole, and sometimes rudely jostled by the brewer's cart, *did* progress through the Strand and Holborn. But the time was approaching when the great capital would find out that one bridge was somewhat insufficient, and that ferries and wherries were uncertain and inconvenient modes of passage from one shore to another. Westminster Bridge was finished about 1750. In sixty or seventy years later, London could number six bridges, the noblest structures of the modern world. Alas, for the watermen! They were a cheerful race, and Dogget did a wise thing when he endowed the river with his annual coat and badge. But they have gradually dwindled—and where are they now? They are not even wanted for the small commerce of the Thames. Steam-vessels bring every possible variety of lading up the river, where formerly the little hoys had their share of a coasting-trade; and the market-cart has entirely appropriated to itself the vegetable burthens of Covent-garden. Steele has given us a lively description of a boat-trip from Richmond in an early summer-morning, when he "fell in with a fleet of gardeners." . . . . "Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage; but I landed with ten sail of apricock-boats at Strand bridge, after having put in at Nine Elms, and taken in melons."* Things are changed.

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* The World runs on Wheels, Works, p. 238.

† Entertainment at Rutland House, D'Avenant's Works, 1673, p. 352.

Howel, amongst his enumeration of the attractions of the city, says, "What variety of bowling-alleys there are!" And when the idler was tired of this sport, and would turn his back even upon shuffle-board and cock-fighting, he had nothing to do but to step down to Queenhithe or the Temple, and have an afternoon of such recreation as can now only be found at a distance of five miles from London Bridge. "Go to the river," continues Howel; "what a pleasure it is to go thereon in the summer-time, in boat or barge! or to go a floundering among the fishermen!" Imagine a waterman, in these our days of his decay, tired of waiting for a fare at Westminster, strike out into the mid-stream with his draw-net! What a hooting would there be from Blackwall to Chelsea! Or conceive an angler, stuck under one of the piers of Waterloo Bridge, patiently expecting to be rewarded with a salmon, or at least a barbel. Yet such things were a century ago. There are minute regulations of the "Company of Free Fishermen" to be observed in the western parts of the Thames, which clearly show that the preservation of the fish, even in the highway between London and Westminster, was a matter of importance; and very stringent, therefore, are the restrictions against using eel-spears, and wheels, and "angle-rods with more than two hooks."† There is a distinct provision that fishermen were not to come nearer London Bridge than the Old Swan on the north bank, and St. Mary Overies on the south. Especially was enactment made that no person should "bend over any net, during the time of flood, whereby both *salmons,* and other kind of fish, may be hindered from swimming upwards." Woe for the anglers! The salmons and the swans have both quitted the bills of mortality; and they are gone where there are clear runnels, and pebbly bottoms, and quiet nooks under shadowing osiers, and where the water-lily spreads its broad leaf and its snowy flower, and the sewer empties not itself to pollute every tide, and the never-ceasing din of human life is heard not, and the paddle of the steam-boat dashes no wave upon the shore.

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* Spectator, No. 454.

† Stow's London, book v.

We have seen a Frenchman's description of our Thames as a highway; and it may be well to look at the same author's picture, in the character of an Englishman, of the Seine, and its conveyances:—

"I find your boats much after the pleasant shape of those at common ferries; where your *bastelier* is not so turbulently active as our watermen, but rather (his fare being two brass *liards*) stands as sullen as an old Dutch skipper after shipwreck, and will have me attend till the rest of the herd make up his freight; passing in droves like cattle; embroidered and perfumed, with carters and *crocheteurs;* all standing during the voyage, as if we were ready to land as soon as we put from the shore; and with his long pole gives us a tedious waft, as if he were all the while poching for eels. We neither descend by stairs when we come in, nor ascend when we go out, but crawl through the mud like cray-fish, or anglers in a new plantation." * London, at all periods, could exhibit better accommodation than this; though D'Avenant's Frenchman complains of the landing at "Puddledock." But we select the description, to contrast the Parisian passage-boat of 1660 with the London steamer of 1841. Our readers will kindly accompany us on a quarter of an hour's voyage from the Shades Pier to Hungerford Market.

We have stood for a few minutes on the eastern side of London Bridge, looking upon that sight which arrests even the dullest imagination—mast upon mast, stretching farther than the eye can reach, the individual objects constantly shifting, but the aggregate ever the same. We pass to the western side, and descend the steps of the bridge. We are in a narrow and dirty street, and we look up to the magnificent land-arch which crosses it. A turn to the left brings us to the river. A bell is ringing; we pass through a toll-gate, paying four-pence, and in a few seconds are on board one of the little steam-boats, bearing the poetical name of some flower, or planet, or precious gem. As the hand of the clock upon the pier approaches to one of the four divisions of the hour, the boat prepares to start. The pilot goes to the helm; the broad plank over which the passengers have passed into the boat is removed; the cable by which it is attached to the pier, or to some other boat, is cast off. The steam is up. For a minute we appear as if we were passing down the river; but, threading its way through a dozen other steam-winged vessels, the boat darts towards the Surrey shore; and her prow is breasting the ebbing tide. What a gorgeous scene is now before us! The evening sun is painting the waters with glancing flames; the cross upon the summit of that mighty dome of St. Paul's shines like another sun; churches, warehouses, steam-chimneys, shot-towers, wharfs, bridges—the noblest and the humblest things—all are picturesque; and the eye, looking upon the mass, sees nothing of that meanness with which our Thames banks have been reproached. In truth, this juxtaposition of the magnificent and the common fills the mind with as much food for thought as if from London Bridge to Westminster there was one splendid quay, curtaining the sheds, and coal-barges, and time-worn landings which meet us at every glance. The ceaseless activity with which these objects are associated renders them even separately interesting. We see the goings-on of that enormous traffic which makes London what it is; and whilst we rush under the mighty arches of the iron bridge, and behold another, and another, and another spanning the river, looking as vast and solid as if they defied time and the elements; and also see the wharfs on the one bank, although the light be waning, still populous and busy,—and the foundries, and glass-houses, and printing-offices, on the other bank, still sending out their dense smoke,—we know that without this never-tiring energy, disagreeable as are some of its outward forms, the splendour which is around us could not have been. But the boat stops. Without bustle, some twenty passengers leave us at Blackfriars Bridge, and as many come on board. The operation is finished in a minute or two. We are again on our way. We still see the admixture of the beautiful and the mean, but in another form. The dirty Whitefriars is the neighbour of the trim Temple. Praised be the venerable Law which has left us one green spot, where trees still grow by our river-side, and which still preserves some relics of the days that are gone! Another bridge, perhaps the noblest, is again passed; and the turrets and pinnacles of Westminster are spread before us, with the smart modern mansions that have succeeded the old palatial grandeur of the seventeenth century. The sight is not displeasing, when we reflect that the ground upon which once stood some dozen vast piles, half house and half fortress, is now covered with hundreds of moderate-sized dwellings, filled with comforts and even luxuries unknown to the days of rushes and tapestry, into whose true sanctuaries no force can intrude, and where, if there be peace within, there is no danger of happiness being disturbed by violence without. But we are at Hungerford-wharf. The greater portion of the freight is discharged, ourselves amongst the number. The boat darts through Westminster Bridge, and farther onward to Vauxhall; and in another hour some of its passengers are miles on the road to Southampton. We are in the Strand as the gas-lights are peeping; and we are thinking of what the Strand is, and what it was.

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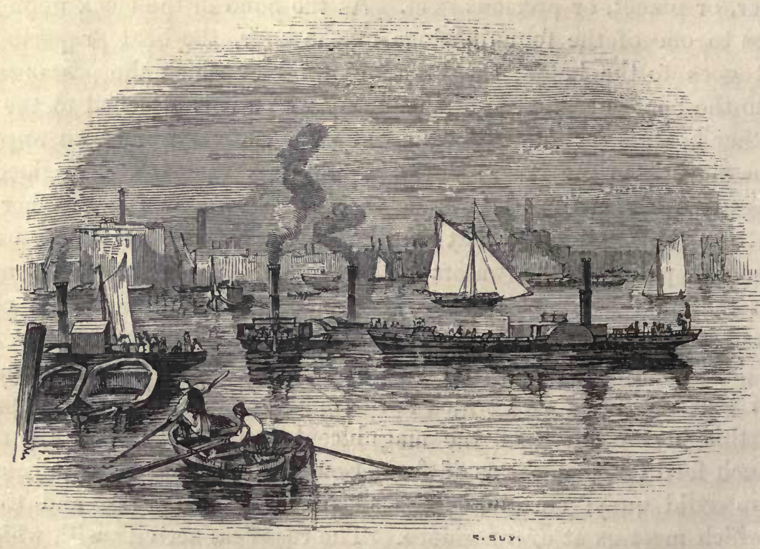
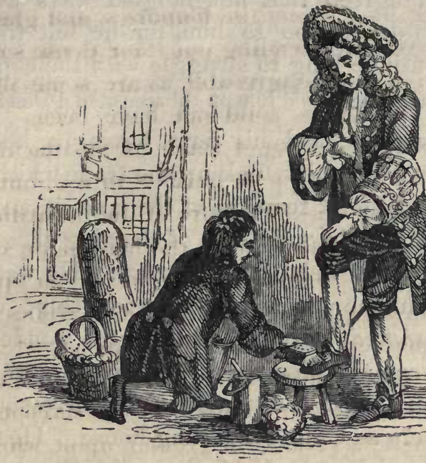
* Entertainment at Rutland House, p. 356.



[London and Westminster Steamers—Hungerford Stairs.]



["The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd."]

II.—CLEAN YOUR HONOUR'S SHOES.

In one of the many courts on the north side of Fleet Street, might be seen, somewhere about the year 1820, *the last of the shoe-blacks.* One would think that he deemed himself dedicated to his profession by Nature, for he was a Negro. At the earliest dawn he crept forth from his neighbouring lodging, and planted his tripod on the quiet pavement, where he patiently stood till noon was past. He was a short, large-headed, son of Africa, subject, as it would appear, to considerable variations of spirits, alternating between depression and excitement, as the gains of the day presented to him the chance of having a few pence to recreate himself, beyond what he should carry home to his wife and children. For he had a wife and children, this last representative of a falling trade; and two or three little woolly-headed *décrotteurs* nestled around him when he was idle, or assisted in taking off the roughest of the dirt when he had more than one client. He watched, with a melancholy eye, the gradual improvement of the streets; for during some twenty or thirty years he had beheld all the world combining to ruin him. He saw the foot-pavements widening; the large flag-stones carefully laid down; the loose and broken piece, which discharged a slushy shower on the unwary foot, instantly removed: he saw the kennels diligently cleansed, and the drains widened: he saw experiment upon experiment made in the repair of the carriage-way, and the holes, which were to him as the "old familiar faces" which he loved, filled up with a haste that appeared quite unnecessary, if not insulting. One solitary country shopkeeper, who had come to London once a year during a long life, clung to our sable friend; for he was the only one of the fraternity that he could find remaining, in his walk from Charing Cross to Cheapside. The summer's morning when that good man planted his foot on the three-legged stool, and desired him carefully to turn back his brown gaiters, and asked him how trade went with him, and shook his head when he learned that it was very bad, and they both agreed that new-fangled ways were the ruin of the country—that was a joyful occasion to him, for he felt that he was not quite deserted. He did not continue long to struggle with the capricious world.

"Oue morn we miss'd him on th' accustom'd *stand.*"

He retired into the workhouse; and his boys, having a keener eye than their father to the wants of the community, took up the trade which he most hated, and applied themselves to the diligent removal of the mud in an earlier stage of its accumulation—they swept crossings, instead of cleaning shoes.

The last of the Shoe-blacks belongs to history. He was one of the living monuments of *old* London; he was a link between three or four generations. The stand which he *purchased* in Bolt Court (in the wonderful resemblance of external appearance between all these Fleet Street courts, we cannot be sure that it was *Bolt* Court) had been handed down from one successor to another, with as absolute a line of customers as Child's Banking-house. He belonged to a trade which has its literary memorials. In 1754, the polite Chesterfield, and the witty Walpole, felt it no degradation to the work over which they presided that it should be jocose about his fraternity, and hold that his profession was more dignified than that of the author:

"Far be it from me, or any of my brother authors, to intend lowering the dignity of the gentlemen trading in black ball, by naming them with ourselves: we are extremely sensible of the great distance there is between us: and it is with envy that we look up to the occupation of shoe-cleaning, while we lament the severity of our fortune, in being sentenced to the drudgery of a less respectable employment. But while we are unhappily excluded from the stool and brush, it is surely a very hard case that the contempt of the world should pursue us, only because we are unfortunate."*

Gay makes "the black youth"—his mythological descent from the goddess of mud, and his importance in a muddy city—the subject of the longest episode in his amusing Trivia. The shoe-boy's mother thus addresses him:

"Go thrive: at some frequented corner stand;
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand;
Temper the foot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil;
On this methinks I see the walking crew,
At thy request, support the miry shoe;
The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,
And in thy pocket gingling halfpence sound.
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud:
The youth straight chose his post; the labour ply'd
Where branching streets from Charing Cross divide;
His treble voice resounds along the Mews,
And Whitehall echoes—'Clean your Honour's shoes!'"

The cry is no more heard. The pavements of Whitehall are more evenly laid than the ancient marble courts of York Place, where Wolsey held his state, and Henry revelled; and they are far cleaner, even in the most inauspicious weather, than the old floor beneath the rushes. Broad as the footways are—as the broadest of the entire original streets—the mightiest of paving stones is not large enough for the comforts of the walker; and a pavement without a joint is sought for in the new concrete of asphaltum. Where the streets which run off from the great thoroughfares are narrow, the *trottoir* is widened at the expense of the carriage-road; and one cart only can pass at a time, so that we walk fearless of wheels. If we would cross a road, there is a public servant, ever assiduous, because the measure of his usefulness is that of his reward, who removes every particle of dirt from before our steps. No filth encumbers the kennels; no spout discharges the shower in a torrent from the house-top. We pass quietly onwards from the Horse Guards to the India House without being jostled off the curb-stone, though we have no protecting posts to sustain us; and we perceive why the last of the shoe-blacks vanished from our view about the time when we first noticed his active brothers at every corner of Paris—a city then somewhat more filthy than the London of the days of Anne.

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* The World, No. 57.

He who would see London well must be a pedestrian. Gay, who has left us the most exact as well as the most lively picture of the external London of a hundred and twenty years ago, is enthusiastic in his preference for walking:

> "Let others in the jolting coach confide,
> Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide,
> Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
> And trust their safety to another's feet:
> Still let me walk."

But what a walk has he described! He sets out, as what sensible man would not, with his feet protected with "firm, well-hammer'd soles;" but if the shoe be too big,

> "Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside."

This, we see, is a London without *trottoirs*. The middle of a paved street was generally occupied with the channel; and the sides of the carriage-way were full of absolute holes, where the ricketty coach was often stuck as in a quagmire. Some of the leading streets, even to the time of George II., were almost as impassable as the avenues of a new American town. The only road to the Houses of Parliament before 1750 was through King Street and Union Street, "which were in so miserable a state, that fagots were thrown into the ruts on the days on which the King went to Parliament, to render the passage of the state-coach more easy." * The present Saint Margaret's *Street* was formed out of a thoroughfare known as Saint Margaret's *Lane*, which was so narrow that "pales were obliged to be placed, four feet high, between the foot-path and coach-road, to preserve the passengers from injury, and from being covered with the mud which was splashed on all sides in abundance." † The pales here preserved the passengers more effectually than the posts of other thoroughfares. These posts, in the principal avenues, constituted the only distinction between the foot-way and carriage-way; for the space within the posts was as uneven as the space without. This inner space was sometimes so narrow that only one person could pass at a time; and hence those contests for the wall that filled the streets with the vociferations of anger, and the din of assaulting sticks, and sometimes the clash of naked steel. Dr. Johnson describes how those quarrels were common when he first came to London; and how at length things were better ordered. But the change must in great part be imputed to the gradual improvement of the streets. In Gay's time there was no safety but within the posts.

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* Smith's Westminster, p. 261.

† Id. p. 262.

> "Though expedition bids, yet never stray
> Where no ranged posts defend the rugged way;
> Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
> Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street."

In wet and gusty weather the unhappy walker heard the crazy signs swinging over his head, as Gulliver describes the Red Lion of Brentford. The spouts of every house were streaming at his feet, or drenching his laced hat and his powdered wig with unpitying torrents. At every step some bulk or shop-projection narrowed the narrow road, and drove him against the coach-wheels. The chairmen, if there was room to pass, occupied all the space between the wall and the posts. The "hooded maid" came sometimes gingerly along, with pattens and umbrella (then exclusively used by women), and of courtesy he must *yield* the wall. The small-coal man, and the sweep, and the barber, *took* the wall, in assertion of their clothes-soiling prerogative; and the bully thrust him, or was himself thrust, "to the muddy kennel's side." The great rule for the pedestrian was,—

> "Ever be watchful to maintain the wall."

The dignity of the wall, and its inconveniences, were as old as the time of James and Charles. Donne, in his first Satire, describes the difficulties of one who took the wall:—

> "Now we are in the street; he first of all,
> Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall,
> And so, imprisoned and hemmed in by me,
> Sells for a little state his liberty."

The streets, in the good old times, often presented obstructions to the pedestrian which appear to us like the wonders of some unknown region. In the more recent unhappy days of public executions the wayfarer passed up Ludgate Hill with an eye averted from the Old Bailey; for there, as Monday morning came, duly hung some three, and it may be six, unhappy victims of a merciless code, judicially murdered according to our better notions. Then was the rush to see the horrid sight, and the dense crowd pouring away from it; and the pickpocket active under the gallows; and the business of life interrupted for a quarter of an hour, with little emotion even amongst the steady walkers who heeded not the spectacle: it was a thing of course. And so was the pillory in earlier times. Gay says nothing of the feelings of the passer-on; he had only to take care of his clothes:

> "Where, elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
> Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
> Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
> Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs, a mingled shower,
> Among the rabble rain: some random throw
> May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow."

People used to talk of these things as coolly as Garrard wrote to Lord Strafford of them: "No mercy showed to Prynne; he stood in the pillory, and lost his first ear in a pillory in the palace at Westminster in full term; his other in Cheapside, where, while he stood, his volumes were burnt under his nose, which had almost suffocated him."* The cruelty is not mitigated by the subsequent account of Garrard, that Mr. Prynne "hath got his ears sewed on, that they grow again, as before, to his head."† If the mob round the pillory was safely passed, there was another mob often to be encountered. Rushing along Cheapside, or Covent Garden, or by the Maypole in the Strand, came the foot-ball players. It is scarcely conceivable, when London had settled into civilization, little more than a century ago,—when we had our famed Augustan age of Addisons and Popes,—when laced coats, and flowing wigs, and silver buckles, ventured into the streets, and the beau prided himself on

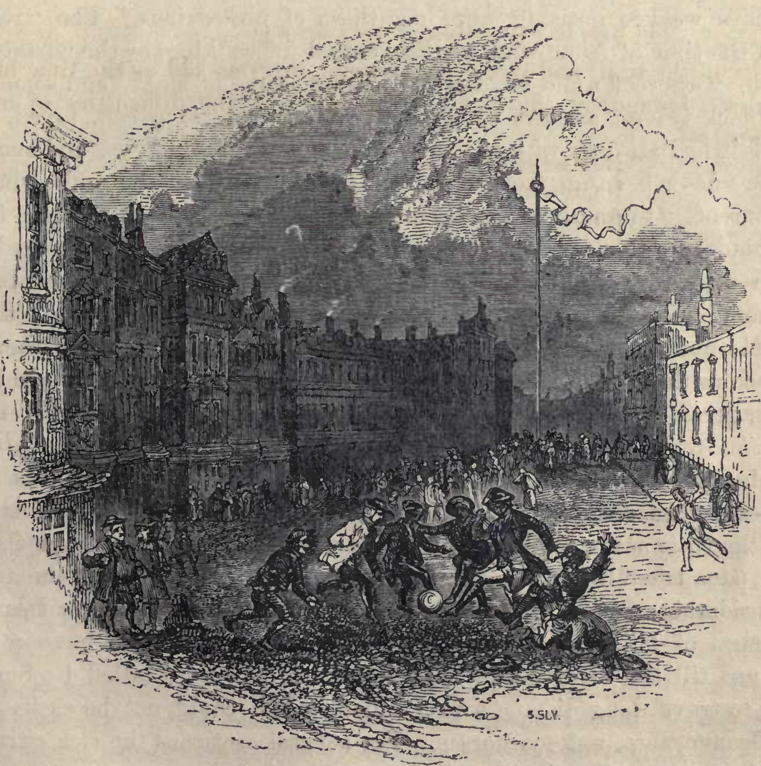
> "The nice conduct of a clouded cane,—"

that the great thoroughfares through which men now move, "intent on high designs," should be a field for foot-ball:

> "The prentice quits his shop to join the crew;
> Increasing crowds the flying game pursue." ‡

This is no poetical fiction. It was the same immediately after the Restoration. D'Avenant's Frenchman thus complains of the streets of London:

"I would now make a safe retreat, but that methinks I am stopped by one of your heroic games, called foot-ball; which I conceive (under your favour) not very conveniently civil in the streets; especially in such irregular and narrow roads



[Foot-Ball in the Strand.]

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* Strafford's Letters, vol. i. p. 261. † Id. p. 266. ‡ Trivia.

as Crooked-lane. Yet it argues your courage, much like your military pastime of throwing at cocks. But your mettle would be more magnified (since you have long allowed those two valiant exercises in the streets) to draw your archers from Finsbury, and, during high market, let them shoot at butts in Cheapside."*

It was the same in the days of Elizabeth. To this game went the sturdy apprentices, with all the train of idlers in a motley population; and when their blood was up, as it generally was in this exercise, which Stubbes calls "a bloody and murthering practice, rather than a fellowly sport or pastime," they had little heed to the passengers in the streets, whether there was passing by

> " a velvet justice with a long
> Great train of blue-coats, twelve or fourteen strong;"†

or a gentle lady on her palfrey, wearing her "visor made of velvet."‡ The courtier, described in Hall, had an awful chance to save his "perewinke" in such an encounter; when with his "bonnet vail'd," according to the "courtesies" of his time,

> "Travelling along in London way,"

he has to recover his "auburn locks" from the "ditch" that crosses the thoroughfare.

The days we are noticing were not those of pedestrians. The "red-heel'd shoes" of the time of Anne were as little suited for walking, as the "pantofles" of Elizabeth, "whereof some be of white leather, some of black, and some of red; some of black velvet, some of white, some of red, some of green, rayed, carved, cut, and stitched all over with silk, and laid on with gold, silver, and such like." So Stubbes describes the "corked shoes" of his day; and he adds, what seems very apparent, "to go abroad in them as they are now used altogether, is rather a let or hindrance to a man than otherwise."§ These fine shoes belonged to the transition state between the horse and the coach; when men were becoming "effeminate" in the use of the new vehicles, which we have seen the Water-Poet denounced; and the highways of London were not quite suited to the walker. Shoes such as those are ridiculed by Stubbes as "uneasy to go in;" and he adds, "they exagerate a mountain of mire, and gather a heap of clay and baggage together."

In asking our readers to look back to the period when London was without *coaches*—when no sound of wheels was heard but that of the *cart*, labouring through the rutty ways, with its load of fire-wood, or beer, or perhaps the king's pots and pans travelling from Westminster to Greenwich—we ask them to exercise a considerable power of imagination. Yet London had no coaches till late in the reign of Elizabeth; and they can scarcely be said to have come into general use till the accession of James. Those who were called by business or pleasure to travel long distances in London, which could not be easily reached by water-conveyance, rode on horses. For several centuries the rich citizens and the courtiers were equestrians. All the records of early pageantry tell us of the magnificence of horsemen. Froissart saw the coronation of Henry IV., and he thus describes the progress of the triumphant Bolingbroke through the city :—" And after dinner the duke departed from the Tower to Westminster, and rode all the way bareheaded; and about his neck the livery of France. He was accompanied with the prince his son, and six dukes, six earls, and eighteen barons, and in all, knights and squires, nine hundred horse. Then the king had on a short coat of cloth of gold, after the manner of Almayne, and he was mounted on a white courser, and the garter on his left leg. Thus the duke rode through London with a great number of lords, every lord's servant in their master's livery; all the burgesses and Lombard merchants in London, and every craft with their livery and device. Thus he was conveyed to Westminster. He was in number *six thousand horse*."* The old English chroniclers revel in these descriptions. They paint for us, in the most vivid colours, the entry into London of the conqueror of Agincourt; they are most circumstantial in their relations of the welcome of his unhappy son, after the boy had been crowned at Paris, with the king riding amidst flowing conduits, and artificial trees and flowers, and virgins making "heavenly melody," and bishops "in pontificalibus;" and having made his oblations at the cathedral, "he took again his steed at the west door of Paul's, and so rode forth to Westminster."† By the ancient "order of crowning the kings and queens of England," it is prescribed that, "the day before the coronation, the king should come from the Tower of London to his palace at Westminster, through the midst of the city, mounted on a horse, handsomely habited, and bare-headed, in the sight of all the people."‡ The citizens were familiar with these splendid equestrian processions, from the earliest times to the era of coaches; and they hung their wooden houses with gay tapestry, and their wives and daughters sate in their most costly dresses in the balconies, and shouts rent the air, and they forgot for a short time that there was little security for life or property against the despot of the hour. They played at these pageants, as they still play, upon a smaller scale themselves; and the Lord Mayor's horse and henchmen were seen on all solemn occasions of

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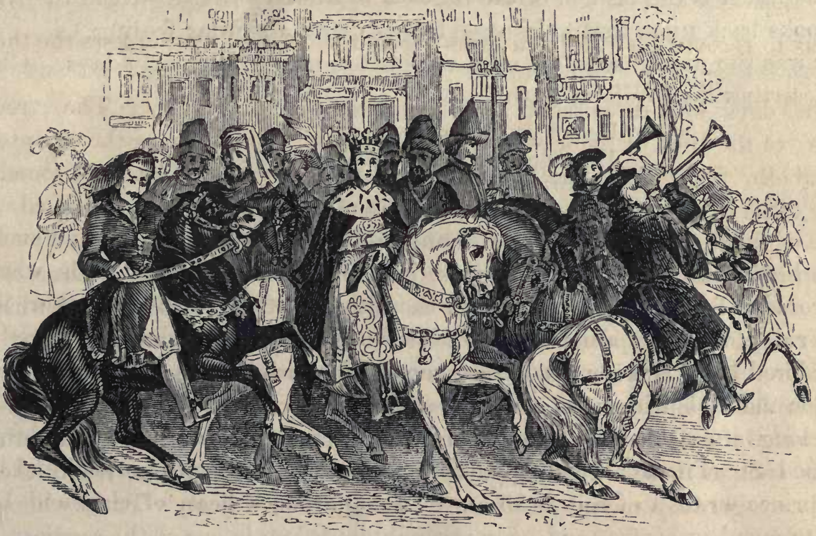
* Entertainment at Rutland House.

† Donne.

‡ Stubbes.

§ Anatomy of Abuses.



[From an illumination, Harl. MSS., 2278.—Temp. Henry VI.]

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* Lord Berners' Froissart.

† Fabyan.

‡ Liber Regalis, quoted by Strutt in his Manners, vol. iii. p. 422.

marching-watches and Bartholomew fairs. The city-dignitaries seldom ride now; although each new sheriff has a horse-block presented to him at his inauguration, that he may climb into the saddle as beseems his gravity. The courtiers kept to their riding processions, down almost to the days of the great civil war; perhaps as a sort of faint shadow of the chivalry that was gone. Garrard tells us, in 1635, how the Duke of Northumberland rode to his installation as a knight of the garter at Windsor, with earls, and marquises, and almost all the young nobility, and many barons, and a competent number of the gentry, near a hundred horse in all.* The era of coaches and chairs was then arrived; but the Duke of Northumberland did not hold that they belonged to knighthood. Fifty years earlier coaches were shunned as "effeminate." Aubrey, in his short memoir of Sir Philip Sidney, describes the feeling about coaches in the days of Elizabeth: "I have heard Dr. Pell say that he has been told by ancient gentlemen of those days of Sir Philip, so famous for men-at-arms, that 'twas then held as great a disgrace for a young gentleman to be seen riding in the street in a coach, as it would now for such a one to be seen in the streets in a petticoat and waistcoat; so much is the fashion of the times now altered."† Our friend the Water-Poet looks back upon that to him golden age with a similar feeling.

Nor was the use of saddle-horses confined to men in the early days. Chaucer thus describes his 'Wife of Bath:'—

> "Upon an ambler easily she sat,
> Ywimpled well, and on her head a hat,
> As broad as is a buckler or a targe,
> A foot-mantle about her hippés large,
> And on her feet a pair of spurrés sharp."

When Katharine of Spain came over in 1501 to marry Prince Arthur, a horse was provided for her conveyance from the Tower to Saint Paul's, upon which she was to ride "with the *pillion* behind a lord to be named by the king;" but it was also ordered that "eleven *palfreys* in one suit be ordained for such ladies attending upon the said princess as shall follow next unto the said pillion."‡ The great ladies long after this rode on horseback on ordinary occasions. Elizabeth commissioned Sir Thomas Gresham to purchase a horse at Antwerp; and the merchant-prince writes to Cecil in 1560:—"the Queen's Majesty's Turkey horse doth begin to mend in his feet and body; which doubtless is one of the readiest horses that is in all Christendom, and runs the best." § Of poor Mary of Scotland, the Earl of Shrewsbury, after conveying her to Buxton, writes to Cecil in 1580:—"She had a hard beginning of her journey; for when she should have taken her horse, he started aside, and therewith she fell, and hurt her back, which she still complains of, notwithstanding she applies the bath once or twice a day."‖ The "horse-litter" appears to have formed a connecting link between the saddle and the coach. When Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., set forward for Scotland, she rode on a "fair palfrey;" but after her was "conveyed by two footmen one very rich litter, borne by two fair coursers very nobly drest, in the which litter the said queen was borne on the entering of the good towns, or otherwise to her good pleasure."¶ The litter was, as we here see, a vehicle of ceremony. Hall, the great chronicler of sights, thus describes the conveyance of Anne Bullen to her coronation:—"Then came the queen in a litter of white cloth of gold, not covered nor bailed, which was led by two palfreys clad in white damask down to the ground, head and all, led by her footmen. . . . So she with all her company and the mayor rode forth to Temple Bar, which was newly painted and repaired, where stood also divers singing men and children, till she came to Westminster Hall, which was richly hanged with cloth of arras, and new glazed. And in the middest of the hall she was taken out of her litter." Up to the time of Charles I. the horse litter continued to be used on state occasions; but it gradually became exclusively employed by the rich and aged, at a period when coaches were still terribly rough vehicles. Evelyn, in his Diary, states that he travelled in one with his sick father, in 1640, from Bath to Wotton; and this, Markland says, is the latest mention of the conveyance which he can find. There is a later mention of it, in a bitter attack upon the old republicans, in 1680: "Can we forget that horrid accident when Major-General Skippon came in a horse-litter, wounded, to London? When he passed by the brewhouse near St. John's Street, a devilish mastiff flew, as at a bear, at one of his horses, and held him so fast that the horse grew mad as a mad dog; the soldiers so amazed that none had the wit to shoot the mastiff; but the horse-litter, borne between two horses, tossed the major-general like a dog in a blanket."* Nothing can be more exact than this description of a litter.

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* Strafford's Letters, vol. i., p. 427.

† Lives, p. 554.

‡ Harl. MS., quoted in Northumberland Household Book, p. 449.

§ Burgon's Life of Gresham, vol. i. p. 300.

‖ Lodge's Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 239.

¶ Leland's Collectanea, quoted in Markland's valuable paper on the early use of carriages, Archæologia, vol. xx. p. 447.

Of the elder vehicles that preceded coaches, whether rejoicing in the name of chare, car, chariot, caroch, or whirlicote, we have little here to say. Their dignity was not much elevated above that of the waggon; and they were scarcely calculated to move about the streets of London, which are described in a Paving Act of 1539 as "very foul, and full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noyous, as well for the king's subjects on horseback as on foot, and with carriages." There appears little doubt that the coach first appeared about 1564; although the question was subsequently raised "whether the devil brought tobacco into England in a coach, or else brought a coach in a fog or mist of tobacco."† Stow thus describes the introduction of this novelty, which was to change the face of English society:

"In the year 1564, Guilliam Boonen, a Dutchman, became the queen's coachman; and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England. After a while, divers great ladies, with as great jealousy of the queen's displeasure, made them coaches, and rid up and down the countries in them, to the great admiration of all the beholders; but then by little and little they grew usual among the nobility and others of sort, and within twenty years became a great trade of coach-making."

In little more than thirty years a Bill was brought into Parliament "to restrain the excessive use of coaches."

One of the most signal examples we can find of the growing importance of the middle classes is exhibited in their rapid appropriation to their own use of the new luxury which the highest in the land ventured at first to indulge in, timidly, and with "jealousy" of the queen's displeasure. It was in vain that Parliament legislated against their "excessive use;" it was equally in vain that the citizens and citizens' wives who aspired to ride in them, were ridiculed by the wits and hooted by the mob. As in the diffusion of every other convenience or luxury introduced by the rich, the distinction of riding in a coach soon ceased to be a distinction. The proud Duke of Buckingham seeing that coaches with two horses were used by all, and that the nobility had only the exclusive honour of four horses, set up a coach with six horses; and then "the stout Earl of Northumberland" established one with eight horses.* Massinger, in "The City Madam," exhibits Anne Frugal demanding of her courtly admirer—

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* Last Speech of Thomas Pride. Harl. Miscellany.

† Taylor.

> "My caroch
> Drawn by six Flanders mares, my coachman, groom,
> Postillion, and footmen."

The high-born and the wealthy soon found that those who had been long accustomed to trudge through the miry streets, or on rare occasions to bestride an ambling nag, would make a ready way with money to appropriate the new luxury to themselves. Coaches soon came to be hired. They were to be found in the suburban districts and in inns within the town. Taylor (he writes in 1623) says, "I have heard of a gentlewoman who sent her man to Smithfield from Charing Cross, to hire a coach to carry her to Whitehall; another did the like from Ludgate-hill, to be carried to see a play at the Blackfriars." He imputes this anxiety for the accommodation of a coach to the pride of the good people, and he was probably right. He gives us a ludicrous example of the extent of this passion in the case of "two leash of oyster-wives," who "hired a coach to carry them to the green-goose fair at Stratford-the-Bow; and as they were hurried betwixt Aldgate and Mile-end, they were so be-madam'd, be-mistress'd, and ladyfied by the beggars, that the foolish women began to swell with a proud supposition or imaginary greatness, and gave all their money to the mendicanting canters."† The rich visitors who came to London from the country were great employers of coaches; and Taylor tells us that the "Proclamation concerning the retiring of the gentry out of the city into their countries" somewhat "cleared the streets of these way-stopping whirligigs; for a man now might walk without bidding *Stand up, ho!* by a fellow that can scarcely either go or stand himself.‡" It is easy to conceive that in those days of ill-paved and narrow streets the coaches must have been a great impediment to the goings-on of London business. Our Water-Poet is alive to all these inconveniences: "Butchers cannot pass with their cattle for them; market folks, which bring provision of victuals to the city, are stopped, stayed, and hindered; carts or wains, with their necessary wares, are debarred and letted; the milk-maid's ware is often spilt in the dirt;" and then he describes how the proud mistresses, sitting in their "hell-cart" (Evelyn tells us this was the Londoner's name for a coach long after), ride grinning and deriding at the people "crowded and shrouded up against stalls and shops." D'Avenant, some forty or fifty years later, notices the popular feeling: "Master Londoner, be not so hot against coaches." But the coaches flourished, in spite of the populace. The carman might drive up against them, and the coachman, "with six nobles sitting together," might be compelled to

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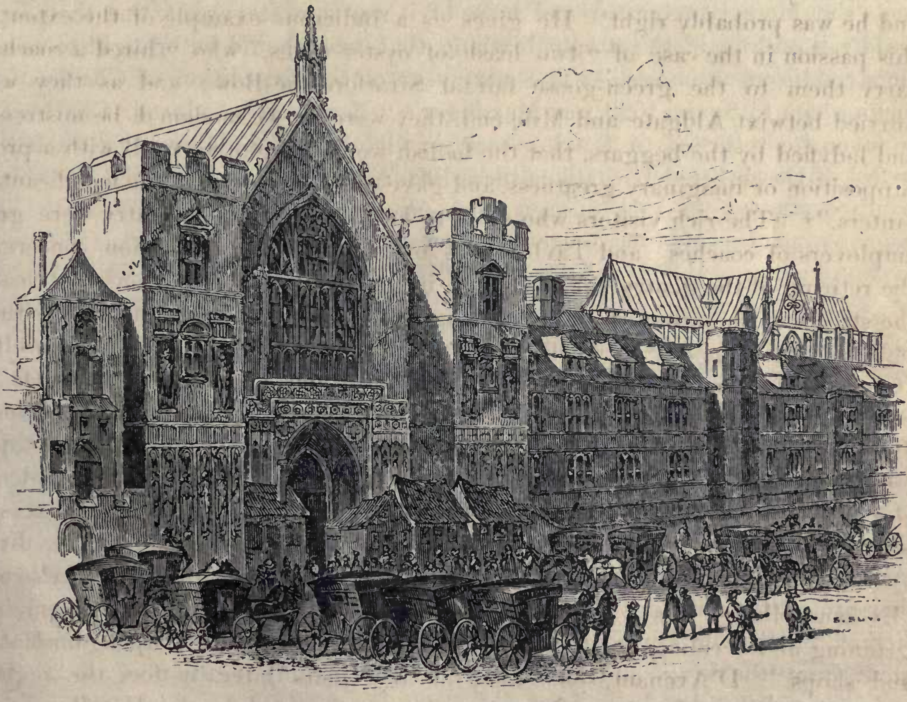
* See Wilson's Memoirs.

† World runs on Wheels, p. 239.

‡ Id.

"stop, and give place to as many barrels of beer."[*] They flourished, too, in spite of the roads. "It is a most uneasy kind of passage in coaches on the paved streets of London, wherein men and women are so tost, tumbled, jumbled, rumbled, and crossing of kennels, dunghills, and uneven ways."[†] It is affirmed in a pamphlet quoted by Markland, entitled "Coach and Sedan," that in 1636 the coaches "in London, the suburbs, and within four miles compass without, are reckoned to the number of six thousand and odd."

It was two years before the date of this calculation that the first hackney-coach *stand* was established in London. Garrard thus describes it in a letter to Strafford: "I cannot omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us though never so trivial: here is one Captain Baily, he hath been a sea captain, but now lives on the land, about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney-coaches, put his men in livery, and appointed them to stand at the May-pole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rates to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney-men seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform their journeys at the same rate. So that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are to be had everywhere, as watermen are to be had by the water-side. Everybody is much pleased with it. For, whereas before coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one *much cheaper*."[‡]



[Palace Yard, from Hollar.]

Writing two months after, the same retailer of news says, "here is a proclamation coming forth about the reformation of Hackney-coaches, and ordering of other coaches about London. One thousand nine hundred was the number of hackney-coaches of London, base lean jades, unworthy to be seen in so brave a city, or to stand about a king's court." In 1635 he writes, " Here is a proclamation coming forth, to prohibit all hackney-coaches to pass up and down in London streets; out of town they may go at pleasure as heretofore." It is perfectly clear that the King might proclaim, and that his subjects would not hearken to him, as long as they found hackney-coaches essential to their business or pleasure. We have an amusing example of the inefficiency of such meddling, twenty-five years after. Pepys, in his Diary of 1660, writes, " Notwithstanding this is the first day of the King's proclamation against hackney-coaches coming into the streets to stand to be hired, yet I got one to carry me home." We think we hear his cunning chuckle as he hires the coach, and laughs at the law-makers.

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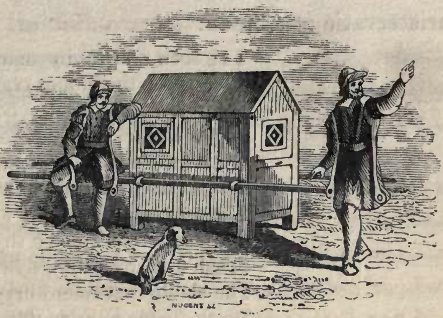
[*] D'Avenant. [†] Taylor. [‡] Strafford's Letters, vol. i. p. 227.

When Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I., returned from his faithless wooing of the daughter of Philip IV., he brought with him three sedan-chairs of curious workmanship. Such a mode of conveyance was unknown to the English. They had seen the fair and the feeble carried in a box, supported by a horse before and a horse behind; and they felt, therefore, something like what we have felt at the sight of an election rabble harnessed to the wheels of a popular candidate—they felt that men were degraded, when the favourite of James and Charles, Buckingham, first moved into the streets of London, borne in his sedan on men's shoulders. " Baby Charles" had presented " Steenie" with two of these luxuries of foreign growth. Wilson says, " When Buckingham came to be carried in a chair upon men's shoulders, the clamour and noise of it was so extravagant, that the people would rail on him in the streets, loathing that men should be brought to as servile a condition as horses." The very year of the expedition of Charles and Buckingham to Spain, 1623, was Massinger's " Bondman" produced. Charles and the favourite returned to London early in October; the play was first acted on the 3rd of December. It contains these lines:

> " 'Tis a strong-limb'd knave:
> My father bought him for my sister's *litter.*—
> O pride of women! Coaches are too common;
> They surfeit in the happiness of peace,
> And ladies think they keep not state enough
> If, for their pomp and ease, they are not borne
> In triumph *on men's shoulders.*"

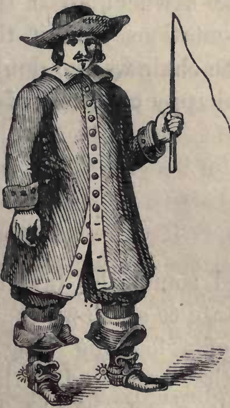
Gilchrist and Gifford think that this was an allusion to Buckingham. If so, and there can be little doubt of the matter, the vain favourite must have paraded with his new luxury, " degrading Englishmen into slaves and beasts of burden," (as a writer of that day expresses himself,) upon the instant of his return.

But the popular clamour was as ineffectual against the chairs as against the coaches. In 1634, Garrard, writing to Lord Strafford, says, " Here is also another project for carrying people up and down in close chairs, for the sole doing whereof Sir Sander Duncombe, a traveller, now a pensioner, hath obtained a patent from the king, and hath forty or fifty making ready for use." The coachmen and the chairmen soon got up a pretty quarrel; and in 1636 we find published the amusing tract, entitled " Coach and Sedan, pleasantly disputing for place and precedence." The title exhibits to us the form of the sedan, with its bearers *touting* for custom—and we have a description of the conveyance and its men, which, with the engraving which accompanies it, clearly enough shows that the chairmen no longer bore the " litter " on their shoulders, palanquinfashion, but that they quickly adopted the mode of carrying which has lasted till our own day, however the form of the thing carried has changed.



Sedan.—1638.

We have now the coach and the chair fairly launched into the streets of London, of which they held joint possession for more than a century and a half. We have no doubt that the chair was a most flourishing invention. The state of the pavement till the middle of the last century must have rendered carriage conveyance anything rather than safe and pleasant. Dulaure tells us that before the time of Louis XIV. the streets of Paris were so narrow, particularly in the heart of the town, that carriages could not penetrate into them.* D'Avenant's picture of London, before the fire, is not much more satisfactory: "Sure your ancestors contrived your narrow streets in the days of wheel-barrows, before those greater engines, carts, were invented. Is your climate so hot that as you walk you need umbrellas of tiles to intercept the sun? or are your shambles so empty that you are afraid to take in fresh air, lest it should sharpen your stomachs? Oh, the goodly landskip of Old Fish Street! which, had it not had the ill luck to be crooked, was narrow enough to have been your founder's perspective: and where the garrets (perhaps not for want of architecture, but through abundance of amity) are so made, that opposite neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home."



The chair had a better chance than the coach in such a state of affairs. In the pictures of coaches of the time of Elizabeth, the driver sits on a bar, or narrow chair, very low behind the horses. In those of Charles I. he sometimes drives in this way, and sometimes rides as a postillion. But the hackney-coachman after the Restoration is a personage with a short whip and spurs; he has been compelled to mount one of his horses, that he may more effectually manage his progress through the narrow streets. His coach, too, is a small affair. D'Avenant describes the coaches as "uneasily hung, and so *narrow*, that I took them for sedans on wheels." As the streets were widened, after the fire, the coachman was restored to the dignity of a seat on the carriage; for, in the times of William III. and Anne, we invariably find him sitting on a box. This was a thing for use and not for finery. Here, or in a leather pouch appended to it, the careful man carried a hammer, pincers, nails, ropes, and other appliances in case of need; and the *hammer*-cloth was devised to conceal these necessary but unsightly remedies for broken wheels and shivered panels. The skill of this worthy artist in the way of reparation would not rust for want of use. Gay has left us two vivid pictures of the common accidents of the days of Anne. The carman was the terror of coaches from the first hour of their use; and whether he was the regular city carman, or bore the honour of the dustman, brewer's man, or coal-heaver, he was ever the same vociferous and reckless enemy of the more aristocratic coachman.

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* Histoire de Paris, tome ix., p. 482.

> "I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
> When o'er the stones chok'd kennels swell the shower,
> In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain
> Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.
> With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near;—
> Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer:
> The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
> His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage;
> Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
> The slabby pavement crystal fragments strew;
> Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
> And mud enwraps the honours of his face."

The dangers of opened vaults, and of mighty holes in the paving, fenced round with no protecting rail, and illuminated only by a glimmering rushlight in a dark street, seem to belong altogether to some barbaric region which never could have been London:—

> "Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws
> O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows,
> Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
> Or the dark caves to common-shores descend;
> Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
> Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies
> Ere night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;
> In the wide gulf the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
> Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
> And from the crackling axle flies the spoke."

But long after Gay's time the carmen and the pavement made havoc with coaches. If we open Hogarth, the great painter of manners shows us the vehicular dangers of his age. Bonfires in the streets on rejoicing nights, with the "Flying-coach," that went five miles an hour, overturned into the flames;* the four lawyers getting out of a hackney-coach that has come in collision with a carman, while the brewer's man rides upon his shaft in somniferous majesty;† the dustman's bell, the little boy's drum, the knife-grinder's wheel, all in the middle of the street, to the terror of horses:‡ these representations exhibit the perils that assailed the man who ventured into a coach. The chair was no doubt safer, but it had its inconveniences. Swift describes the unhappy condition of a fop during a "City shower:"—

> "Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
> While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
> And ever and anon with frightful din
> The leather sounds;—he trembles from within!"

The chairmen were very absolute fellows. They crowded round the tavern-doors, waiting for shilling customers; but they did not hesitate to set down their box when a convenient occasion offered for the recreation of a foaming mug.§ They were for the most part sturdy Milesians, revelling, if they belonged to the aristocracy, in all the finery of embroidered coats and epaulettes, and cocked hats and feathers. If they were hackney-chairmen they asserted their power of the strong arm, and were often daring enough as a body to influence the fate of

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* Night. † Second Stage of Cruelty. ‡ Enraged Musician. § Hogarth's Beer Street.

Westminster and Middlesex elections, in the terror which they produced with fist and bludgeon. But they are gone. No Belinda now may be proud of

"Two pages and a chair."

They glide not amongst the chariot-wheels at levee or drawing-room. The clubs want them not. They have retired to Bath and Oxford. We believe there is one chair still lingering about May Fair; but the chairmen must be starving. The Society of Antiquaries ought to buy the relic.

Walpole has somewhere a complaint of the increase of London, that it would be soon impossible for the chairmen to perform their functions. This sounds very like the notion that the noble and the rich could ride in nothing but chairs. These were the days when the private chair had its "crimson velvet cushions and damask curtains," such as Jonathan Wild recovered for the Duchess of Marlborough, when two of his rogues, in the disguise of chairmen, carried away her chair from Lincoln's Inn Chapel, while the "true men" were drinking. The town has increased beyond Walpole's calculation, and that is, in some measure, the reason why the chairs are *gone*. The town did not stop in its increase to consider the chairs. But there is another reason. The rich and the high-born have wisely learned to be less exclusive than of old; and as they must now-a-days wear coats of the same fashion as humbler men, so must they ride in their own carriages, with no other perceptible difference between the carriage of the duke and his tailor than that of the blazonry. Pepys tells us of "my Lady Peterborough being in her *glass-coach* with the glass up, and seeing a lady pass by in a coach whom she would salute, the glass was so clear that she thought it had been open, and so ran her head through the glass."* This hints of the days when Ladies were learning to ride in glass-coaches, having just passed through the transition state of open coaches, and curtained coaches, and coaches with talc windows. How ashamed the wife of John Gilpin would have been not to have known better! And so when everybody rode in coaches the lords and ladies set up their chairs. The times are altered. We have seen a peer in an omnibus.

It is very difficult to conceive a London without an omnibus or a cabriolet. Yet who amongst us does not remember the hour when they first appeared? For some two hundred years, those who rode in hired carriages had seen the hackney-coach passing through all its phases of dirt and discomfort; the springs growing weaker, the "iron ladder" by which we ascended into its rickety capaciousness more steep and more fragile, the straw filthier, the cushions more redolent of dismal smells, the glasses less air-tight. But it is of little consequence. Nobody rides in them. The gentlemen at the "office for granting licences for carriages plying for hire in the metropolis" tell us that licences are still granted to four hundred hackney-coaches. Alas, how are the horses fed? Are the drivers living men who eat beef and drink beer? We doubt if those huge capes ever descend to receive a fare. Are they not spectre-coaches—coachmen still doomed to sleep upon their boxes, as the wild huntsman was doomed to a demon chase—for propitiation? The same authority tells us that there are fifteen hundred cabriolets to whom licences are granted. These we know are things of life. They rush about the streets as rapid as fire-flies. They lame few, they kill fewer. They sometimes overturn us:—but their serious damage is not much. We borrowed them from the French on a fine May morning in the year

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* Diary, 1667.

1820. It is remarkable how slow we are in the adoption of a new thing; and how we hold to it when it is once adopted. In 1813 there were eleven hundred and fifty cabriolets upon the hackney-stands of Paris—"Cabriolets de place,"*—and we had not one. Now, we have fifteen hundred of them. Our English one-horse hackney-carriages have run through every variety of form; and have at length settled down into as comfortable vehicles as men can ride in. But we rejected them when they were proffered to us a generation or two ago. We have before us the copy of a drawing in the splendidly illustrated Pennant in the British Museum, in which we see Temple Bar, with heads still blackening upon spikes over the arch, and beneath it a carriage of which that below is an exact representation. There is also a print without a date, giving the same delineation of the same vehicle; and this tells us that it is "the carriage of the ingenious Mr. Moore." Like many other "ingenious" persons, Mr. Moore was before his age; and in another half-century his carriage, or something very like it, finds favour in our eyes as one of "Patent Safety."

We have ridden in one of the hundred omnibuses that run from Paddington to the Bank with an elderly gentleman who told us that in his day there was only *one* stage from that then suburban neighbourhood to the commercial centre, and that was never filled. There are now above seven hundred omnibuses and short stages—for the most part omnibuses—in the Metropolitan District—that is, licensed to run within ten miles of the General Post Office. They carry some sixty thousand people daily, and receive annually in fares about three-quarters of a million sterling. The omnibus was tried about 1800, with four horses and six wheels; but we refused to accept it in any shape till we imported the fashion from Paris in 1830.

And now then, patient reader, seeing that you have borne this introductory gossip about London locomotion, we are in a condition to

> "beguile your time, and feed your knowledge,
> With viewing of the town."

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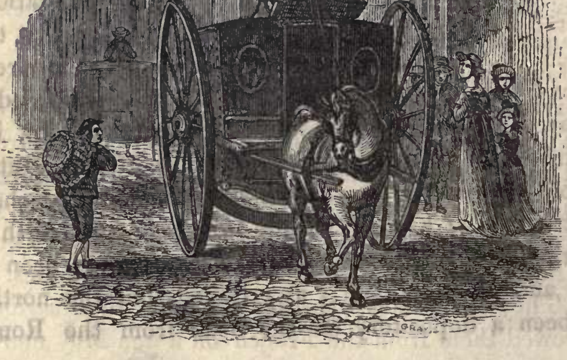
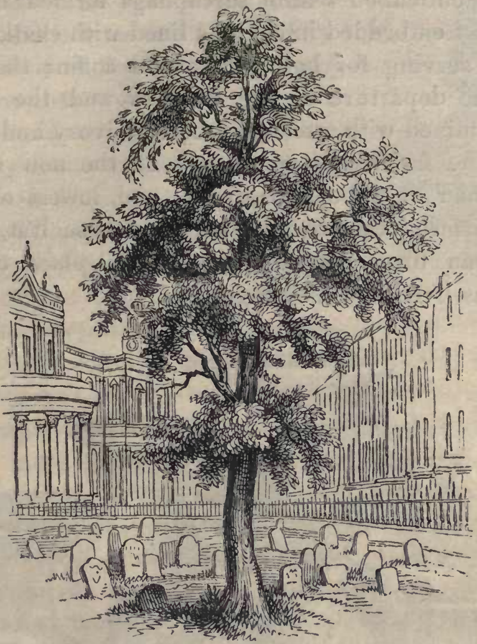
* Dulaure.

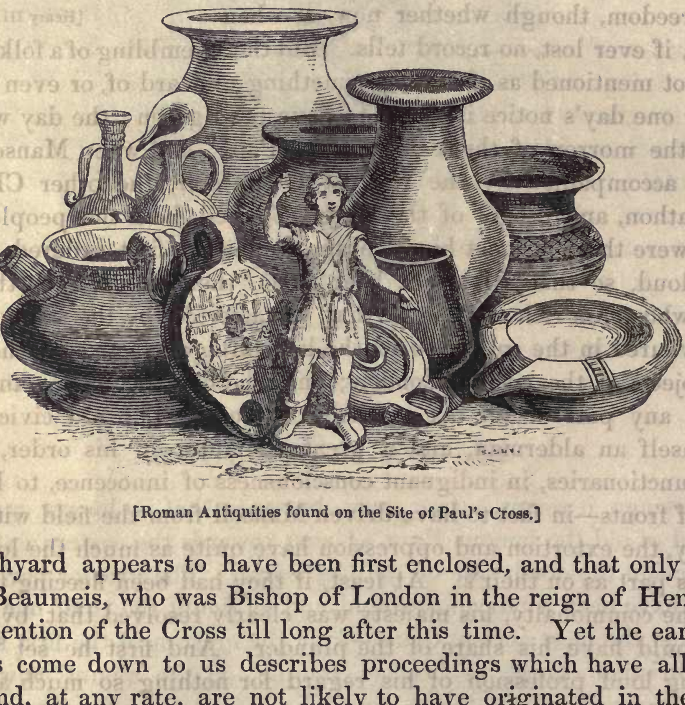




[Elm in St. Paul's Churchyard.]

III.—PAUL'S CROSS.

A few years ago, it seems, a tree grew, but even that no longer marks the spot, where stood of old the famous Paul's Cross, towards the eastern extremity of the vacant space on the north side of the Cathedral. The greater part of this space appears to have been a burying-ground, and no doubt the chief one belonging to the City, from the most ancient times—from the erection of the first sacred edifice, whether Christian church or heathen temple, on the mount now crowned by St. Paul's, or possibly from the origin of London itself. Sir Christopher Wren, who dug deep into all parts of the ground in laying the foundations of the present cathedral, discovered no indications to confirm the tradition that the site had been originally occupied by a temple of Jupiter or Diana; the precious fragments of bucks' horns, ox-heads, and boars' tusks, that had so charmed the antiquaries, had all disappeared, or become transmuted, like fairy coin, into much more worthless ware—into bits of wood and shreds of pottery. But he found under the choir of the old building a *presbyterium,* or semicircular chancel, of Roman architecture—a structure of Kentish rubble-stone, cemented with their inimitable mortar—which proved that the first Christian church had been the work of the Roman colonists; and he also clearly ascertained that the northern part of the churchyard had been a depository for the dead from the Roman and British times. Layer upon layer, there they lay—and still lie—the successive possessors of the land; uppermost, the graves of later generations; next under them, our Saxon forefathers from the days of Ethelbert and St. Austin, some more honourably and securely entombed within sarcophagi formed of great upright and horizontal flags, most embedded in cavities lined with chalk-stones—in either case the one enclosure serving for both grave and coffin; then, the Britons of the period between the departure of the Romans and the establishment of the Saxons, their dust mixed with great numbers of ivory and box-wood pins, about six inches long, the fastenings apparently of the now mouldered shrouds in which the bodies had once been wrapped; and, lowest of all, eighteen feet or more below the surface, other remains such as these last, but interspersed with fragments of Roman urns, revealing the burial-place of "the colony when Romans and Britons lived and died together." *



[Roman Antiquities found on the Site of Paul's Cross.]

The churchyard appears to have been first enclosed, and that only in part, by Richard de Beaumeis, who was Bishop of London in the reign of Henry I. But we find no mention of the Cross till long after this time. Yet the earliest notice of it that has come down to us describes proceedings which have all the air of old usage, and, at any rate, are not likely to have originated in the age when we thus first hear of them, or in any preceding one since the Norman Conquest, although they may possibly have been then revived after having been discontinued from the time of that revolution.

Suddenly, in the latter part of the reign of Henry III., during the struggle between the King and the barons—in the midst, we may say, of the birth-throes of English liberty—Paul's Cross rises up before us, the central object of a picture as startling to our preconceptions of the time as of the place. The field of the dead is covered with an excited living throng, an assembly of the people met to pass judgment on their civic rulers, whom the King's minister, speaking from the Cross, charges with extortion and oppression. It is the Comitia of the citizens of

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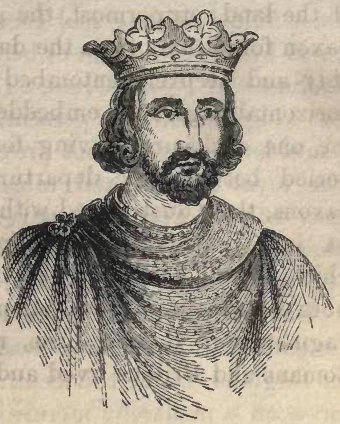
* Parentalia, p. 266.

London, held in their Forum, around the orator haranguing them from the Rostra. It appears that about the beginning of the year 1258, Henry, having found, or pretending to have found, in the royal wardrobe at Windsor, a roll of parchment sealed with green wax, and filled with a number of accusations against the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London, though no one could tell whence it came, commanded John Mansell, who is called one of his Chief Justices, forthwith to summon a Folkmote at Paul's Cross, and there to read the document to the citizens. The word is Saxon—*Folkmote,* a people-meeting, as *Witenagemote* is a legislative assembly, a meeting of wise men or counsellors. And the thing also was probably a relic of the old Saxon freedom, though whether now, or when first revived, if ever lost, no record tells. But the assembling of a folkmote on this occasion is not mentioned as if it were something unheard of, or even new to that time. Only one day's notice is stated to have been given: the day was the 26th of January, the morrow of the festival of St. Paul; and when Mansell made his appearance, accompanied by the Earl of Gloucester, the other Chief Justice Henry de Bathon, and others of the King's Council, both the people and their magistrates were there to meet him. Mansell, having first ordered the charges to be read aloud, so that all might hear them, then called upon the people to inform him who those rich men were that, as asserted by the unknown accuser, had been favoured in the collection of the late tallage exacted by the king from his good subjects of the city of London; and whether the mayor and aldermen had applied any part of the tax to their own use. The old civic chronicler, Fabian, himself an alderman, and a great venerator of his order, makes the impeached functionaries, in indignant consciousness of innocence, to have shown the boldest of fronts—in fact to have driven Mansell from the field with disgrace; and, certainly, the extortion and oppression have quite as much the look of being on the king's part as on their's. At least, if they had been fleecing their fellow-citizens of the commonalty, his majesty was clearly resolved that, by hook or by crook, he should have his share of the plunder. And first he set to work by crook, making loud profession of his regard for nothing so much as the rights and interests of the most numerous class of his subjects, and seeking to effect his despotic purpose by the aid of the most popular institution in the country, perhaps that he might both gain his end and damage the institution at the same time. In the course of the affair, which it does not belong to our present subject to relate in detail, several other public meetings were held both at Paul's Cross and in the Guildhall, at which the people were addressed by Mansell and others of the King's ministers. On one of these occasions it is insinuated that the multitude which gathered around Paul's Cross did not properly deserve to be considered a meeting of London citizens—of those entitled to attend a folkmote; many strangers, or foreigners, non-freemen, and even servants or bondmen, having joined the assemblage. An irregularity this which would be apt to occur when there was anything very interesting to be discussed or transacted at these



[Henry III.]

popular open-air diets. In the end, after the accused aldermen, deserted by their fellow-citizens, had been coerced or terrified into the payment of handsome sums by way of ransom or bribe, the business was settled by the calling of another folkmote at Paul's Cross, on the day before the feast of St. Leonard, at which the king himself was present, with the chief men of his court; and where such of the aldermen as had not previously made their peace were formally taken back into the royal favour, and reinstated in their offices—Henry even professing to be now satisfied that there never had been any ground for the charges made against them! Thus the sponge, having been squeezed, was set down again, nothing the worse, in its old position, to suck up more moisture for the next occasion.

But whatever may have been the amount of practical abuse, we see from this account that, in so far at least as concerned the city of London, the government of England, in the thirteenth century, was by no means either a pure despotism, or even a monarchy merely counterbalanced by an aristocracy. There was also a living and active element of democracy in the constitution, which, however unenlightened, yet required to be constantly managed and propitiated, and served at any rate to preserve the instinct of popular liberty in men's minds and hearts throughout the worst times. It may be presumed, both from the name and from the notices that have been preserved of its proceedings, that the London Folkmote was composed of the entire free commonalty of the city—of all that portion of the male inhabitants constituting what was properly called the Folk or People, as distinguished from the resident strangers or natives of other countries (the *Metoikoi*, as they would have been called at Athens), and also from persons in a servile state, whose condition throughout England at this date much more nearly resembled that of the slaves among the Greeks and Romans than that of those we now call servants. It was evidently not an assembly of delegates, like the Common Council of the city at the present day; but a body like that now called a Common Hall, or assembly of the whole Livery or freemen, of which, indeed, the Folkmote seems to have been the original form. The district meetings of the Livery are still called Wardmotes, as they appear to have been in the time of Henry III.*

Fabian records another Folkmote, or Folmoot, as having been called at Paul's Cross by King Henry III., after the feast of Candlemas, 1259: "where," says the chronicler, "he in proper person, with the King of Almain (that is, his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who had got himself many years before this elected King of the Romans, or Emperor of Germany), the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many other nobles came, when the king commanded unto the mayor that every stripling of the age of twelve years and above should before his alderman be sworn, the day following, to be true to the king, and to his heirs, kings of England, and that the gates of the city were [should be] kept with armed men, as before by the King of Romans was devised."* Henry was at this time preparing, under the advice and with the support of his brother, to break through the trammels imposed upon him by the assembly of the barons held about a year before at Oxford, commonly called the Mad Parliament. The next year he sent to Rome for an absolution from the oath he had then been compelled to take; and in 1262, on the second Sunday in Lent, "he caused to be read at Paul's Cross a bull obtained of Pope Urban the Fourth, as an absolution for him and for all his that were sworn to maintain the articles made in the parliament of Oxford."†

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* Mansell, the chief justice, whose high-handed style of going through with his work, and skill withal in wielding the fierce democracy, Henry found so serviceable in the above contest with the London magistrates, was, like many of the most eminent statesmen and lawyers of those days, a churchman. He is sometimes designated the King's Chaplain; but for munificence of spirit, as well as for the place which he held in the King's favour, Mansell may be styled the Wolsey of the thirteenth century. The following notice is given by Stow, in his 'Survey,' on the authority of Matthew Paris:—"In the year of Christ 1256, the fortieth of Henry III., John Mansell, the King's counsellor and a priest, did invite to a stately dinner the kings and queens of England and Scotland, Edward the King's son, earls, barons, and knights, the Bishop of London, and divers citizens; whereby his guests did grow to such a number that his house at Tothill could not receive them, but that he was forced to set up tents and pavilions to receive his guests; whereof there was such a multitude, that seven hundred mess of meat did not serve for the first dinner." In his 'Annals,' Stow adds—"The like dinner had not been made by any chaplain before." Mansell is affirmed, in the Chronicle of Mailros, to have held three hundred benefices in the English Church.

From a writ of *quo warranto* of the year 1287, the 15th of Edward I., it appears, according to Dugdale, that the ground on which Paul's Cross stood, described as lying eastward from the church, and as that on which the citizens of London had been anciently wont to hold their Folkmotes, was claimed as belonging to the king, and had only newly come to be used for the interment of the dead. The people, it is stated, used to be summoned to the folkmote by the ringing of a bell, hanging in a tower which stood on the ground. This tower is conjectured by Dugdale to be the same that is mentioned in the time of Henry I., in a charter of Bishop Richard de Beaumeis, in which the bishop grants to one Hugh, the schoolmaster, and his successors, the habitation at the corner of the turret where William, the dean, had already placed him by his (the bishop's) command; "doubtless," says Dugdale, writing in 1658, "the place where the schoolmaster of Paul's school dwelleth at this day." This tower was called the Clochier, or Bell Tower; and in another document of the beginning of the reign of Henry III., which Dugdale quotes, it is described, under the Latin name of the *Clokarium*, as situated in the corner of the greater cemetery of St. Paul, towards the *Forum*—for such is the classical term here applied to the part of the churchyard appropriated to the holding of the Folkmote. Stow, in whose younger days this tower was still standing, gives the following account of it:—"Near unto this school (St. Paul's), on the north side thereof, was, of old time, a great and high Clochier, or Bell-house, four-square, builded of stone; and in the same a most strong frame of timber, with four bells, the greatest that I have heard: these were called Jesus bells, and belonged to Jesus Chapel; but I know not by whose gift. The same had a great spire of timber, covered with lead, with the image of St. Paul on the top; but was pulled down by Sir Miles Partridge, knight, in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The common speech then was, that he did set one hundred pounds upon a cast at dice against it, and so won the said Clochier and bells of the king; and then causing the bells to be broken as they hung, the rest was pulled down." "This man," adds Stow, with evident satisfaction, "was afterward executed on the Tower-hill, for matters concerning the Duke of Somerset, the 5th of Edward the Sixth."‡

In 1285, two years before the issue of the above-mentioned writ of *quo warranto*, the churchyard was, apparently for the first time, completely walled round, in conformity with a licence granted to the dean and canons by King Edward I., upon information given to him, that by the lurking of thieves and other disorderly persons in the night-time within the ground—which, although partly enclosed, was yet accessible to any body—divers robberies and homicides, not to speak of much immorality of other kinds, had been ofttimes committed therein. The licence, which was dated at Westminster, on the 10th of June, "for the honour of God and holy church, and of those saints whose bodies were buried therein, as also for the better security of the canons and officers belonging thereto," gave permission that the ground should be inclosed "with a wall on every side, with fitting gates and posterns therein, to be opened every morning, and closed at night."*

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* See also Stow's Annals, eod. an.

† Ib.

‡ Survey.

After the reign of Henry III., we read of no more Folkmotes being held at Paul's Cross. Indeed, a few years after the accession of Edward I., as we have just seen, the assembling of the Folkmote seems to be spoken of rather as a thing that had been than that was still in use. It is remarkable that the same period in our history which witnessed, if not the original institution, at least the complete establishment, of the Commons' House of Parliament, should have been that in which this ancient court of the commonalty of London fell into desuetude, or lost its importance with its old form and character. But the age of the introduction of representative government was perhaps naturally that of the decay and extinction of government by assemblies of the whole people.

The northern part of St. Paul's Churchyard, however, still continued to be the Forum of the Londoners, and the Cross to be the station from which, in those days, when as yet there was no printing and little reading, announcements and harangues on all such matters as the authorities in church or state judged to be of public concern were poured into the popular ear and heart. Stow, who by the bye places it "about the midst" of the churchyard—and in fact it was only a very little to the east of Canon Alley—describes it as "a pulpit-cross of timber, mounted upon steps of stone, and covered with lead;"† and this was probably its form before as well as after his day. We may conjecture that it came first to be used for ecclesiastical purposes after the ground on which it stood was taken into the churchyard in the reign of Edward I.; at least the earliest occasion on which it is recorded to have been so employed was in the year 1299, when, according to a notice in Stow, "the dean of Paul's accursed at Paul's Cross all those which had searched in the church of St. Martin in the Field for an hoard of gold, &c."‡ A curse pronounced from this famous pulpit was sure to be heard far and wide upon earth, whether it went up to heaven or not.

Very soon after this date we begin to hear of sermons regularly preached from Paul's Cross. In 1361, Michael de Northburgh, bishop of London, in bequeathing a sum of a thousand marks to be placed in a chest in the treasury of the Cathedral, to form a sort of *Mont de Piété*, or fund for loans upon pledges (but without interest), directed that if in any case at the year's end the sums borrowed were not repaid, then the preacher at Paul's Cross should in his sermon declare that the pledge would be sold within fourteen days, if not forthwith redeemed. The good bishop, by the bye, did not contemplate benefiting the lower orders of his countrymen only by this judicious charity. In those times, when the little commerce existing was still in great part a commerce of barter, money was often scarce even with those who had plenty of everything else; accordingly it was here provided that, while a poor layman might borrow to the extent of ten pounds from the fund, the dean or any of the principal canons of the Cathedral might have a loan of twice that sum, a citizen or nobleman one to the same amount, and the bishop of the diocese one of forty or even of nearly fifty pounds.* It would be interesting to know if any of the noble or right reverend borrowers was ever proclaimed as a defaulter at the Cross; and also whether on occasion of such occurrences it was customary for the preacher to adapt his discourse to the case in hand, as would seem to be implied by the regulation that he should make the announcement in the course of his sermon. It is easy to conceive how forcibly he might illustrate certain of the moral duties by the happy application of this method—how the precept might not only be sent home by the example, as by the blow of a hammer, but the example itself might, according to the Horatian rule, be made more stimulating by being addressed to the eyes as well as to the ears of the congregation, through the actual exhibition of the forfeited pledge from the pulpit—of the humbler tradesman's holiday suit or best yew bow, the merchant's bale of broad-cloth, the nobleman's silver drinking-cup, or the bishop's holy book or richest mule-trappings. Indeed the register of this ancient pawnbroking establishment would be altogether one of the most curious relics of the middle ages if it could be recovered; but it has no doubt perished long ago, as well as the good bishop's legacy itself, with the chest, secured by three keys, in which it was kept, and the pledges of the last borrowers, upon whom probably the Reformation, or some other earlier convulsion, came suddenly some fine morning, foreclosing all redemption.

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* Dugdale, p. 12.

† Survey.

‡ Ib.

But to return to the sermons. In 1388 the then bishop, Robert de Braybroke, in certain letters addressed to his clergy, describes Paul's Cross—"the high cross standing in the greater churchyard of our cathedral"—as the station from which the word of God was in use to be preached to the people in the most public and distinguished part of the cemetery. The object of the bishop's letters was to call upon his clergy to stir up their flocks to contribute to the repair of the Cross, which "was then grown ruinous by reason of winds and tempests." It is said to have suffered, with many other buildings, by the earthquake which was felt all over the south of England on the morning of the 21st of May, 1382. Stow records that in Kent especially "it sunk some churches and threw them down to the earth."† The restoration of Paul's Cross was taken up as a matter in which the church over the whole kingdom was concerned. Other letters, inviting the faithful to assist in the good work, were written by the Archbishop of Canterbury; "as also," continues Dugdale, "the Bishops of Ely, Bath, Coventry and Lichfield, Llandaff, and Bangor sent out at the same time, promising indulgence of forty days to all such as (de peccatis suis vere penitentibus, confessis, et contritis) ‡ should contribute thereto." It is affirmed that considerable contributions were in this way drawn from the pockets of the people, but that Braybroke and the other bishops, instead of applying the money to the pious purpose for which it was professedly collected, put it, or the greater part of it, into their own pockets. What seems to be certain is, that no considerable repair of the Cross was executed at this time, nor till about half a century afterwards, when it was rebuilt by one of Braybroke's successors, John Kemp, who held the see from 1422 to 1426.* Dugdale notices that Kemp's arms were to be seen in sundry places of the leaden cover of the Cross.

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* Dugdale.

† Annals.

‡ "For their sins truly repenting, having made confession, and felt contrition:" the condition expressed in all papal indulgences.

One of the earliest sermons, if not the very earliest, recorded to have been preached at Paul's Cross, is still preserved, and may be found printed at full length, from a manuscript of the time, in Fox's Book of Martyrs. It was preached on Quinquagesima Sunday, in the year 1389, by a certain learned clerk of the name of R. Wimbeldon, and is altogether a highly curious specimen both of the language and of the popular theology of that age. When we state that the zealous martyrologist strongly recommends it to his readers as "a godly and most fruitful sermon," it will be understood that it is no declamation in honour either of pope or saint. Indeed it might almost be suspected, from the strain in which he runs on, that Wimbeldon had adopted most of the opinions of his reforming contemporary, Wyclif; unless it was that before the Reformation the peculiar tenets which now distinguish the Romanists were really not wont to be so much insisted upon in preaching to the people as they naturally came to be after they were made the main subjects of contention between the two hostile parties that divided Christendom. Nor does it appear that a man brought his orthodoxy into question in those days merely by inveighing, however freely, against the corruptions of the church, and the pride, luxury, ambition, hypocrisy, or other vices of the clergy. Many other productions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have come down to us, besides this sermon of Wimbeldon's, in which a tone is taken in regard to such matters that would hardly have been ventured upon by any Romanist in a later age; we need only mention the Visions of Pierce Ploughman, many of Chaucer's poems, and the History of Matthew Paris; but, although the followers of Luther were afterwards fond of claiming the authors of these works as fellow-reformers, and altogether of their faith and party, it does not appear that any one of them was in his own day regarded as other than a good Catholic, for all his philippics and sarcasms. Wimbeldon takes his text from the parable of the unjust steward, as related in the sixteenth chapter of St. Luke—selecting the words "*Redde rationem villicationis tuæ,*" which he translates, "Yield reckoning of thy bailly," and applies to the different classes of men with much sharpness and good sense, enlivening his address, ever and anon, with a legend from St. Augustine or some other of the old fathers, or an illustration from the every-day occupations of his hearers, in the happiest style of popular oratory. The entire discourse occupies eleven of Fox's long and closely-printed columns.†

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* Dugdale, on the authority of Godwin de Præsulibus. Kemp, whom Dugdale here, by mistake, calls Thomas, was afterwards successively archbishop of York and archbishop of Canterbury, besides being lord chancellor and a cardinal.

† We transcribe a few sentences, modernising the old spelling, where it does not affect the sound, to give the curious reader a taste of what sort of preaching was to be heard at Paul's Cross nearly five hundred years ago:—"Right as ye seeth," Wimbeldon begins his explanation of his text, "that, in tilling of the material vine, there ben divers labours; for some cutten away the void branches, some maken forks and rails to bearen up the vine, and some diggen away the old earth fro the rote, and lain there fatter; and all this offices ben so necessary to the vine, that, if any of them fail, it shall harm greatly other [or] destroy the vines; for, but

Early in the next century Paul's Cross figures in a transaction so curiously characteristic of the times, and in its whole course so startling to modern manners and notions, that the relation ought not to be attempted by any modern pen, and we will therefore give the details in the homely but graphic words of the old chronicler. "On Easter-day in the afternoon," Stow records under the year 1417, "at a sermon in St. Dunstan's in the east of London, a great fray happened in the church, wherethrough many people were sore wounded, and one Thomas Petwarden, fishmonger, slain out of hand: wherefore the church was suspended, and the beginners of the fray, which was the Lord Strange and Sir John Tussell, knight, through the quarrel of their two wives, were brought to the Compter in the Poultry. The Archbishop of Canterbury caused them to be excommunicate, as well at Paul's Cross as in all other parish churches of the city. The 21st of April the said Archbishop sate at St. Magnus to inquire of the authors of that disorder, where he found the fault to be in the Lord Strange and his wife; who, upon the first of May following, in Paul's Church, before the Archbishop, the Mayor of London, and others, submitted themselves to penance, which was enjoined them, that immediately all their servants should in their shirts go before the parson of St. Dunstan's from Paul's to St. Dunstan's church, and the lord bare-headed, with his lady bare-footed, Reignold Kenwood, Archdeacon of London, following them; and at the hallowing of the church the lady should fill all the vessels with water, and also offer an ornament of ten pound, and the Lord Strange should offer a pix of five pound."* A scolding match, or, for aught that appears, an actual rencontre of talons or fisticuffs, in the church, between the wives of a knight and a nobleman—the flying to arms of probably the greater part of the congregation—the blood made to flow in all directions—the slaughter outright of the poor fishmonger—make an appropriate prologue of the savage and horrible to the comedy that follows, of the procession along Fleet Street, led by the parson in his canonicals, and brought up by the bare-headed lord and bare-footed lady; while, in admirable keeping with the absurdity of the whole exhibition, the principal part of the performance is vicariously sustained by the poor shivering menials—a pretty long string, we may suppose, of both sexes,—who, one would think, might not unfairly have been presumed to have suffered penance enough already in the service of a mistress requiring so sharp a discipline to keep her in order. It is a comfort to find, however, that the termagant

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if [unless] the vine be cut, she shall wax wild; but if she be railed, she shall be overgo with nettles and weeds; but if the rote be fatted with dong, she for feebleness should wax barren;—right so in the Church beth needful these three offices; priesthood, knighthood, and labourers. To priests it falleth to cut away the void branches of sins with the swerd of her [their] tongue. To knighthood it falleth to letten [prevent] wrongs and thefts to ben done, and to maintain God's law and them that ben teachers thereof, and also to keep the land from enemies of other lands. And to labourers it falleth to travail bodilich, and, with their sore sweat, getten out of the earth bodilech livehood for hem [themselves] and other parties." Even this simple passage is not wholly unsuggestive as to the state of things in England in that day, were such our present subject. The only other quotation we shall make is of a few sentences from Wimbeldon's picture of the clergy of his day. "How the life of priests," he exclaims, "is changed! They be clothen as knights, they speaken as carls, other [or] of winning as marchants; they riden as princes; and all that is thus spended is of the goods of poor men and of Christ's heritage. . . . . In these [things] travaileth prelates, that ben too much blent with too much shining of riches, that make them houses like churches in greatness, that with divers pointries coloren their chambers, that with divers clothings of colours make images gay; but the poor man for default of clothes beggeth, and with an empty womb crieth at the door."

* Annals.

was obliged to fill the water-vessels with her own noble hands, and, apparently, unassisted and unattended by either servants or husband. These are the incidents that paint an age. Nothing can bring more forcibly home to us than such a strange narrative as this the difference between the London of our own day and that of three hundred years ago. It makes one wonder if the sun shone then as it does now—if our ancestors of that remote date were actually wide awake, and did not move about in a sort of mere somnambulous condition—at any rate, if they possessed any sense of the ludicrous or faculty of laughter, that they could look on gravely while such fantastic tricks were played before high heaven.

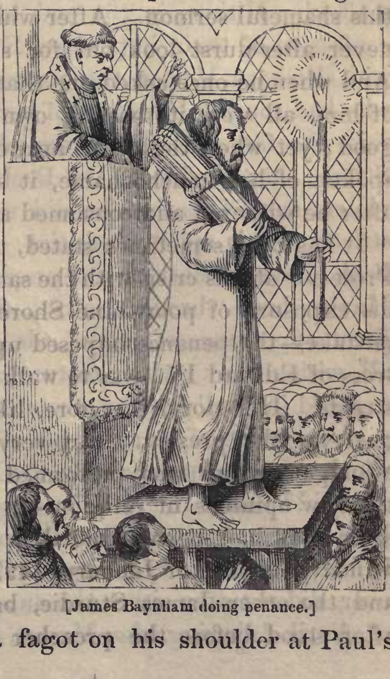
Another remarkable appearance, also of a penitential character, that was made at Paul's Cross some years after this, is likewise described, with all its details, by Stow—the recantation of the learned and pious Reginald Pecocke, bishop of Chichester, who "having laboured many years," says the annalist, "to translate the holy scripture into English, was accused to have passed the bounds of divinity and of Christian belief in certain articles." On the 4th of December, 1457, he was brought to Paul's Cross, and there renounced his heresies, and made profession of his deep contrition and entire submission to holy church in a formal harangue "in his mother tongue," which Stow gives at full length. And "after this," concludes the account, "he was deprived of his bishoprick, having a certain pension assigned unto him for to live on in an abbey, and soon after he died." And, doubtless, he himself then felt that it would have been better had he died somewhat sooner.

Little more than two years before these high-handed proceedings against Bishop Pecocke, which may be regarded as a sort of commencement of the war between the old and the new opinions in religion, the first swords had been crossed at St. Alban's in the war of the Roses, which was to make the best blood in the land flow like water throughout the greater part of the next quarter of a century. Passing over that space, comprising the remainder of the reign and life of Henry VI., and the whole of the reign of Edward IV., we come, in what may be called the last act of the long, tumultuous drama, to perhaps the most remarkable day in the history of Paul's Cross. It is towards the latter end of June, in the year 1483. The young king, Edward V., who had been escorted from Hornsey to the bishop's palace, close by the cathedral, on the 4th of May, by the lord mayor, the sheriffs, "and all the other aldermen in scarlet, with five hundred horse of the citizens in violet," had been soon after, along with his brother, carried "from thence through the city honourably into the Tower, out of which after that day they never came abroad;" Crookbacked Richard directed all things as Lord Protector; Lord Hastings, arrested in the council-room at the Tower on the morning of Friday, the 13th of June, had had his head immediately struck off, "upon a long log of timber," on "the green beside the chapel;" the Lord Grey, with his fellow-prisoners, had been executed before the gate of Pontefract Castle, on the same day; Lord Rivers lay there in his dungeon, about to follow his friends to the scaffold; Lord Stanley, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of Ely, were all under the lock and key of the tyrant; "then thought the Protector, that, while men mused what the matter meant, while the lords of the realm were about him out of their own strengths, while no man wist what to think, nor whom to trust, ere ever they should have space to dispute and digest the matter and make parties, it were best hastily to pursue his purpose, and put himself in possession of the crown, ere men could have time to devise any way to resist." The story has been told, as Herodotus himself might have told it, by Sir Thomas More; and we shall follow his lively and graceful narrative with little abridgment. The first concern of Gloucester and his confederates was, how the matter "might be first broken to the people, in such wise that it might be well taken;" and for this purpose, while they took into their counsels Sir Edmond Shaw, the lord mayor, that he "upon trust of his own advancement, whereof he was, of a proud heart, highly desirous, should frame the city to their appetite," they also associated to themselves "of spiritual men such as had wit, and were in authority among the people for opinion of their learning, and had no scrupulous conscience;" and "among these had they John Shaw, Clerk, brother to the Mayor, and Friar Pinker, Provincial of the Augustine Friars, both Doctors of Divinity, both great preachers, both of more learning than virtue, of more fame than learning. For they were before greatly esteemed among the people, but after that never. Of these two the t'one had a sermon in praise of the Protector before the coronation; the t'other after; both so full of tedious flattery, that no man's ears could abide them." With Pinker's sermon, which was delivered at St. Mary's Hospital, on Easter day in the following year, we have here nothing to do: More states that he "so lost his voice, that he was fain to leave off and come down in the midst." As for Shaw, it was determined that he should forthwith lay before the people the Protector's claims as the legitimate heir to the crown, in a sermon at Paul's Cross. Accordingly, on Sunday the 22nd of June, the Doctor presented himself in the pulpit at the Cross before a great audience,—"as alway assembled great number to his preaching,"—and taking for his text the words from the Book of Wisdom, *Spuria vitulamina non agent radices altas*—"Bastard slips shall not strike deep roots," he proceeded to address the multitude. The introductory portion of his discourse consisted of an attempt to show that heaven, although it might sometimes suffer the legitimate line to be set aside for a season, never permitted it to be ultimately or long supplanted by those born out of wedlock, or their descendants, especially if the offspring of adultery. "And when he had laid for the proof and confirmation of this sentence," continues More, "certain examples taken out of the Old Testament and other ancient histories, then began he to descend into the praise of the Lord Richard, late Duke of York, calling him father to the Lord Protector, and declared the title of his heirs unto the crown, to whom it was, after the death of King Henry the Sixth, entailed by authority of parliament. Then showed he that his very right heir of his body lawfully begotten was only the Lord Protector. For he declared then that King Edward was never lawfully married unto the Queen, but was before God husband under Dame Elizabeth Lucy, and so his children bastards. And, besides that, neither King Edward himself nor the Duke of Clarence, among those that were secret in the household, were reckoned very surely for the children of the noble Duke, as those that by their favours more resembled other known men than him. From whose virtuous conditions he said also that King Edward was far off. But the Lord Protector, he said, the very noble prince, the special pattern of knightly prowess, as well in all princely behaviour as in the lineaments and favour of his visage represented the very face of the noble duke his father. This is, quoth he, the father's own figure, this is his own countenance, the very print of his visage, the very sure redoubted image, the plain express likeness of that noble duke. Now was it before devised, that, in the speaking of these words, the Protector should have come in among the people to the sermon-ward, to the end that those words, meeting with his presence, might have been taken among the hearers as though the Holy Ghost had put them in the preacher's mouth, and should have moved the people even there to cry King Richard! King Richard! that it might have been after said that he was specially chosen by God, and in manner by miracle. But this device quailed, either by the Protector's negligence, or the preacher's over-much diligence. For while the Protector found by the way tarrying lest he should prevent those words, and the Doctor, fearing that he should come ere his sermon could come to these words, hasted his matter thereto, who was come to them and past them, and entered into other matters ere the Protector came. Whom when he beheld coming, he suddenly left the matter with which he was in hand; and, without any deduction thereunto, out of all order and out of all frame, began to repeat those words again:—'This is the very noble prince, the special pattern of knightly prowess, which, as well in all princely behaviour as in the lineaments and favour of his visage, representeth the very face of the noble Duke of York, his father; this is the father's own figure, this is his own countenance, the very print of his visage, the sure undoubted image, the plain express likeness of the noble duke, whose remembrance can never die while he liveth.' While these words were in speaking, the Protector, accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham, went through the people into the place where the doctors commonly stand in the upper story, where he stood to hearken the sermon. But the people were so far from crying King Richard! that they stood as they had been turned into stones, for wonder of this shameful sermon. After which once ended, the preacher got him home, and never after durst look out for shame, but kept him out of sight like an owl. And when he once asked one that had been his old friend what the people talked of him, all were it that his own conscience well showed him that they talked no good; yet when the other answered him, that there was in every man's mouth spoken of him much shame, it so strake him to the heart, that within few days after he withered and consumed away."

It has been sometimes stated, that another famous exhibition, got up by the Protector at this crisis with the same view of winning the voices of the multitude—his exposure of poor Jane Shore—also took place at Paul's Cross; but this is a mistake—the penance imposed upon the frail, but merry and kind-hearted mistress of Edward IV., was to walk before a cross carried in procession through the streets. Her story, therefore, likewise so interestingly told by More, may stand over for the present. But very soon after this date, it became customary to adjudge persons who performed penance—especially the unhappy followers of the new opinions in religion—to stand before Paul's Cross during the sermon after they had been paraded in the procession. Thus, Fox tells us, that on Sunday the 17th of January, 1497, "two men, the one called Richard Milderale, and the other James Sturdie, bare fagots before the procession of Paul's, and after stood before the preacher in the time of his sermon." "And upon the

Sunday following," he adds, "stood other two men at Paul's Cross all the sermon time; the one garnished with painted and written papers, the other having a fagot on his neck. After that, in Lent season, upon Passion Sunday, one Hugh Glover bare a fagot before the procession of Paul's, and after with the fagot stood before the preacher all the sermon-while at Paul's Cross. And on the Sunday next following four men stood, and did there open penance at Paul's, as is aforesaid: in the sermon time many of their books were burnt before them at the Cross." Again, he notes that in 1499 "many were taken for heretics in Kent, and at Paul's Cross they bare fagots, and were abjured. And shortly after, the same year, there were thirteen Lollards afore the procession in Paul's, and there were of them eight women and a young lad, and the lad's mother was one of the eight, and all the thirteen bare fagots on their necks afore the procession." This last exhibition seems to be the same mentioned by Fabian as having taken place on Sunday the 23rd of July, in that year, when, he says, twelve heretics stood before the Cross "shrined with fagots." The fagots were of course designed to signify the death by burning which the bearers had deserved, and which they only escaped by undergoing this humiliating penance, and making abjuration of their heresies. Sometimes they were condemned to wear ever after the badge of a fagot in flames on their clothes—an awkward coat of arms.

In one case which Fox records at great length, that of "James Baynham, lawyer and martyr," the fagot borne at the Cross turned out to be prophetic as well as emblematical. Baynham having adopted some of the opinions of Wyclif, was, towards the end of the year 1531, arrested and brought before Sir Thomas More, then Chancellor, at his house in Chelsea. Fox is an honest, but a very prejudiced and credulous writer; and it is to be hoped, for the honour of genius and elegant letters, that his zeal has led him to impute some things to More, which such a man, even in that age, could hardly have been guilty of. He tells us that he detained Baynham with him in a sort of free custody for a while, but that, when "he saw he could not prevail in perverting him to his sect, then he cast him in prison in his own (More's) house, and whipped him at the tree in his garden, called the Tree of Troth, and after sent him to the Tower to be racked; and so he was, Sir Thomas More being present himself, till in a manner he had lamed him, because he would not accuse the gentlemen of the Temple of his acquaintance, nor would not show where his books were; and because his wife denied them to be at his house, she was sent to the Fleet, and their goods confiscated." However, the result was that Baynham at last consented to make abjuration, and on a Sunday in February, 1532, he did penance by first walking in procession, and then standing with a fagot on his shoulder at Paul's



[James Baynham doing penance.]

Cross during the sermon, on a sort of scaffold erected before the pulpit, in the fashion which the martyrologist has represented in a rude but curious woodcut. But Baynham had been at home little more than a month, after having recovered his forfeited life by this submission, when, vehement remorse and shame conquering the fear of death and every other feeling, he called his friends together and expressed to them the bitterest regret for what he had done; "and immediately, the next Sunday after, he came to St. Austin's with the New Testament in his hand in English, and the obedience of a Christian man in his bosom, and stood up there before the people in his pew, there declaring openly with weeping tears that he had denied God, and prayed all the people to forgive him, and to beware of his weakness, and not to do as he did." He was now, as a relapsed heretic, beyond the pale of mercy in this world, and, as his judges believed, in the next also. Urgent methods, however, were used to make him recant before he should be committed to the flames. Being again arrested, "for almost the space of a fortnight," according to the martyrologist, "he lay in the bishop's coal-house in the stocks, with irons upon his legs: then he was carried to the Lord Chancellor's and there chained to a post two nights: then he was carried to Fulham, where he was cruelly handled by the space of a sevennight; then to the Tower, where he lay a fortnight, scourged with whips, to make him revoke his opinions: from thence he was carried to Barking, then to Chelsea, and there condemned, and so to Newgate to be burned." He was burned in Smithfield at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the 30th of April. Such tragic and brutal work as this, still more even than the solemn comedy of Lady Strange's penance, goes to make it difficult for us to feel, when we read of it, that the sky was as blue and the earth as green in England three centuries ago as they are now.

In another remarkable instance, which occurred soon after this, the scaffold of penance at Paul's Cross was in like manner only a stepping-stone to a more fatal scaffold. Hither, in the end of the year 1533, was brought to make public confession of their imposture, Elizabeth Barton, called the Holy Maid of Kent, with Richard Master, the parson of the parish of Aldington, where she lived, who had sought, by means of her hysteric outcries and pretended inspirations, to raise the fame and attraction of the wooden Virgin in his chapel at Court-at-Street; her confessor, Dr. Bocking, of whom, as Burnet tells us, there were violent suspicions that he did not, in his intercourse with her, confine himself strictly to his spiritual duties; Richard Deering, who wrote the most popular book of her revelations and prophecies; and half a dozen more of her accomplices. Having been "brought into the Star-chamber," says Burnet, "where there was a great appearance of many lords, they were examined upon the premises, and did all, without any rack or torture, confess the whole conspiracy, and were adjudged to stand in Paul's all the sermon time; and, after sermon, the king's officers were to give every one of them his bill of confession, to be read openly before the people; which was done next Sunday, the Bishop of Bangor preaching, they being all set on a scaffold before him." It was thought, he adds, that this public exposure would be the surest way to satisfy the people of the imposture of the whole affair; and it had, it seems, very generally that effect. Their penance and confession, however, did not save either the nun herself, or her chief confederates: on the 20th of April following, she, Master, Bocking, Deering, and two more of those who had been exposed at Paul's Cross, were, in the words of old Stow, "drawn from the Tower of London to Tyburn, and there hanged and headed." The nun's own head was stuck up on London Bridge; those of the others on the different gates of the city. And, within little more than a year, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More both had their heads struck off on Tower Hill, principally, there can be no doubt—though other charges were made the pretext—for the countenance they had been, weakly enough, drawn in for a time to give to the Maid's ravings against the divorce of Queen Catherine, and the king's new marriage. Thus sure and sweeping, if a little slow, was the revenge taken by Henry, who is held up to our admiration by Burnet, as showing himself to be "not very easily inflamed," by the way in which he passed over the audacity of the friars Peto and Elston, the former of whom, in the preceding summer, while preaching in the royal chapel at Greenwich, had told him to his face that many lying prophets had deceived him, but that, if he proceeded with the business he had in hand, the dogs should assuredly lick his blood, as they had done Ahab's; and the latter of whom, on a subsequent Sunday, the king also being present, rose from the midst of the congregation and justified all that Peto had said, nor would be silenced till his majesty himself commanded him to hold his peace. The two friars, indeed, in the mean time, only received a rebuke before the privy council; but they and all the rest of their order were soon after banished from England.

A few years after the exposure of the Maid of Kent—who, by the bye, according to Strype, "began her pranks about eight or nine years before her execution"—another gross Popish fraud was laid open to the popular scorn at the same place; the trick of the wonderful rood, or crucifix, of Boxley in Kent, which actually used to move its eyes and shake its beard, and sometimes even to nod its head and bow with its whole body, to those who knelt before it and brought it offerings. The wheel-work by which all this was managed under the guidance of the priests was, it seems, detected, in the year 1538, by one Nicolas Partridge; on which the image was first brought to the neighbouring town of Maidstone, and shown to the people there, and then carried to London, where it afforded for a time infinite amusement to all classes, from the king and the inmates of the royal palace downwards. It seems to have been exhibited, probably for money, in some of the places of popular amusement. The rood had been famous for ages over all England, and people came from the most distant parts of the country to gaze and wonder at a discovery which no doubt astonished many of them almost as much as if it had been found out that any one of themselves was merely a similar piece of mechanism. The evidence, however, was too conclusive to be resisted by any possible stupidity. "There," to translate the animated account given by John Hooker, the parson of Maidstone, in a Latin letter to Bullinger, which Burnet has printed, "there stands the idol going through his performance; he makes his eyes look stern and threatening; he expresses aversion by the motion of his lips, he twitches his nostrils, he throws back his head, he bends his back, he nods, he draws himself up; they stare, they laugh, they marvel, the room echoes with their vociferation, their obstreperous clamour makes the welkin ring." At last the affair was taken up by the Council, and by their order the Boxley rood was brought to Paul's Cross, and there elevated on a scaffold, so as to be seen by all the people, during the preaching of a sermon by Hilsey, Bishop of Rochester. This, as we learn from Stow, was on Sunday the 24th of February. "Here," continues Hooker, "the image once more, with all its machinery exposed, goes with its usual ability through its part. Admiration, rage, astonishment, stir the multitude by turns. The prevailing feeling is one of mortification that they should have been so shamefully deluded by such a cheat. At length, while the preacher waxes warm in his discourse, and the word of God is secretly working in the hearts of his auditors, the wooden block is thrown down headlong into the thickest of the throng. Instantly a confused outcry of many voices arises; the idol is pulled about, is broken, is plucked one piece from another, is torn into a thousand fragments, and is finally consigned to the flames." This uproarious outbreak on the part of his congregation would, we take it for granted, be fatal to any further display of his eloquence by the bishop for that day.

But the tricks and delusions exposed at Paul's Cross were not always those of the Romanists. Exactly twenty years after the penance of Elizabeth Barton, occurred that of Elizabeth Croft, the principal performer in the imposture known by the name of the Spirit in the Wall. The Spirit in the Wall was first heard in March, 1554, soon after the accession of Queen Mary, in a house without Aldersgate, and was certainly a Protestant spirit; the tenor of its exclamations and prophecies, as Strype acknowledges, being "against the Prince of Spain, and the Queen's matching with him, and against auricular confession, the mass, and other Popish worship newly introduced." In fact, so far as it went, the affair was as exact a parallel to that of the Maid of Kent as well could be. By her dark utterances, "the people of the whole city," says Stow, "were wonderfully molested, for that all men might hear the voice, but not see her person." The sounds were supposed to come from nothing less than an angel. It turned out that Croft, "a wench about the age of eighteen years," made them with a peculiar kind of whistle, which she had got from one Drakes: among her other confederates were several parish clerks; but the plot was nipped in the bud, before it had time to attract any higher patronage or countenance. On Sunday, the 15th of July,* she was brought out at Paul's Cross, and placed upon a scaffold erected for the purpose on the usual spot, where she stood all the time of the sermon, and made open confession of the deception she had been guilty of. Strype relates that "she wept bitterly, and kneeled down, and asked God mercy and the Queen, and bade all people beware of false teaching; and said that promises were made her that she should have many good things given her, as though that had been the cause that induced her to this deceit." Neither she herself nor any of her accomplices was put to death; but one of them, a weaver who lived in Golden Lane, was a few days after set on the pillory.

On the 19th of May in the following year, 1555, two women did penance and made confession at Paul's Cross, for their concern in what was, apparently, a harmless enough imposture—the propagation of a story about an infant in a house near the cathedral having spoken, and bidden men pray, declaring that the kingdom of God was at hand. But most probably this miraculous infant was also in the Protestant interest. Most of the other penances performed here in the days of Mary appear to have been by persons, both clergy and laity, who had been seduced into some irregularity or other by the confusion and changes of the time, and who now desired to be received back into the bosom of the ascendant church. Several which Strype records are cases of priests who had taken to themselves wives which they were now willing, possibly more than willing, to part with. Thus, on the 14th of November, 1554, we are told, "five did penance with sheets about them, and tapers and rods in their hands; and the preacher did strike them with a rod; and there they stood till the sermon was done. Then the sumner took away the sheets and the rods from them, and they went into Paul's again, and so up the side of the choir. One of these was named Sir Thomas Laws, otherwise called Sir Thomas Griffin, priest, some time a canon at Elsing Spittle. He and three more were religious men; and the fifth was a temporal man, that had two wives. Those were put to penance for having one." But some of the religious men had indulged themselves with a pair of wives too. Thus, it is noted, that on the 8th of February, 1556, "Mr. Peryn, a black friar, preached at Paul's Cross; at whose sermon a priest named Sir Thomas Sampson did penance, standing before the preacher with a sheet about him, and a taper in his hand burning; the Lord Mayor, the aldermen, and many other worshipful persons present. This man's crime was, that he had two wives, and one was enough to make him do penance." On the 8th of March, again, "while a doctor preached at the Cross, a man did penance for transgressing Lent, *holding two pigs, ready drest, whereof one was upon his head*, having brought them to sell"—a spectacle which would be rather trying to the gravity of most congregations.

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* Strype says the 6th, but that was not a Sunday.

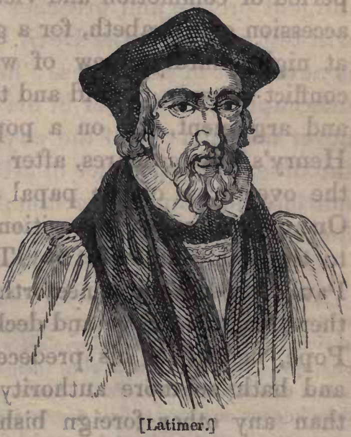
Pennant states, without quoting his authority, that in 1537 a priest named Sir Thomas Newman "bore the fagot here on a singular occasion, for singing mass with good ale." He had just before told us that the Catholic penitents, not having been in danger of burning, never bore fagots. We do not know what reliance is to be placed upon his next assertion, that the last person who did penance at Paul's Cross was a seminary priest, who made his recantation in 1593.

One of the latest instances noticed of the pronouncing of an anathema or curse from this pulpit was in 1502, in which year, as we are told by Fabian, "upon the first Sunday of Lent, was solemnly accursed at Paul's Cross Sir Edmond de la Pole, Sir Robert Curzon, and others, and all that them aided again the king." This Edmond de la Pole was the unfortunate Duke of Suffolk, nephew of King Edward IV., his jealousy and fears of whom made Henry VII. miserable for a great part of his reign, and who, afterwards falling into the hands of that king's more daring son and successor, was by him put to death, without even the form of a trial, in 1513.

On the 12th of May, 1521, a grand display of state and pageantry was made here on occasion of the publication of the Pope's sentence against Luther. An account of the ceremonial is quoted by Dugdale from one of the Cotton manuscripts. First, "the Lord Thomas Wolsey," Legate de latere, as well as Cardinal and Archbishop of York, attended by "the most part of the bishops of the realm," presented himself at the entrance to the cathedral, where he was "received with procession and censed" by the Dean; after which he advanced under a canopy of cloth of gold, borne by four doctors, to the high altar, and there made his oblation. This done, he proceeded forth to the Cross in the churchyard, where he placed himself on a scaffold erected for the purpose, taking his seat "under his cloth of estate, which was ordained for him, his two crosses on every side of him." On his right hand sate on the pace, or step, where he set his feet, the Pope's ambassador, and next to him the Archbishop of Canterbury; on his left the Emperor's ambassador, with the Bishop of Durham next to him: "and all the other bishops, with other noble prelates, sate on two forms out right forth." "And there," concludes the account, "the Bishop of Rochester made a sermon, by the consenting of the whole clergy of England, by the commandment of the Pope, against Martinus Eleutherius and all his works, because he erred sore and spake against the holy faith, and denounced them accursed which kept any of his books. And there were many burned, in the said churchyard, of the said books, during the sermon. Which ended, my Lord Cardinal went home to dinner with all the other prelates." One would be inclined to think that very little attention could be given to many of these sermons at Paul's Cross, when the senses of the audience were occupied and amused, in the way we have seen, all the time the preacher was addressing them, by the exhibition of persons performing penance with fagots on their shoulders, or lighted tapers in their hands, or pigs on their heads, or by such raree-shows as the Boxley rood, or by this roasting and crackling of heretical books in a great fire blazing away in the midst of them. This place of worship under the open sky must have presented usually rather an animated scene. Many more of the Reformers' books were afterwards burned here, with vain enough rage and spite. Thus Fox notes, that in the month of May, 1531, "the Bishop of London (Stokesley) caused all the New Testaments of Tindal's translation, and many other books which he had bought, to be brought into Paul's Churchyard, and there openly to be burned." And after this we read of baskets of books being brought to be burned in the churchyard on several occasions of grand ceremonial.

The great era of preaching at Paul's Cross began with the revolt of Henry VIII. against the authority of the Roman see, and the struggle of more than a quarter of a century between the two religions that followed. During all that period of commotion and vicissitude, from the middle of Henry's reign to the accession of Elizabeth, for a great part of which people, when they went to bed at night, hardly knew of what religion they might rise in the morning, the conflict between the old and the new faith, in so far as it was waged by eloquence and argument, and on a popular arena, was chiefly carried on here. One of Henry's first measures, after he had taken his bold resolution of setting about the overthrow of the papal supremacy in England, was to secure this station. One of a series of propositions submitted to the Council in December, 1533, was to the following effect:—"That order be taken that such as shall preach at Paul's Cross from henceforth shall continually, from Sunday to Sunday, preach there, and also teach and declare to the people, that he that now calleth himself Pope, ne any of his predecessors, is and were but only the Bishops of Rome, and hath no more authority and jurisdiction by God's laws within this realm than any other foreign bishop hath, which is nothing at all; and that such authority as he hath claimed heretofore hath been only by usurpation and sufferance of princes of this realm; and that the Bishop of London may be bound to suffer none others to preach at St. Paul's Cross, as he will answer, but such as will preach and set forth the same." * Accordingly Stow tells us that during the next session of Parliament—which extended from the 15th of January, 1534, to the 29th of March, and was that in which the Act was passed abolishing the jurisdiction of the Court of Rome—" every Sunday at Paul's Cross preached a bishop, declaring the Pope not to be supreme head of the Church." The bishops, while deeming it prudent to yield at least a formal obedience to the royal order for the present, probably also thought it safest that so delicate a topic should only be handled by themselves. Another subject, however, which is recorded to have been discussed by some of the preachers at the Cross about this time, may be thought to have been of a still more delicate nature—the pending case of Henry's divorce from Queen Catherine. Strype relates that a friar called Father Robinson, belonging to the Franciscan monastery at Greenwich, offered to maintain the queen's cause in a public disputation with an abbot who had preached at Paul's Cross in favour of the divorce. " And it seems," says the historian, " he did this openly to the abbot's face, while he was preaching. Whereupon was a report given out that the friars of Greenwich, if they might be suffered to tell the truth, would put to silence all that had or should preach in favour of the king's matter, and prove all false that they had preached. And the said Father Robinson did intend, with all his wit and learning, to preach on the queen's part the next Sunday after at Paul's Cross, that he might have the greater audience." It may be presumed that the monk was saved the trouble of carrying his good intentions into execution: in fact, in not many months, he and his whole convent were turned adrift by the rampant despot with as little ceremony as the Pope and the Queen.

In the next reign the pulpit at Paul's Cross was filled by the most eminent preachers of the Reformation. Here Latimer and Ridley frequently proclaimed to crowds of eager listeners that testimony which they both afterwards sealed with their blood. Ridley, in acuteness and literary accomplishment the first of the fathers of the English Reformation, preached a famous sermon at Paul's Cross on the sacrament of the Lord's Supper towards the close of the year 1547, being then Bishop of Rochester. But, we confess, we would rather have heard honest old Latimer, plain and homely as he was, sometimes to the verge of the absurd and the ludicrous, or beyond it, yet shrewd withal and full of matter, and always interesting from the very boldness and directness of his appeals, and the goodness of heart and genuine simplicity of character that shone in everything he said. Latimer preached his first sermon at Paul's Cross on New Year's Day, 1548, and his second and third on the two following Sundays.† What is called his Sermon of the Plough, which is among those in the printed collection, was probably one of these, although it is stated to have been



[Latimer.]

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* Strype, Mem. i. 151.

† Strype, Mem. ii. 71.

preached on the 18th of January, which would fall on a Wednesday in that year. It was preached, we are told, in the Shrouds, which appears to have been a sort of covered gallery attached to the wall of the cathedral, in which, probably, the more distinguished portion of the congregation used commonly to be seated, and where the preacher also sometimes took his station when the weather was coarse.* Latimer was at this time nearly seventy years of age; but he was as stout in spirit, if not in body, as ever; and the one of them that has been preserved affords evidence sufficient that, in these sermons at Paul's Cross, he did not mince matters in telling his audience of their besetting sins, or spare either small or great. While he was calling upon the rich men of London to repent, and denouncing them as more deserving of God's wrath than the men of Nebo, for their "idolatry, superstition, pride, avarice, cruelty, tyranny, and hardness of heart," it is highly probable that the Lord Mayor himself, and many of the most opulent of his fellow-citizens, were present to profit by the rebuke; nor is it very unlikely that he might also have literally in his eye some wincing auditor to whom his words would come still more pungently home, when he next proceeded to assail the "unpreaching prelates"—some occupied in the king's matters, some as ambassadors, some of the privy council, some to furnish the court, some as lords of the parliament, some as presidents, some as comptrollers of mints—all "so troubled with lordly living, so placed in palaces, couched in courts, ruffling in their rents, dancing in their dominions, burthened with ambassages, pampering of their paunches, like a monk that maketh his jubilee, munching in their mangers, and moiling in their gay manors and mansions, and so troubled with loitering in their lordships," that they could not attend to their proper professional duty as God's ploughmen. And after the buzz of admiration which would reward this more elaborate and ambitious passage, we may conceive the something approaching to hilarity into which the excited hearers would relax, when the preacher, after a pause, went on:—"And now I would ask a strange question; who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him, who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you: it is the Devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way, call for him when you will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough; no lording nor loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you." The description of the Devil's episcopacy is carried on to a much greater length, and would, we may be sure, be highly relished by all present, except, perhaps, as we have said, by any of the bishops, if they were there, who might consider it as rather personal.

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* From what Latimer says in one of his sermons, it would seem that in no circumstances could it have been very agreeable either to preach or to attend the service at Paul's Cross:—"I do much marvel that London, being so rich a city, hath not a burying-place without; for, no doubt, it is an unwholesome thing to bury within the city, specially at such a time when there is great sickness, so that many die together. I think, verily, that many a man taketh his death in Paul's churchyard; and this I speak of experience, for I myself, when I have been there in some mornings to hear the sermons, have felt such an ill-favoured, unwholesome savour, that I was the worse for it a great while after. And I think no less but it be the occasion of much sickness and diseases."—*Sermon for the Third Sunday in Advent*, 1552.

The most remarkable occasion on which Ridley officiated at Paul's Cross, in this reign, was that on which the new service book was used for the first time. "The 1st of November 1552," says Stow, "being the feast of All Saints, the new service book, called of Common Prayer, began in Paul's Church, and the like through the whole city. The Bishop of London, Dr. Ridley, executing the service in Paul's Church in the forenoon, in his rochet only, without cope or vestment, preached in the choir; and at afternoon he preached at Paul's Cross, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and crafts in their best liveries being present; which sermon tending to the setting forth the said late-made Book of Common Prayer, continued till almost five of the clock at night; so that the mayor, aldermen, and companies entered not into Paul's Church, as had been accustomed, but departed home by torchlight."* It was a zealous time, as well as an interesting occasion, when people could thus be detained hearing a sermon in the open air, in a noisome churchyard, till five o'clock on a night in November.

Another memorable Paul's Cross sermon of Ridley's was that which he preached, by command of the council, on Sunday, the 9th of July, 1553, a few days after the death of King Edward, warning the people of the dangers that would have followed the accession of Mary, and setting forth the title of Lady Jane Grey, at that moment regarded by his faction as the reigning queen. Lady Jane's government only lasted for another Sunday; and on that day, the 16th, the sermon at the Cross was preached by John Rogers, renowned as the first of Mary's martyrs, who was then reader of St. Paul's. According to Strype, Rogers was more wary than Ridley had been, preaching only upon the gospel of the day.†

As soon as Mary was fairly seated on the throne, the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross was once more taken possession of by the friends of the old religion. Here, on the 13th of August, a famous sermon was preached by Dr. Bourn, parson of High Ongar, in Essex, and chaplain to the queen, before the lord mayor and aldermen, the Lord Courteney, and a numerous audience of all classes. "This man," says Strype, "did, according to his instructions, fiercely lay about him, in accusing the doings of the former reign, with such reflections upon things that were dear to the people, that it set them all into a hurly-burly; and such an uproar began, such a shouting at the sermon, and casting up of caps, as that one who lived in those times, and kept a journal of matters that then fell out, writ, *It was as if the people were mad;* and that there might have been great mischief done, had not the people been awed somewhat by the presence of the mayor and Lord Courteney." At last a dagger was thrown at the preacher, which stuck in the pulpit; and then Rogers, who was present, and his friend Bradford, another eminent Protestant preacher, having interfered with some success to moderate the tumult, managed to convey Bourn away to a house in the neighbourhood.‡

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* Annals.

† Memorials, iii. 3.—Stow, in his Annals, says that Ridley's sermon, wherein "he vehemently persuaded the people in the title of the Lady Jane, late proclaimed Queen, and inveighed earnestly against the title of Lady Mary," was preached on the 16th.

‡ Burnet.—Fox.

On the next Sunday the sermon at Paul's Cross was preached by Dr. Watson, chaplain to Bishop Gardiner, guarded by two hundred of the Queen's guards; there being present, besides the lord mayor and aldermen, "all the crafts of London in their best liveries, sitting on forms, every craft by themselves."* The change of doctrine does not appear to have diminished the attendance upon the sermons. After the parliament met in October, "the town," says Speed, "being full, care was taken to put up men of the greatest vogue to preach the Paul's Cross sermons. The 15th day Dr. White, warden of Winchester, preached there; the Sunday following, the 22nd day, Dr. Weston, dean of Westminster. And while these sermons were preaching, were great bars set up at every gate in Paul's Churchyard, to prevent the breaking in of horses and great throngs of people, for fear of disturbance while the sermons were preaching." Yet the post of preacher here still continued to be one of some danger. On the 10th of June, 1554, while Dr. Pendleton was preaching, between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a gun was fired at him, the tin bullet from which struck the wall a very little way over his head. Pendleton had been a zealous professor of the reformed doctrines in the late king's time.† On the 23rd of September, Dr. Rud, another apostate from Protestantism, appeared in the pulpit, who took the opportunity of making a frank profession of his change of sentiments, and particularly of telling the people how greatly he repented having taken a wife—of whom, however, he had of course by this time had the satisfaction of having got rid. On the next Sunday, the 30th, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor, preached at the Cross; "which," says Strype, "he did with much applause, before an audience as great as ever was known, and among the rest all the council that were then at court." On the 14th of October we find it noted that the old Bishop of Durham, Tonstall, preached in the Shrowds, as we have seen was also done by old Latimer. On the 2nd of December another very illustrious congregation assembled to hear Gardiner preach at the Cross: Cardinal Pole "came from Lambeth by water, and landed at Paul's Wharf, and from thence to Paul's Church, with a cross, two pillars, and two pole-axes of silver borne before him;" and about eleven o'clock, King Philip himself arrived by land from Westminster.‡ On the 6th of February, 1558, another sermon of Gardiner's was attended by sixteen bishops, the lord mayor and aldermen, and many of the judges; and on the 20th of the same month, when Dr. Watson, Bishop of Lincoln, preached, "there were ten bishops present, besides the lord mayor and aldermen, judges and men of the law, and a great audience."§

But lord mayor, aldermen, judges, and bishops, were all soon after this obliged to suit themselves, as best they could, to another change. The breath had been only three days out of Mary's body, when on the 20th of November the pulpit at Paul's Cross was mounted by Dr. Bill, the new queen's chaplain, and made to resound once more with the doctrines formerly preached by Ridley and Latimer. But the following curious passage from Stow's Annals, which has not been noticed by recent writers, shows that this alert commencement soon received a check:—"On Low Sunday, the 2nd of April (1559), Master Sampson, lately come from beyond the seas, made the rehearsal sermon at Paul's Cross; but, when the lord mayor and aldermen came to their places in Paul's Churchyard, the pulpit door was locked, and the key could not be heard of: whereupon the lord mayor sent for a smith to open the lock, which was done, and, when the preacher should enter the place, it was found very filthy and unclean; moreover, the verger, that had the key of the place where the bishops and prelates use to stand to hear the sermon, could not be found; whereupon certain gentlemen with a form broke open the door. This disorder chanced by reason that since Christmas last past there was not a sermon preached at Paul's Cross; for an inhibition had been sent from the council unto the Bishop of London, that he should admit no preacher, because of the controversy betwixt the bishops and them of the clergy that were new returned into the realm from beyond the seas." After this, however, Horne, Jewel, and other eminent divines of the re-established Protestant church, vindicated the new order of things at Paul's Cross; and the sermons delivered there every Sunday, as of old, appear to have been well attended throughout the reign of Elizabeth. Stow has described at great length the gorgeous state in which her Majesty, attended by the Earl of Essex and a great number of ladies of honour, came from Somerset House to the Cathedral on the 24th of November, 1588, to hear the thanksgiving sermon for the destruction of the Spanish Armada, preached at the Cross by Doctor Pierce, bishop of Salisbury: she took her seat in a closet made for the purpose in the north wall of the church, over against the Cross. On the 17th of November (1595), the same chronicler records, "the pulpit cross in Paul's Churchyard was new repaired, painted, and partly enclosed with a wall of brick; Dr. Fletcher, bishop of London, preached there, in praise of the queen and prayer for her majesty, before the lord mayor, aldermen, and citizens in their best liveries. Which sermon being ended, upon the church leads the trumpets sounded, the cornets winded, and the quiristers sung an anthem; on the steeple many lights were burned; the Tower shot off her ordnance, the bells were rung, bonfires made, &c." The next year, while the lord mayor and aldermen were attending a sermon here, an order came to them from the queen for a levy of a thousand able-bodied men to assist in raising the siege of Calais, then besieged by the Spaniards; upon which, we are told, they immediately quitted their devotions, and exerted themselves so actively, that they had the thousand men in readiness for marching before morning.

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* Strype.

† On Sunday, the 8th of April, this year, "a cat, with her head shorn, and the likeness of a vestment cast over her, with her fore feet tied together, and a round piece of paper like a singing cake betwixt them, was hanged on a gallows in Cheap, near to the Cross, in the parish of St. Matthew, which cat, being taken down, was carried to the Bishop of London (Bonnor), and he caused the same to be showed at Paul's Cross by the preacher, Dr. Pendleton."—*Stow's Annals.*

‡ Stow, Annals.

§ Strype.

Nor was the glory of Paul's Cross over till many years after this date. James I. came in great state on horseback, from Whitehall, to hear a sermon preached from this famous pulpit by Dr. John King, Bishop of London, on Midlent Sunday, the 26th of March, 1628. And Pennant is mistaken in supposing this was the last sermon ever preached here. It was not even the last attended by royalty; for, on the 30th of May, 1630, Charles I., like his two predecessors, also came in state to St. Paul's, and, after having attended the service in the cathedral, took his seat in a place prepared for him, and heard the sermon at the

Cross.* But this was very nearly the last of those sermons delivered in the open air. In April, 1633, while the cathedral was undergoing extensive repairs, and the churchyard was occupied with masons and building materials, the sermons were removed into the choir; and it does not appear that the old pulpit out of doors was ever again occupied. At last, by the votes of both Houses of the Long Parliament, on the 10th and 11th of September, 1642, for the abolishing of bishops, deans, and chapters, "the very foundation of this famous cathedral," to quote the impressive words of its historian, "was utterly shaken in pieces; . . . . so that the next year following, 1643 (Isaac Penington being Lord Mayor), the famous Cross in the churchyard, which had been for many ages the most noted and solemn place in this nation for the gravest divines and greatest scholars to preach at, was, with the rest of the crosses about London and Westminster, by further order of the said parliament, pulled down to the ground."†

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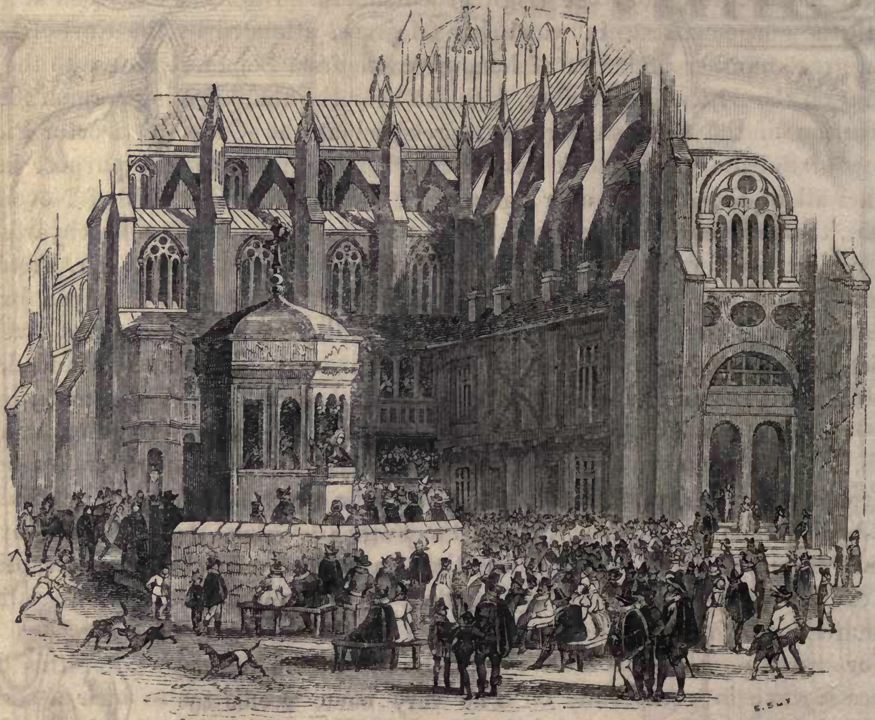
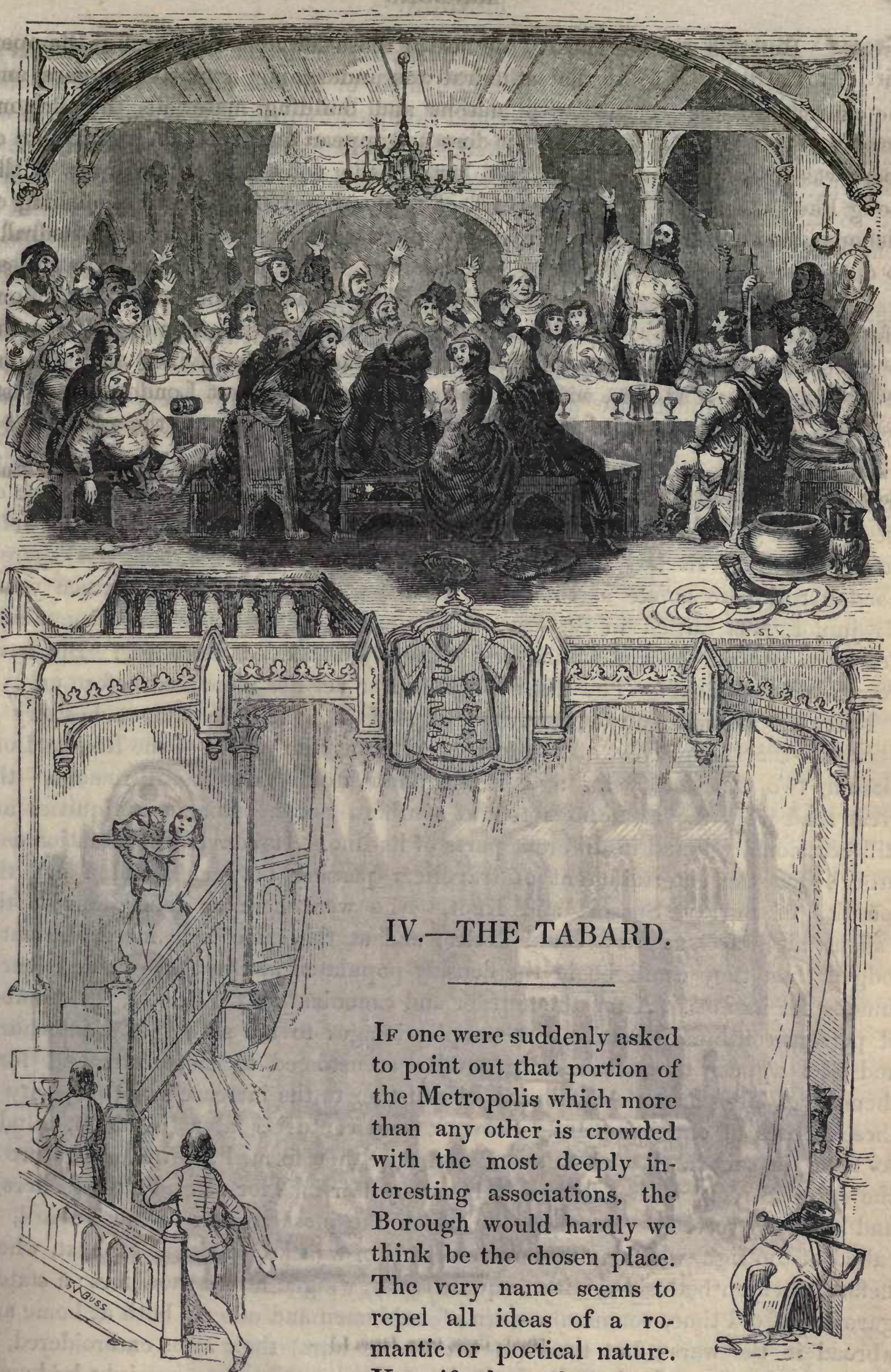
* Continuation of Stow's Annals.—There is a sermon in print, entitled "The White Wolf; preached at Paul's Cross, February 11, 1627, by Stephen Denison, Minister of Katherine Cree Church."

† Dugdale's History of St. Paul's Cathedral, p. 109; edit. of 1818.



[Paul's Cross, temp. James I.]



IV.—THE TABARD.

If one were suddenly asked to point out that portion of the Metropolis which more than any other is crowded with the most deeply interesting associations, the Borough would hardly we think be the chosen place. The very name seems to repel all ideas of a romantic or poetical nature. Yet, if there be classic ground in London, it is this. Standing upon the foot of that bridge which has replaced the venerable piece of antiquity so connected with the local history of Southwark, and looking forwards into the mass of human dwellings beyond, what a host of recollections of some of the mightiest intellects of our own or of any other country rush upon the mind, in connexion with localities every one of which might be comprised in a half-circle of a few hundred yards from the river! On the right, beneath a splendid canopied tomb, in the fine old church of St. Mary Overies, or, as it is now called, St. Saviour's, lies Gower, lodged as few poets are lodged in their last resting-place; and for a reason that few poets are so fortunate as to be able to give, namely, on account of his extensive benefactions to the sacred edifice. In the churchyard of the same building lie in one grave Fletcher and Massinger. The record of Massinger's death in the parochial register is a melancholy one: "Philip Massinger, A STRANGER!" Still farther to the right, on the Bank Side was Beaumont and Fletcher's house; for that too, like their genius and reputation, they held in common; and, above all, in the same immediate neighbourhood was the theatre where an audience saw Shakspere nightly tread the stage; where, from time to time, all the aristocracy of London—whether of rank or intellect—thronged to witness some new production from that wonderful mind; and from which he retired in the prime of life to spend his last days in the peaceful and honourable enjoyment of his well-earned wealth. In the street now known as Clink Street was Shakspere's London residence as late as 1609. In 1607 his brother Edmund, sixteen years his junior, was buried in St. Saviour's Church. Thus more than commonly rich in its poetical associations is the apparently unpoetical Borough! But have we concluded the list?—The *Tabard* of Chaucer yet lies unnoticed before us.

There are few more ancient streets than that in which the famous hostelry is situated—the High Street of Southwark. During the period of the Roman Londinium, two thousand years ago, it was undoubtedly what it still remains—the great road from the metropolis to the southern ports. Roman antiquities are still occasionally found in different parts of its line. Its convenient situation as a suburb for the entertainment of travellers passing between London and the counties of Surrey, Sussex, and Kent,—who were here as contiguous to the "silent highway" as they could desire, and at the same time more pleasantly lodged than they could be in the densely-populated metropolis,—made it early famous for its inns. After the murder and canonization of Becket, the number of persons continually setting out on pilgrimages to his shrine at Canterbury, and who appear to have been generally accustomed to meet here and form themselves into parties, contributed still further to the increase and prosperity of these houses of entertainment. Stow, several centuries later (in 1598), alludes to them in such a way as to show that they then formed a principal feature of the High Street: "In Southwark be many fair inns for receipt of travellers;" and he then proceeds, "amongst the which the most ancient is the Tabard, so called of the sign, which as we now term it is of a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders: a stately garment of old time, commonly worn of noblemen and others, both at home and abroad in the wars; but then (to wit in the wars) their arms embroidered, or otherwise depict upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others. But now these tabards are only worn by the heralds, and be called their coats of arms in service." This "most ancient" then of the inns of Southwark, even in 1598—this great rival of our Boar's Heads and Mermaids, which, older than either, has survived both—is situated immediately opposite what was formerly called St. Margaret's Hill (though now perfectly level), then the site of St. Margaret's Church, now of the Town-hall of the Borough. The exterior of the inn is simply a narrow, square, dilapidated-looking gateway; its posts strapped with rusty iron bands—its gates half covered with sheets of the same metal. "The Talbot Inn" is painted above, and till within the last five or six years there was also the following inscription:—"This is the Inne where Sir Jeffry Chaucer and the nine and twenty Pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383." This inscription was formerly on the frieze of a beam laid crosswise upon two uprights, which stood in the road in the front of the Tabard, and from which hung the sign, creaking as it swung to and fro with every passing gust. The sign and its supports were removed in 1766, when all such characteristic features of the streets of London in the olden time disappeared, in obedience to a parliamentary edict for their destruction. The writing of this inscription was evidently not very ancient; but had, not improbably, been renewed from time to time from a very remote period. Tyrrwhitt,* however, thinks it is not older than the seventeenth century, from the fact that Speght, who noticed the Tabard in his edition of Chaucer (1602), does not mention it; he therefore supposes it to have been put up after the great fire of Southwark in 1676, when some portion of the inn was burnt, and in consequence of the change of name which then took place. Aubrey, writing a little after the period of the fire, says, "The ignorant landlord, or tenant, instead of the ancient sign of the Tabard, put up the Talbot, or dog!" and "on the frieze of the beam" was then the inscription, which, however, he does not say was then also put up. Certainly Speght does not give any inscription, properly so called, but *he has mentioned as a fact* the circumstance recorded in the inscription, and in language so very similar, that we cannot but think the inscription was in his mind at the time of writing: "This was the hostelry where Chaucer and the other pilgrims met together, and with Henry Baily, their host, accorded about the manner of their journey to Canterbury, &c." The date also, 1383, is precisely that which best agrees with the details of the poem and the known period of its composition, the latest historical event mentioned in it being Jack Straw's insurrection in 1381, and the poem itself having been composed somewhere between that year and the close of the century. We are, therefore, fully at liberty to believe, if we please, that the inscription (and consequently the poem) records, or is founded on, a real fact; and we may strengthen that belief by remembering how much of the real, as well as of the ideal, pervades the entire structure of the 'Canterbury Tales,' making it impossible to say where the one ends and the other begins. Faith therefore is best. We cannot do better than believe Chaucer's statement implicitly:—

> "Befel, that in that season,† on a day
> In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay,
> Ready to wenden on my pilgrimage
> To Canterbury with devout couráge,
> At night was come into that hostelry
> Well nine and twenty in a company
> Of sundry folk, by ádventure yfall
> In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all,
> That toward Canterbury woulden ride."

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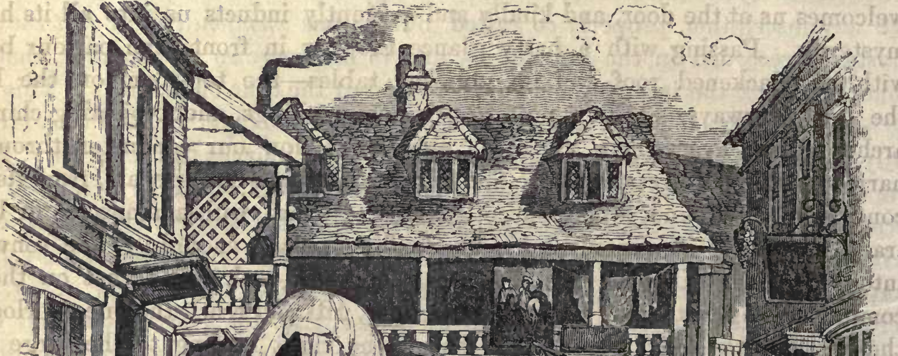
* Notes to his Dissertation on the 'Canterbury Tales,' prefixed to his excellent edition of the poem.

† "April, with his showres sote." [sweet.]

The state of the gateway presents but a too faithful type of the general state of the inn. Its patchings and alterations, its blackened doors and bursting ceiling, and its immense cross-beams, tell us, in language not to be mistaken, of antiquity and departed greatness. From the gateway the yard is open to the sky, and gradually widens. On either side is a range of brick buildings, extending for some little distance; opposite the end of that on the right, the left-hand range is continued by the most interesting part of the Tabard, a stone-coloured wooden gallery on the first floor, which, in its course making a right angle, presents its principal portion directly opposite the entrance from the High Street. It is supported by plain thick round pillars, also of wood; and it supports on other pillars of a slenderer make, in front, the bottom of the very high and sloping tiled roof. Offices, with dwellings above, occupy the left range as far as the gallery, beneath which are stables; whilst under the front portion of the gallery is a waggon-office, with its miscellaneous packages lying about; and suggesting thoughts of the time when as yet road-waggons, properly so called, were unknown, and the carriers, with their strings of pack-horses and jingling bells, filled the yard with their bustle and obstreperous notes of preparation for departure. Immediately over this office, in the centre of the gallery, is a picture, said to be by "Blake," and "well painted,"* of the Canterbury Pilgrimage, though now so dirty or decayed that the subject itself is hardly discernible. The buildings on the right are principally occupied by the bar, tap-room, parlour, &c., of the present inn: to these, therefore, we shall for convenience give that appellation, although the gallery and stables also still belong to it. From the inn, then, originally stretched across to the gallery a bridge of communication, balustraded, we may be sure, like the gallery, and arched over like the similar bridge still existing



[The Talbot, 1841.]

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* Gentleman's Magazine, 1812.

in another part of the yard. The proofs of this connecting bridge are exhibited on the wall of the inn, in the blackened ends of the row of horizontal planks, set edge-wise, which supported it, and in the door, now walled up, to which it led, which opened into a large room, extending quite through the depth of the inn-buildings. On turning the corner of the right-hand range, we find in the same line, but standing considerably back, the lofty stables; and scarcely can we enter the doors, before—as our eye measures their extraordinary size—we acknowledge the truth of Chaucer's description: we are almost satisfied this must have been the place he saw. They are, indeed, "wide." On the same side is another range of buildings, continued into another open yard behind; on the opposite side projects the end of the gallery; and here we find the bridge we have mentioned connecting the two sides, and which is in a most ruinous-looking state. The great extent of the original inn may be conceived when we state that there is little doubt but that it occupied the whole yard, with all its numerous buildings; for, from one of the houses in the High Street, standing on the North side of the gateway, a communication is still traceable through all the intermediate tenements to the gallery; from thence across the bridge at its furthest extremity to the stables, and back again to the present inn; and, lastly, from thence right through to the High Street once more—to the house on the South side of the gateway.

Let us now walk into the interior. The master of the inn, of whom we may say, with a slight alteration of Chaucer's words—

> "A seemly man our hosté is withal,"—

welcomes us at the door, and kindly and patiently inducts us into all its hidden mysteries. Passing with a hasty glance the bar in front—the parlour behind with its blackened roof and its polished tables—the tap-room on the left—the low doorways, winding passages, broken ceilings, and projecting chimney-arches which everywhere meet the eye—we follow our conductor through a narrow door, and are startled to find ourselves upon what appears, from its very contrast to all around, a magnificently broad staircase, with a handsome fir balustrade in perfect condition, and with landings large enough to be converted into bedrooms. On the first floor is a door on each side; that on the left communicating with one room after another, till you reach the one overlooking the bustle of the High Street; and that on the right leading to the large room formerly opening out upon the bridge. In this room, which is of considerable size, there are the marks of a cornice yet visible on the ceiling. On the second story the contrast is almost ludicrous between the noble staircase and the narrow bedrooms, pushed out from within by an immense bulk of masonry, which (enclosing a stack of chimneys) occupies the central space; and forced in from without by the boldly sloping roof: in fact, they were evidently not intended for each other. The changes induced by decay, accidents, and, above all, by a gradually contracting business, which has caused the larger rooms and wide passages to be divided and subdivided, as convenience prompted or necessity required, may account for these discrepancies. The buildings of the opposite range have evidently been to a certain extent of a corresponding nature. These manifold changes have produced a "Tabard" very different from that of the memorable April night, when

> "The *chambers* and the stables weren wide;"

and the whole body of pilgrims, numerous as they were, found entertainment of the "best."

Stepping across the central part of the yard to the gallery, we ascend by a staircase, also "shorn of its fair proportions." As we mount the stairs our eyes are attracted by a retired modest-looking latticed window, peeping out upon the landing; and in different parts of the gallery are passages leading to countless nests of rooms, forming (as perhaps many of them did of old) the dormitories of the inn. In the centre of the gallery, immediately behind the picture, is a door opening into a lofty passage, with a room on each side: that on the right is, as our host announced to us, "*The Pilgrim's room*" of tradition. With due reverence we looked upon its honoured walls, its square chimney-piece, and the panel above reaching to the ceiling, upon which there was till very recently a piece of ancient needlework or tapestry, cut out from a larger work, representing, it is said, a procession to Canterbury, and which probably in the days of its splendour adorned the walls of this very room. The size, however, of the place, we confess, did not exactly accord with our ideas of the hall of the ancient Tabard. The depth from wall to window was satisfactory, so was the height; the latticed window itself was large and antique in its expression, notwithstanding the alterations it had certainly experienced; but the *length* of the room—so much less than its depth—appeared, to say the least of it, extraordinary. We went into the room on the other side of the passage, which, with a similar window of similar depth and height, was still shorter; but that our host explained,—he had cut off a third room beyond. We went round the gallery to this, and there found an exactly corresponding fireplace and panel, in the exactly corresponding corner to those of the first room. Could the whole have formed one room? Our host was struck with the idea. There was certainly a great difficulty in the way; the intervening door, passage, and staircase, with a portion of the ancient balustrade, apparently still remaining. We could not, however, avoid again expressing our belief that such was the case. Scarcely had the words passed our lips when the host called out, with as much pleasure in his tones as we can imagine there must have been in his great progenitor's when he announced his famous scheme to the pilgrims, "You are right; where the door now is there has been a third window." True enough, there were the undeniable evidences of a middle window, half of its outlines visible in the wall agreeing in height and dimensions with those on either side, and the remainder cut away by the door. Were further proof wanting, it exists in the staircase itself, the marks of the original ceiling which crossed the space it occupies being still visible. The whole three rooms then had clearly been originally one, measuring some forty-five feet in length, twelve in height, and about twenty in breadth; lighted by its three handsome windows. Thus, doubtless, it was when "newly repaired" by "Master J. Preston,"* in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth—the period to which the more modern features of the room—the fireplace and panels—may be ascribed. Here, then, is a place worthy of the tradition; which, too, we may add, is in no slight degree confirmed by the circumstances narrated.

But *was* this the pilgrims' room after all? Does that or any portion of the old Tabard still exist? For the answer to these questions our readers must accompany us a brief way into the history of the inn.

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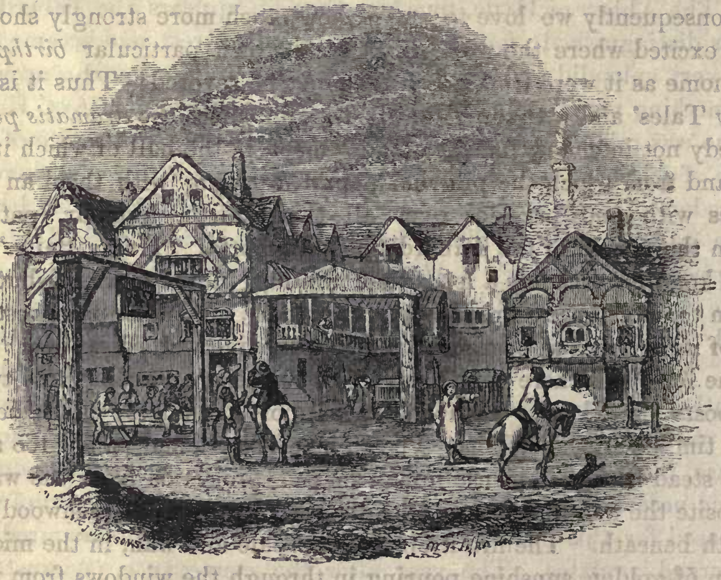
* Speght's notice.

The earliest notice of the site occurs in a register of the Abbey of Hyde, near Winchester, where we find that two tenements were conveyed by William de Ludegarsale to the Abbot in 1306, and which were described, in a former conveyance therein recited, as extending in length from the common ditch of Southwark eastwards, as far as the royal way towards the west. The ditch here alluded to formerly bounded the back of the Tabard yard, though now, owing to the encroachment of the wall of Guy's Hospital, it is at a little distance beyond; the royal way doubtless meant the great road from London southwards—the High Street of later times. Speght, after giving a similar account with Stow of the meaning of the word Tabard, goes on to speak of the "Inn in Southwark by London, within the which was the lodging of the Abbot of Hyde by Winchester. This was the hostelry where Chaucer and the other pilgrims met together, and, with Henry Baily their host, accorded about the manner of their journey to Canterbury. And whereas through time it hath been much decayed, it is now by Master J. Preston, with the Abbot's house thereto adjoined, newly repaired, and with convenient rooms much increased for the receipt of many guests." The Abbey of Hyde, to which then it appears the Tabard belonged, had no less distinguished a founder than Alfred the Great, and became, in progress of time, a very splendid and wealthy establishment. Its inmates appear to have caught something of Alfred's chivalrous spirit, for, at the battle of Hastings, the Abbot, who was related to Harold, came into the field with twelve of his monks and a score of soldiers; and of all those brave English hearts who there struggled for the freedom of their outraged soil, none appear to have done better service than these gallant monks. They fell, every man, in the field; indeed their heroism appears to have been so conspicuous as to attract the Conqueror's attention, for he afterwards used their house with especial harshness, not only seizing their land, but keeping the abbey without a head for nearly three years. Henry II., however, made amends for all its past losses: he endowed it so magnificently that it became one of the most distinguished of English monasteries; and when parliaments began to meet, and the abbots to be summoned to the upper house, the Abbot of Hyde was among the number. A London residence now became necessary, and there is every probability that the site of the Tabard was purchased for this purpose—the High Street being a favoured place with these reverend prelates. The year after the conveyance, (August, 1307,) the Abbot obtained a licence for "A chapel at his hospitium at St. Margaret's." Finally, at the dissolution of religious houses, the Abbot's house here was granted to John and Thomas Masters.

From Speght's notice then we see clearly that the original Tabard was standing in 1602, unless we are to suppose that it had been pulled down, rebuilt, and then again become the "most ancient" of the inns of Southwark, and "much decayed," in the space of "two hundred years."

The most important event connected with the changes the Tabard has undergone is the great fire of Southwark in 1676, which, almost forgotten as it is now, would have assuredly been spoken of as *the* great fire, but for the preceding conflagration of 1666. This fire broke out about four o'clock in the morning of the 26th of May, and "continued with much violence all that day and part of the night following, notwithstanding all the care of the Duke of Monmouth, the Earl of Craven, and the Lord Mayor, to quench the same by blowing up houses and otherwise. His Majesty, accompanied with her Royal Highness, in a tender sense of this sad calamity, being pleased himself to go down to the bridge-foot in his barge, to give such orders as his Majesty found fit for putting a stop to it, which, through the mercy of God, was finally effected, after that about six hundred houses had been burnt and blown up."* The fire was stayed at St. Thomas's Hospital, and, there is reason to believe, through the instrumentality of the first fire-engine with leathern pipes ever used in this country.†

The Town-hall, immediately opposite the Tabard, we know to have been then burnt down; and, *to a certain extent,* the latter must have shared the same fate. "This house," says Aubrey, "*remaining before the fire* in 1676, was an old timber house, probably coeval with Chaucer's time." He must have referred to the exterior building standing on one side of the gateway, as shown in the engraving, and which, there is no doubt, *was* coeval with Chaucer's time:—As we look on it, does it not speak for itself? Is not "the Prior's hospitium" written on it plainly in the pointed arches of its windows and door below? But the gallery within—did that perish too in the flames? We think we may answer, certainly not; for, if it had, no such building as that which now exists would have been erected in its room. Galleries like this belong not to the



[The Tabard, from Urry's edition of Chaucer, 1720.]

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* London Gazette, May 29, 1676.

† As the advertisement on which we found this statement appears to have escaped the writers on the history of this valuable machine, we transcribe it from the London Gazette of August 14th, 1676:—"Whereas his Majesty hath granted letters-patent unto Mr. Wharton and Mr. Strode, for a certain new-invented engine for quenching of fire, with leathern pipes, which carries a great quantity and a continual stream of water, with an extraordinary force, to the top of any house, into any room, passage, or alley; being much more useful than any that hath hitherto been invented, as was attested under the hands of the Masters of St. Thomas's Hospital and officers of the same parish, as in the late great fire of Southwark, to their great benefit and advantage."

time of Charles II. The very aspect of the present gallery is enough to convince any one that it has not been erected within the last one hundred and sixty years, and, if not, the facts of its previous history, as we have narrated them, will show that it must be at least as old as Chaucer. We hold, therefore, firmly to the belief that the very gallery exists along which Chaucer and the pilgrims walked; we place implicit credence in the tradition as to the "Pilgrims' Room." Let it not be said that we have devoted too much space to these proofs, that the inquiry itself is useless; unless the reverence for distinguished men, in which such inquiries have their root, be condemned at the same time. From the period of the contention of the seven cities for the honours of the birthplace of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," down to the present day, men in all ages and countries have carefully treasured up every known or supposed fact connected with the personal history of those among them who have raised humanity itself to a higher level by their exertions; and when they cease to do so, it will be not hazarding too much to say that our great poets, patriots, and philosophers may as well at once disappear from the world, for they are nothing if not honoured; they must be reverenced in order to be understood. If, then, our admiration of a great work interests us so much in its author, and in all the localities where he has been, and where consequently we love to linger, how much more strongly should such feelings be excited where the work itself has its own particular *birthplace* and locality—a home as it were from which it cannot be severed! Thus it is with the 'Canterbury Tales' and with the Tabard—the inn where the *dramatis personæ* of that "Comedy not intended for the stage" meet, in the hall of which its plan is developed, and from which the pilgrims depart, carrying with them an influence that mingles with and presides over all their mirth, humour, pathos, and sublimity, in the person of the Tabard's host, immortal "Harry Baily."

We have kept our readers a long time waiting in the gallery, but we now request them to enter once more the pilgrims' room, and assist us to restore it to something of its original appearance. The intervening walls disappear: from end to end of the long hall there is no obstruction to the eye, except those two round pillars or posts placed near each end to support the massy oaken beams and complicated timbers of the ceiling. The chimney-pieces and panels too are gone, and in their stead is that immense funnel-shaped projection from the wall in the centre, opposite the middle window, with its crackling fire of brushwood and logs on the hearth beneath. The fire itself appears pale and wan, in the midst of the broad stream of golden sunshine pouring in through the windows from the great luminary now fast sinking below the line of St. Margaret's Church in the High Street opposite. Branching out in antlered magnificence from the wall at one extremity of the room, and immediately over the door, are the frontal honours of a first-rate deer, a present probably from the monks of Hyde to their London tenant and entertainer. At the other end of the hall is the cupboard with its glittering array of plate, comprising large silver quart-pots, covered bowls and basins, ewers, salt-cellars, spoons; and in a central compartment of the middle shelf is a lofty gold cup with a curious lid. Lastly, over the chimney-bulk hangs an immense bow, with its attendant paraphernalia of arrows, &c., the symbol of our host's favourite diversion. Attendants now begin to move to and fro, some preparing the tables evidently for the entertainment of a numerous party, others strewing the floor "with herbes sote," whilst one considerately closes the window to keep out the chilling evening air, and, stirring the fire, throws on some more logs. Hark! some of the pilgrims are coming; the miller giving an extra flourish of his bagpipe as he stops opposite the gateway, that they may be received with due attention. Yes, there they are now slowly coming down the yard—that extraordinary assemblage of individuals from almost every rank of society, as diversified in character as in circumstance, most richly picturesque in costume: an assemblage which only the genius of a Chaucer could have brought so intimately together, and for such admirable purposes. Yes, there is the Knight on his "good" but not "gay" horse, the fair but confident Wife of Bath, the Squire challenging attention by his graceful management of the fiery curveting steed, the Monk with the golden bells hanging from his horse's trappings, keeping up an incessant jingle. But who is this in a remote corner of the gallery, leaning upon the balustrade, the most unobserved but most observing of all the numerous individuals scattered about the scene before us? His form is of a goodly bulk, and habited in a very dark violet-coloured dress, with bonnet of the same colour: from a button on his breast hangs the gilt anelace, a kind of knife or dagger. His face is of that kind which, once seen, is remembered for ever. Thought, "sad but sweet," is most impressively stamped upon his pale but comely features, to which the beard lends a fine antique cast. But it is the eye which most arrests you; there is something in that which, whilst you look upon it, seems to open as it were glimpses of an unfathomable world beyond. It is the great poet-pilgrim himself; the narrator of the proceedings of the Canterbury pilgrimage. The host, having now cordially welcomed the pilgrims, is coming along the gallery to see if the hall be ready for their entertainment, making the solitary man smile as he passes at one of his merry "japes." As he enters the hall, who could fail to recognise the truth of the description?—

"A seemly man our hosté was withal
For to have been a marshall in an hall.
A largé man he was with eyen steep,
A fairer burgess is there none in Cheap:
Bold of his speech, and wise and well ytaught;
And of manhood him lacked righté nought.
Eke thereto was he right a merry man."

The dismounted pilgrims, singly or in knots, begin to ascend the gallery. Foremost comes the Knight, with a sedate and dignified countenance, telling, like his soiled gipon, of long years of service; his legs are in armour, with gilt spurs; a red-sheathed dagger hangs from his waist, and little aiglets, tipped with gold, from his shoulders. A nobler specimen of chivalry in all its gentleness and power it would be impossible to find than this "worthy man;" as distinguished for his "truth and honour" as for his "freedom and courtesy;" who has been concerned in military expeditions in almost every part of the world—in Egypt, Prussia, Russia, Granada,—has fought in no less than "fifteen mortal battles," and made himself particularly conspicuous against the "heathen;" yet who still remains in his port and bearing as "meek as is a maid;" who is, in short,

"A very perfect gentle knight."

With the Knight comes the Prioress, smiling, so "simple and coy," at his gallant attentions, and looking down every now and then to the tender motto of the gold brooch attached to her beads—*Amor vincit omnia.* She wears a wimple, or neck-covering, "full seemely ypinched," a handsome black cloak, and white tunic beneath—the dress of the Benedictine order, to which she belongs. Her nose is "tretis," that is to say, long and well proportioned; her eyes are grey; her mouth full small, soft, and red; and her fair forehead "a span broad." In a series of the most exquisite touches has Chaucer painted her character; her pretty innocent oath—but "by Saint Eloy;" her singing the "service divine" so sweetly entuned in her nose; her precise and proper French, "after the school of Stratford-atte-Bow;" her distaste even for her rank, because of the stateliness of manner it entailed; and her tenderness of heart, which would make her

"Weep, if that she saw a mouse
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled."

With an attention no less marked than the Knight's, and scarcely less graceful, the host receives his distinguished lady-guest at the door, and, addressing her as "courteously as it had been a maid," leads the way to the table. In the Prioress' train follow a nun and three priests; and next to them the Wife of Bath and the Squire, she laughing loudly and heartily, and he blushing at some remark the merry dame has made concerning his absent lady-love. Strange contrast! the one steeped to the very lips in romance, seeing everything by the "purple light of love," sensitive as the famous plant itself to every touch that threatens to approach the sanctuary of his heart—the corner where the holy ministrations of love are for ever going on: the other no longer young, but still beautiful, consummately sensual and worldly, as utterly divested of the poetry of beauty as a handsome woman can well be. We make that qualification, for it is difficult to look unmoved on that winning countenance, so "fair and red of hue," and which is so well set off by her black hat—

"As broad as is a beaver or a targe."

Her full luxuriant-looking form is attired in a closely-fitting red surcoat or jacket, and in a blue petticoat or "fote-mantel," bound round "her hippes large" by a golden girdle. Well, although—

"Husbands at the church-door *has* she had five,"

we may be pretty sure that it will not be long before a sixth is added to the number. Of all the pilgrims, her companion, the Squire, is perhaps the most poetical, and appears in the most poetical costume, with his curled locks adorning his youthful, ingenuous, and manly face; his embroidered dress looking—

"As it were a mead,
All full of freshé flowrés white and red;"

and his graceful and active form revealing, in every movement, that he possesses all the vigour with the *freshness* of the "month of May;" that he is a "lusty bachelor" as well as a "lover," who can one while honourably partake all the dangers of his father's foreign expeditions, and the next be content to be doing nothing but "singing" or "floyting* all the day." The Knight and the Squire have with them but a single attendant, a yeoman, "clad in coat and hood of green," wearing a sword and buckler on one side, and a "gay" dagger on the other, and having a mighty bow in his hand. His "peacock arrows bright and keen" are under his belt, and his horn is slung by the green baudrick across his shoulders.

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* Playing on the flute.

"A forester soothly *is* he as I guess."

It has been remarked that we often hate those whose opinions differ but to a moderate extent from our own, much more than we do those with whom we have not one opinion in common; thinking, perhaps, that we are in more danger of being mixed up in the eyes of the world with the first than with the last. Some such feeling appears to actuate two, at least, of the three reverend men who are now entering the hall, namely, the respectable Monk and the half-vagabond Friar, who, whilst looking somewhat suspiciously on each other, seem to agree in their aversion to the Parson before them. He, however, with his meek, placid countenance, and crossed hands, walks quietly up to the table, quite unconscious of the sentiments he has excited: his habit, a scarlet surcoat and hood, with a girdle of beads round his waist, proclaims the ministering priest. And where, in the literature of any age or nation, may we look for so perfectly sublime a character in such a simple homely shape as in this now before us? A man poor in circumstances, but rich in "holy thought and work," who, even in his poverty, will rather give to all his poor parishioners about, than "cursen," like his brethren, "for his tithes,"—who delays not,

"for no rain, ne thunder,
In sickness and in mischief* to visit
The farthest in his parish;"

and who, though fully qualified by his learning and abilities to fill the highest offices of the Church, yet remains "full patient" in his adversity, teaching "Christe's lore" to all, but letting all at the same time see that he first follows it himself. No wonder a man of this character finds little sympathy with a rich Monk, who can see no reason why he should be always poring over a book in a cloister, when he might be "pricking and hunting for the hare," and whose appearance bespeaks the luxurious tastes and appetites of its owner—"a lord full fat and in good point." He wears a black gown, the large sleeves worked or purfled at the edges with the finest fur; his hood, now thrown back and revealing his bald head, shining "as any glass," is fastened under his chin by a curious pin of gold, with a love-knot in the greater end.

"Now certainly he *is* a fair prelàte."

The Friar, "a wanton and merry," with his tippet stuffed full of knives and pins (presents for the fair wives with whom he is so great a favourite), and lisping—

"For his wantonness
"To make his English sweet upon the tongue"—

looks still less inclined to mortify his appetites, or to want any of the good things of life for any other reason than the difficulty of obtaining them;—a small difficulty with him, whilst there are riotous "franklins," or "worthy women," to be absolved of their sins—whilst he maintains his reputation as the best beggar in his house;—or, lastly, whilst his "harping" and his "songs" make him a welcome guest at the "taverns" where our Friar appears in all his glory, with his eyes twinkling—

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* Misfortune.

"As do the starrês in a frosty night."

But the supper-bell rings, and the remainder of the pilgrims rapidly obey the signal; a glimpse of each in passing is all that the time will admit of. Foremost comes the Sumpnour, one of that "rabble" which Milton denounces—a summoner of offenders to the ecclesiastical courts, with his "fire-red cherubinnes face," and the "knobbs sitting on his cheeks"—

("Of his visâge childrên were sore afeard")—

the very incarnation of gross, depraved self-indulgence. The immense garland on his head, however, shows he has no mean opinion of his personal attractions. Every remark he makes is plentifully interlarded with the Latin law-terms he has picked up in his attendance on the courts; but beware how you ask him their meaning: already he "hath spent all his philosophy." With him comes his "friend and compeer," the Pardoner, his lanky yellow hair falling about his shoulders, and bearing before him his precious wallet—

"Bret full of pardon came from Rome all hot,"—

and containing also his invaluable relics—the veil of "Our Lady," and a piece of the sail of St. Peter's boat. The Miller, who is immediately behind him, seems to listen with marked disrelish to his small goat's voice, and to look with something very like disgust upon his beardless face: he evidently would half like to throw him over the gallery. Certainly no man can be more unlike the object of the Miller's contempt and aversion than the Miller himself, so big of brawn and bone, with his stiff spade-like beard and manly countenance, from the beauty of which, it must at the same time be confessed, the nose, with its large wart and tuft of red bristling hairs, somewhat detracts. His favourite bagpipes are under his arm; he is habited in a "white coat" and "blue hood." The "slender choleric" Reve, or Steward, comes next, having his hair shaved off around his ears, and a long rusty sword by his side, seeming to intimate that he finds that too, as well as his sharp wits (on which "no auditor" can win), sometimes in requisition to enable him so well to keep his "garner." The weather, the seed, the crops, form the subjects of his conversation with the Merchant at his side, who is dressed in a "motley" garment of red, lined with blue, and figured with white and blue flowers; he has a Flanders beaver hat upon his head, and boots, with "fair' 'and handsome clasps, upon his feet. The man of business is inscribed on his face. Pausing for a moment beside the door, that he may enter with becoming dignity, appears the opulent and eminent Serjeant of the Law, wearing the characteristic feature of his order, the coif, and the no less characteristic feature of the individual, the "homely medley coat." He not only *is* a man full rich of excellence, but takes care to be thought so by his wise speech; and, whilst the busiest man in his profession, seems ever to be still busier than he is. Such is the man of law—the Judge "full often at assize." Another professional man! —the Doctor of Physic, in his low hood and bright purple surcoat and stockings;

none like him to speak of physic and of surgery, and of the general business of the healing art; for he is "grounded in astronomy," and keeps

"His patient a full great deal
In hourës by his magic natural."

It is not, however, to be overlooked, that he knows "the cause of every malady"—a knowledge that incredulous unimaginative people may think of more importance to his fame, as a "very perfect practiser," than the being "grounded in astronomy."

Let us commend to all lovers of good living the pilgrim who is next coming along the gallery, this good-looking stately gentleman, with the snow-white beard and sanguine complexion, and the white silk gipciere, or purse, hanging from his waist. It is the Franklin, some time knight of the shire, "Epicurus' owen son;" who is evidently snuffing up with eager pleasure certain delicate scents floating hitherwards from the kitchen, and offering up prayers that no unlucky accident may mar the delights of the table, that the sauce may not want in sharpness and poignancy, or his favourite dish be done a turn too much. He is certainly an epicure, but he is also what epicures sometimes are not, exceedingly hospitable: you shall never enter his house without finding great store of baked meats, fish and flesh, or without experiencing the truth of the popular remark—

"It snewed in his house of meat and drink."

Lastly, come crowding in together the Manciple, so "wise in buying of victual" for the temple to which he belongs, dressed in a light-blue surcoat, and little light-brown cap: the Shipman, whose hue "the hot summer" has made "all brown," whose beard has been shaken in "many a tempest," and who seems to be still treading his favourite deck: the Cook, famous for his "blanc-manger," who has been preparing for the culinary exertions of the morrow by a little extra refreshment this evening: the Ploughman—the Parson's brother, a man possessing much of the Parson's spirit: and the Haberdasher, the Carpenter, the Weaver, the Dyer, and the Maker of tapestry, with their silver-wrought knives, showing they are each of them well to do in the world, and in every respect

"Shapelich for to be an alderman."

Two only of the pilgrims are now missing from the board, the Clerk of Oxenford and the Poet: and here they come; the poor Clerk, in his "threadbare" garment, and his "hollow" face lighted up by an air of inexpressible animation at some remark that has dropped from the lips of his inspired companion. And could Chaucer look unmoved at such a character as the Clerk?—a character so much like his own in all respects but rank and worldly circumstance, that we are not sure but he has here pointed out those mental characteristics which he did not choose to include in his own nominal portrait; which, be it observed too, is merely personal. The Clerk has his own love of books, and study

"Of Aristotle and his philosophy;"

whilst of Chaucer, perhaps, might be more justly said than of the Clerk,

"Not a word spake he morë than was need,
And that was said in form and reverence,
And short and quick, and full of high sentënce.

Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.*"

Supper is now brought in; fish, flesh, and fowl, baked meats, roast meats, and boiled, high-seasoned dishes, burning as it were, with wild-fire, and others gaily painted and turreted with paper. Among the liquors handed round, due honour is done to the famous ale, of which the proverb says—

"The nappy strong ale of Southwark
Keeps many a gossip frae the kirk."

"Strong" wines, also are there, either "neat as imported," according to the old tavern inscriptions, such as those of Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Anjou, Gascony, Oseye, &c., or compounded under the names of hippocras, pigment, and claret. Both ale and wine are carried by the attendants in goblets of wood and pewter. Pilgrims have generally sharp appetites, and Chaucer's are by no means an exception; they have commenced in good earnest the business of the table.

Scarcely is the supper over, and the "reckonings" made, before our host, who has evidently for some time been impatient to tell the guests of the merry fancy that possesses him, bursts out with—

"Now lordings truély
Ye be to me right welcome heartily;
For by my truth, if that I shall not lie,
I saw not this year such a company
At once in this herberwe † as is now.
Fain would I do you mirth, and I wist how.
And of a mirth I am right now bethought,
To do you ease, and it shall cost you nought.
Ye go to Canterbury; God you speed,
The blissful martyr quité you your meed;
And well I wot, as ye go by the way
Ye shapen you to talken and to play:
For truély comfórt ne mirth is none
To riden by the way dumb as the stone.
And therefore would I maken you disport,
As I said erst, and do you some comfórt.
And if you liketh all by one assent
Now for to standen at my judgément,
And for to worken as I shall you say
To-morrow, when ye riden on the way,
Now by my father's soulé that is dead,
But ye be merry, smiteth off my head.
Hold up your hands withouten moré speech."

With an exquisite touch of practical wisdom, Chaucer says,—

"He thought it was not worth to make it *wise;*"

so they bade him "say his verdict."

"Lordings, quod he, now heark'neth for the best,
But take it not, I pray you, in disdain:
This is the point, to speak it plat and plain,
That each of you, to shorten with your way
In this voyage, shall tellen talés tway

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* It may be added also, that one of the most interesting passages of Chaucer's life—his visit to Petrarch in Italy, is referred to by the Clerk in his tale of the 'Patient Grisilde.'

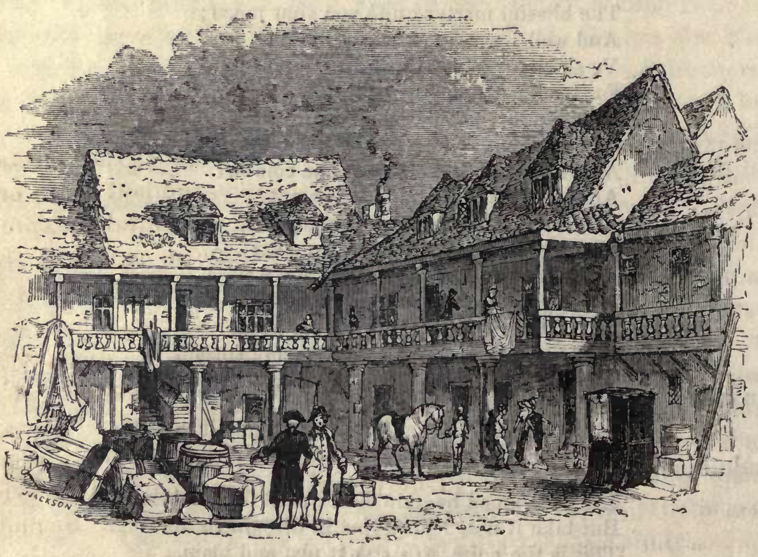
† From arbour apparently, a word often applied anciently to inns, lodgings, &c.

To Canterbury ward, I mean it so,
And homeward he shall tellen other two,
Of ádventures that whilom have befal.
And which of you that beareth him best of all,
That is to say, that telleth in this case
Talés of best senténce and most soláce
Shall have a supper at your aller cost
Here in this place, sitting by this post.
When that ye comen again from Canterbury."

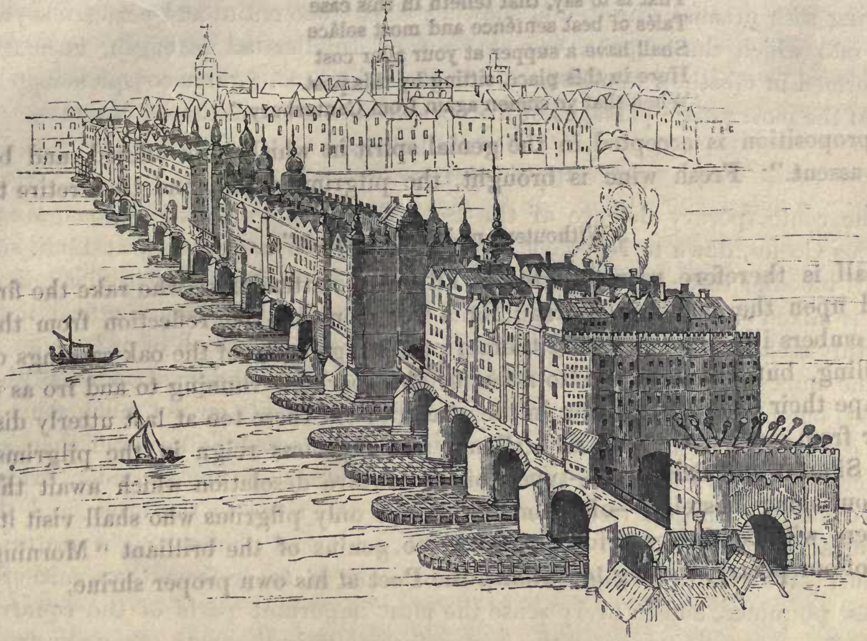
The proposition is accepted in the genial spirit in which it is offered, and by "one assent." Fresh wine is brought, the pilgrims drink, and then retire to rest—

"Withouten any longer tarrying."

The hall is therefore soon deserted of all but the attendants, who rake the fire abroad upon the immense hearth: for a few moments the reflection from the ruddy embers illumines here and there a projecting corner of the oak carvings of the ceiling, but it soon fades into a few bright sparkles, running to and fro as if to escape their doom, and dying in the attempt; till these too at last utterly disappear from our gaze. And now silence and darkness reign in the pilgrims' hall. Silence and darkness!—types of the future desolation which await the now flourishing hostelry,—of a time when the only pilgrims who shall visit its chambers will be the grateful lovers of the genius of the brilliant "Morning Star" of our poetry, coming to worship the Poet at his own proper shrine.



[The Tabard, from a Drawing about 1780.]



[London Bridge about 1616.]

V.—LONDON BRIDGE.

There is as much, perhaps, in a bridge to take hold both of the affections and the imagination as in any other work whatever—dome, column, spire, or "star-ypointing pyramid"—by which human hands have given durable expression to the ideal in that peculiar form of art which we distinguish as the architectural. Deeper thoughts of a certain class—thoughts that carry us out of this world—may be awakened by the view of a church; but, as an object for our every-day feelings of regard and attachment, a bridge stands among buildings next after a man's own home. Whether it be but a simple arch crossing the humblest village brook, or the mighty structure whose far-extending line of piers breasts the flood of some broad river rolling through a populous capital, what other public accommodation is at once so universally and so palpably serviceable? Then, its essential beauty and elegance are equal to its utility. Spanning the otherwise impassable chasm with its firm roadway, it carries us over the flowing water, and through the air, as if it were a winged thing. It is the rainbow brought down from heaven to earth, and made substantial and permanent. And divers are the eternal bridges that poetry has built for itself, out of those sunbeams of its own that are far stronger and more lasting than any beams that were ever hewn in forest, from "Al-sirat's arch" and that asphaltic pavement erst thrown over the foaming deep between earth and hell by Death and his mother Sin, to that broken one which Mirza, in his vision, beheld standing in the midst of the tide of eternity, with the multitudes of people passing over it, and continually dropping through its trap-doors and pitfalls, and that other, gleaming with prismatic light, and showing like " one entire and perfect chrysolite," into which the serpent, the emblem of Intellectual Strength, is finally transformed in Goethe's wondrous tale.* A bridge, too, figures conspicuously in some of the most poetic passages of history—from the expedition of Xerxes—

> " Over Hellespont
> Bridging his way "—

and the contemporary defence of the Pons Sublicius at Rome by the gallant Horatius Cocles, down to Napoleon's brilliant carnage and victory at Lodi, and the still bloodier three days of his baffled charges at Arcole. And in that poetry which is mixed of the imaginative and the real, shedding its supernatural light on earthly scenes, what has not Shakspere made the Rialto to all of us?

In the annals of the metropolis, at least, if not of the kingdom, London Bridge has been one of the most famous of our public monuments for not much short of a thousand years. The Thames at London is now crossed by no fewer than six magnificent bridges; but it is not yet quite a century ago since London Bridge afforded the only passage from the one bank of the river to the other, and the only entrance into the town from the south, as it had done for eight centuries previous. Whoever, therefore, went out or came in, to or from the wealthiest, the most populous, and in every sense the most important parts of the country, or to or from almost any one of the ports of communication with other countries, passed, from the days of the Saxons to near the end of the reign of George II., either over this great thoroughfare or under it. There it stood, looking down upon the ever-flowing river, and coursed itself by almost as unresting a living tide, of the multitudes of one generation pursuing those of another, amid " the masques and mummeries and triumphs " wherewith each successively sought to gild its mortality. But the bridge itself also underwent various transformations in this long course of ages.

Dion Cassius makes mention of a bridge over the Thames at the time of the expedition of the Emperor Claudius, in the year 44; but it is much more probable that that historian, writing after the lapse of a century and a half, should have fallen into a mistake as to such a matter, than that any such work should have existed in the then state both of the Thames and of British civilization. Where the bridge stood he does not say; but his language would seem to imply that it was not very far from the mouth of the river—a notion which never could have entered into the head of a person knowing anything about the Thames, and which may almost be taken as a convincing proof that the story he tells should be referred altogether—in so far, at least, as the bridge is concerned—to another river, —perhaps, as has been suggested, to some mere tributary of the Thames, over which some rude description of bridge may even thus early have been thrown. There is every reason to believe that at this time, and down to a much later date, the Thames, even at the point where London now stands, and much higher up, flowed for the greater part through broad marshes; and nothing that we know of the Britons before the Roman conquest of the country warrants us in supposing that they possessed anything like the mechanical skill that would have been required to construct a bridge for so wide a water-course, even if the banks had been ever so suitable for the purpose. No other ancient writer has any notice of a bridge over the Thames at London or elsewhere, either at this date or at any time during the connexion of the Romans with our island. It is not improbable, nevertheless, that in the course of the period of between three and four centuries, during which Britain was a Roman province, and London continued to grow in extent and opulence, spreading itself, as it appears to have done, over the southern as well as the northern bank of the river, the inhabitants, or their governors, may have united the two by one of those structures which we know were erected in all other parts of the empire, and some of the examples of which left by the Romans are perhaps still unexcelled by the best efforts of modern science and skill. But if London had her bridge in the Roman times, both the structure itself, and the very memory and tradition of it, have wholly perished. There appears to have been no bridge of any kind over the Thames in the year 993, when, as the Saxon Chronicle tells us, King Anlaf, or Olave, of Norway, sailed up the river with a numerous fleet as far as Staines, which he plundered, without having encountered any impediment, as far as is mentioned, or any attempt having been made to bar his passage. But this very expedition of Olave's, perhaps, was the occasion of the erection of the first Saxon bridge at London. It is at any rate certain that there was a bridge here within a few years from this time: the old Icelandic historian, Snorro Sturleson, who wrote in the thirteenth century, has preserved a most curious relation of the Battle of London Bridge, fought in the year 1008. Under the disastrous rule of our Ethelred the Unready (Adalradr, the Norse writer calls him), the Danish pirates had overrun and conquered the greater part of England; and, in particular, they held possession both of the town of London, and also of the great emporium, or market, called Sudrvirki (Southwark), on the opposite bank of the river, which they had fortified with a deep ditch and a strong rampart. But in this year, 1008, Ethelred, who had been obliged to take refuge in France, returned home, collected an army, and prepared to make a great effort for the expulsion of the invaders. In this enterprise he was assisted by his old enemy, the Norwegian King Olave, who had now been baptised, and who, indeed, was afterwards canonised, and is the Saint Olave of the Calendar. At the part of the river where London and Southwark stood, there was, Snorro goes on to inform us, a bridge wide enough to allow two carriages, if they met upon it, to pass each other; and upon it were erected defences of various kinds, both turrets, and also roofed bulwarks, raised breast-high: the bridge itself was sustained by posts fixed in the bed of the river. These defences were, we should suppose, a portion of the original and proper structure of the bridge, which had probably been erected as much for warlike purposes, and for barring the passage of the river, as for affording a means of transit between the one bank and the other. For the present they were, like the two towns, occupied and manned by the Danes; while below bridge lay King Olave with his fleet. An attempt was made in the first instance by Ethelred to carry the bridge by an attack from the land; but this failed; and then at a council of the chiefs, which was called by the almost despairing Saxon King to consider what should be or could be done, Olave offered that, if the rest would support him with their land forces, he would try if he could not manage the matter with his ships. The proposition having been adopted, the necessary preparations were set about on all hands; and the first thing King Olave did was to direct some old houses to be pulled down, and with the wooden poles and twigs of osier thence obtained, to raise upon each of his ships a huge scaffolding, extending over the sides of the vessel, so as to enable the men to reach the enemy with their swords without coming from under cover; and at the same time, as he imagined, of such strength as to resist any stones that might be thrown down upon them from the upper works of the bridge. When everything was in readiness, both on the river and on shore, the ships rowed towards the bridge against the tide; but, as soon as they got near to it, they were assailed with so furious a shower of missiles and great stones, that, notwithstanding Olave's ingenious basket-work, not only helmets and shields gave way, but even some of the ships were sorely shattered, so that a considerable number of the men made off with themselves altogether. On this, driven to their last shifts, Olave and his brave Norsemen, rowing close up to the bridge, bound their barks with ropes and cables to the piles on which it was supported, and then, tugging their oars with all their might, and being assisted by the tide (we now see why they chose to make their attack while it was ebbing), they soon felt the fabric yielding to their efforts, and in no long time had the satisfaction of bringing down piers and bridge with one great crash into the water—the loads of stones that had been collected upon it, with the crowd of its armed defenders, only helping to make the ruin more complete. Great numbers of the Danes were drowned; those who could; fled, some to London, some to Southwark. But both towns, blockaded as they were from the river, which then was almost their only highway of communication with the rest of the country, soon found it expedient to surrender to Ethelred. Snorro goes on to tell us that Olave's exploit was celebrated in song by more than one Norwegian bard; and he even records some of their verses; but these do not enable us to add any material fact to the excellent old chronicler's own very lucid prose narrative.*

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* Entitled *Das Märchen*, that is, The Tale—regarded by the Germans as the tale of tales, and nobly translated into English by Mr. Carlyle, in his Miscellanies; London, 1839.

The bridge which King Olave thus pulled down with his ships and their strong cables was no doubt constructed only of wood; and it appears to have been soon rebuilt of the same material; for there certainly was once more a bridge over the Thames at London, when the Danish king, Canute, invaded the country in 1016. His fleet, the Saxon chronicler informs us, after stopping for a short time at Greenwich, proceeded up the river to London; "where," it is added, "they sank a deep ditch on the south side, and dragged their ships to the west side of the bridge." The meaning seems to be, that they towed their ships past the bridge through a canal which they dug on the Surrey side of the river for that purpose. At any rate, the mention of the bridge is express. Maitland, the modern historian of London, even conceived that he had traced the course of Canute's canal: "By a diligent search of several days," he says, "I discovered the vestigia and length of this artificial water-course: its outflux from the river Thames was where the Great Wet Dock below Rotherhithe is situate; whence, running due west by the seven houses in Rotherhithe Fields, it continues its course by a gentle winding to the Drain Windmill; and, with a west-north-west course passing St. Thomas of Watering's, by an easy turning it crosses the Deptford road, a little to the south-east of the Lock Hospital, at the lower end of Kent Street; and, proceeding to Newington Butts, intersects the road a little south of the turnpike; whence, continuing its course by the Black Prince in Lambeth Road, on the north of Kennington, it runs west-and-by-south, through the Spring-garden at Vauxhall, to its influx into the Thames at the lower end of Chelsea Reach." This was written more than a century ago; and even at that time the ingenious and painstaking investigator admits that part of the line which he has so minutely described was not very discernible to ordinary eyes. But we fear that in the work of obliteration the last century has done more than all the seven that preceded it—that Canute's canal must henceforth be contented to live in our historian's description only—if even that be now perfectly intelligible to any but the most profound of parish antiquaries. The "marsh on the east of Newington turnpike," where the trench was in Maitland's day "very visible," is now itself visible only to the "mind's eye;" and as for the seven houses in Rotherhithe Fields, their preservation would be as great a miracle as that of the seven sleepers in the cave at Ephesus. In support of his theory, Maitland adduces the fact, that in the year 1729, when some ditches were making to drain the low grounds which were part of the marsh, "there were dug up a considerable number of large oaken planks, and divers piles, which, from their position, evidently appeared to have been part of the northern fence of this canal." He also learned, from one of the workmen, that when the great dock was made in 1694, "there was dug up in the bank of the river a great quantity of hazel, willows, and other small wood, of a considerable height, laid close together endways, pointing northward, with rows of stakes drove in to fasten them;" whence he came to the conclusion that here had been the south bank of the mouth of the canal. Nevertheless, it has been objected, that, Canute's object being merely to pass the bridge, a much shorter cut than this would have served his turn—that, instead of a canal beginning from the wet dock at Deptford and sweeping round to Chelsea, it would have been as much as he had either use or time for, if he had dug one merely from the place called Dockhead in Rotherhithe to St. Saviour's Dock in Southwark. But there was probably very little digging; Canute, in all likelihood, found the new passage he wanted for his ships made to his hands by the natural inundations from the river, and, in proceeding so far beyond the bridge, only followed the guidance of the deeper and more navigable parts of the great marsh which then extended all along the south bank of the Thames in this part of its course. Besides, it may have been advisable for him to get his fleet beyond the reach, not only of the bridge, but also of Southwark, where, as the name seems to imply, there was probably at this time some sort of military work erected to aid in the defence of the river. We have just seen that it was fortified by the Danes when King Olave made his attack upon the bridge in 1008.

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* See this passage of Snorro's History extracted, with a Latin translation, in Johnson's Antiquitates Celto—Scandicæ, 4to., Hauniæ (Copenhagen), 1786; pp. 89—93.

Old Stow gives the following account of the original foundation of London Bridge, from the report of Bartholomew Linsted, *alias* Fowle, last prior of the church of St. Mary Overy's, in Southwark:—"A ferry being kept in the place where now the bridge is builded, at length the ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the same ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary, which, with the goods left her by her parents, as also with the profits rising of the said ferry, builded an house of sisters in place where now standeth the east part of St. Mary Overy's church, above the quire, where she was buried, unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the ferry. But afterwards the said house of sisters being converted into a college of priests, the priests builded the bridge of timber, as all other the great bridges of this land were, and from time to time kept the same in good reparations; till at length, considering the great charges which were bestowed in the repairing the same, there was, by aid of the citizens and others, a bridge builded with stone." The legend has acquired a prescriptive right to a place in any account of London Bridge, and pity indeed it were that any one of those poetical transfigurations of old events, such as this story or that other of Whittington and his cat, should be discarded from the page of history, merely as not being an absolutely literal record of the fact; such touches or flourishes in the inventive line are part of that privilege of antiquity of which Livy has spoken in his genial way, admitting it, with that fine universal sympathy of his, to a much greater extent than we have any occasion to claim for it in the present instance. We have here, if not a true narrative, at least a true picture, which is quite as good: no rich old Southwark ferryman may have ever actually had an only daughter to inherit his wealth—no religious house, either of sisters or priests, may have ever arisen out of the profits of any ferry across this part of the river Thames—no such house may have had anything to do with the building of the first London Bridge;—but still the fiction, if such it be, is all true to the spirit of the time and the state of society in which it is laid, and carries us back to that time and that state of society, just as effectually as if old Prior Linsted had been in a condition to make his affidavit to every word of it. It must be admitted, however, that to persons who care only about matters of fact, this report of the worthy prior's cannot be very conscientiously recommended.

London Bridge is mentioned in a charter of the Conqueror's granted to the monks of Westminster Abbey in 1067; but the earliest historic notice we have of it, after that of the device by which Canute got his ships past it, is the account several of our old chroniclers give us of its destruction on the 16th of November, 1091, on which day a furious south-east wind threw down six hundred private houses in the City, besides several churches, and the tide in the river came rushing up with a violence which probably a much stronger fabric than the bridge then was would have been unable to resist. It was, we are told, entirely swept away. From this date we hear nothing more of it, till we find the Saxon chronicler, under the year 1097, in the reign of Rufus, recording that "many counties, that were confined to London by work, were grievously oppressed on account of the wall that was building about the Tower, and the bridge that was nearly all afloat, and the King's Hall that they were building at Westminster; and many men perished thereby." Upon the strength of this passage,—which, however, does not seem very clear or conclusive—the credit of a complete re-edification of London Bridge has been given to Rufus. That it was rebuilt, however, soon after its destruction in 1091 is sufficiently probable; and if we may trust a charter of Henry I., quoted by Stow, exempting a certain manor, belonging to the monks of Battle Abbey, from "shires and hundreds, and all other customs of earthly servitude, and namely, from the work of London Bridge and the work of the Castle at Pevensey," it would seem that the expense of the restoration of the bridge, or of maintaining of it in repair, was at this time provided for—not, perhaps, as Maitland assumes, by contributions exacted from all the civil bodies and incorporations throughout the kingdom, but—by an assessment levied upon all lands in the county of Surrey (where this manor was), and, no doubt, also in that of Middlesex. Indeed, this would be only conformable to the ancient rule of the common law in regard to bridges. In another charter of the 22nd of Henry I. (A. D. 1122), a grant is made to the monks of Bermondsey of five shillings a year out of the lands pertaining to London Bridge; the small beginning of those endowments of landed property now forming what are called the Bridgehouse Estates, and yielding a revenue, we believe, of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds a year. London Bridge was burnt down in 1136 by a fire, which began in the house of one Ailward, near London Stone, and laid the City in ruins from St. Paul's to Aldgate. Fitzstephen, however, who wrote his curious Description within forty years from this date, speaks, as we have seen, of the people as being accustomed in his day to throng the Bridge, all brimful of laughter, when the boat-tilting was exhibited at Easter on the river.* Stow asserts, without quoting his authority, that the bridge had been wholly rebuilt, in the year 1163, "by Peter Colechurch, priest and chaplain." It was, no doubt, this erection—like all the preceding ones, still only of timber—that Fitzstephen had in his eye; and this fact, by-the-bye, may help to fix, a little more nearly than has yet been done, the era of that writer, or rather of his account of London; which Pegge, his last editor, has shown must have been written some time between 1170 and 1182, but which surely cannot be supposed to have been drawn up after the first stone bridge over the Thames at London had been begun to be built, since, even while expressly noticing the bridge, it makes no mention of any other than one which, from what is said of it, must have been at that time a structure, not in the course of building, but completed and in use. Now the first London Bridge of stone was begun to be built in the year 1176, and was not finished till the year 1209. The architect was the same who had built the last wooden fabric, Peter, curate of St. Mary Colechurch at the south-end of Conyhoop Lane (now Grocers' Alley), on the north side of the Poultry, a chapel distinguished as that in which Thomas à Becket had been baptised. Stow notes that the stone bridge was founded somewhat to the west of the old timber one, which, as appears from the charter of the Conqueror mentioned above, was, at least in that king's time, close to St. Botolph's wharf, still marked by St. Botolph's Lane. The cost of the new erection is supposed to have been principally defrayed by a general tax laid upon wool—whence the popular saying, which in course of time came to be understood in a literal sense, that London Bridge was built upon wool-packs. Stow conceives that "the course of the river, for a time, was turned another way about, by a trench cut for that purpose; beginning, as is supposed, east about Radriffe (Rotherhithe), and ending in the west about Patricksey, now termed Battersey." Maitland, however, will by no means allow his canal of Canute—for that is evidently what has given rise to Stow's notion—to be thus snatched out of his hands; he contends, from an actual inspection of the piers of the bridge, that it had evidently been raised upon strong frames of piles driven into the bed of the river, as might very easily have been done, without the water having been withdrawn, the first layer of stones being in this way only about three feet under low-water mark. On the outside of the wooden foundations on which the stone piers were thus built, were driven other piles, rising up to low-water mark, and forming the cumbrous trowel-shaped masses about each pier, known, as long as the old bridge existed, by the name of the Sterlings. It is doubted, however, whether the sterlings were coeval with the erection of the bridge, or were subsequently added to protect and strengthen the original foundations of the piers. Peter of Colechurch died in 1205; so that he had not the satisfaction of seeing his bridge in its finished state. But in the space of nearly thirty years, during which the work had been proceeding under his superintendence, it may be presumed to have advanced to its last stage; and we are particularly informed that the original architect was buried within the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, which was erected on the central pier of the bridge. The bridge consisted of twenty arches supported upon nineteen piers; the roadway being 926 feet in length, 60 feet in height from the river, and 40 feet wide from parapet to parapet. But if all this space was originally left as a free passage, it was afterwards reduced to a much narrower thoroughfare. In a patent roll of the 9th year of Edward I., A.D. 1280, mention is made of "innumerable people dwelling upon" the bridge; and as this was only about seventy years after it had been finished, it seems most probable that there were some houses upon it from the first. In course of time it became a continued

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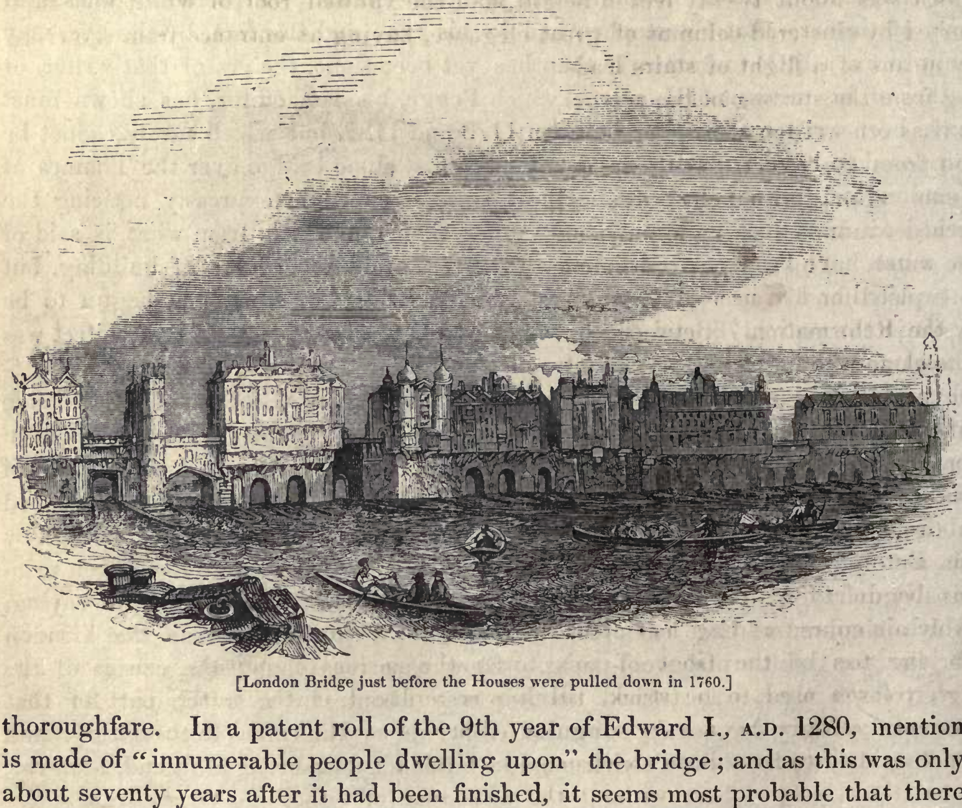
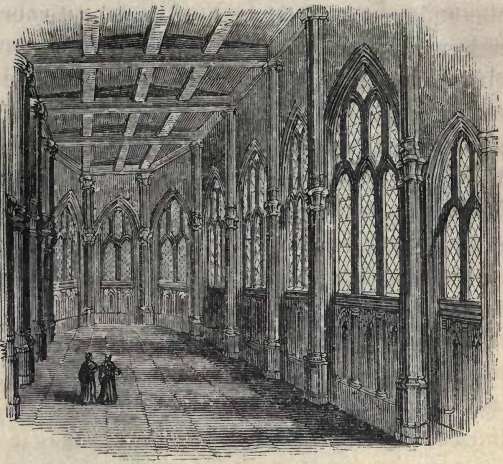
* See our First Number—"The Silent Highway."

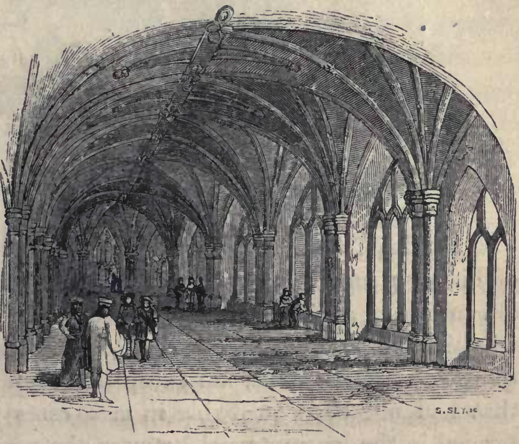


[London Bridge just before the Houses were pulled down in 1760.]

street built on both sides, with the exception of only three openings at unequal distances, from which there was a view of the river in each direction. Besides the private houses, however, there were some other erections which might be considered as forming properly a part of the bridge. Of these the most famous was the chapel, already mentioned, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, which stood upon the east side of the street, over the tenth or central pier, which on that account was carried a long way farther out towards the east than the other piers. Its front to the street, which was thirty feet in length, was divided by four buttresses, crowned with crocketed spires, into three compartments; of which the central one contained a large arched window, and the two others the entrances into the chapel from the street. The interior consisted of an upper chapel and a crypt—the latter, which was about twenty feet in height, and the vaulted roof of which was supported by clustered columns of great elegance, having an entrance from the river by means of a flight of stairs leading from the sterling of the pier, as well as others from the upper room and from the street. Both apartments were lighted by rows of arched windows, looking out upon the water. This chapel continued to be used for divine worship down to the Reformation. Between the chapel and the Southwark end of the bridge, one of the arches, or junctions of the piers (the eleventh from the Southwark end), was formed by a drawbridge; and at the north end of this opening was a tower, which Stow tells us was begun to be built as it stood in his time in the year 1426. But probably a similar building had stood there from the first erection of the bridge. On the top of the front of this tower the heads of persons executed for high treason used to be stuck, till it was replaced in the latter part of the sixteenth century by a very singular edifice of wood, called Nonsuch House, which is said to have been constructed in Holland, and brought over in pieces, when it was set up here without the assistance of either mortar or iron, only wooden pegs being used to hold it together. It extended across the bridge

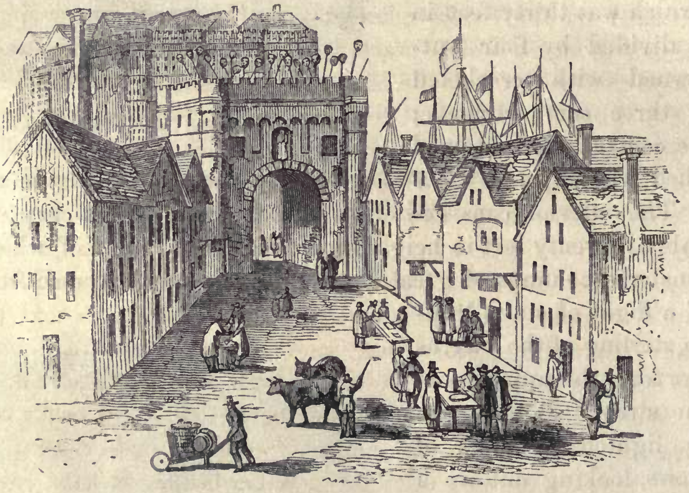


[Upper Chapel of St. Thomas.]



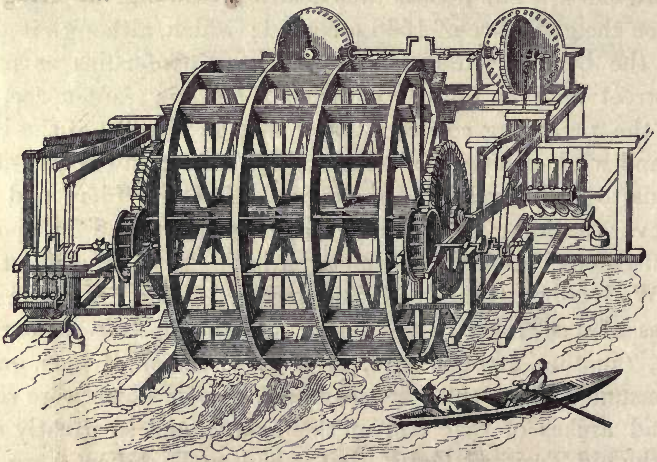
[Lower Chapel, or Crypt, of St. Thomas.]

by means of an archway, and was a very gay and fantastic structure, elaborately carved both on its principal front towards Southwark, and on its east and west gables, which protruded a considerable way beyond the line of the bridge, while the square towers at each of its four corners, crowned by short domes, or Kremlin spires, and their gilded vanes, were seen from all directions ascending above all the surrounding buildings. When the old tower which had occupied this site was taken down in 1577, the exposed heads were removed to the tower over the gate at the Southwark end, or the foot of the bridge, as it was commonly called; and that gate now received the name of Traitors' Gate. The tower here was also rebuilt about the same time, and with its four circular turrets, connected by curtains and surmounted by battlements, all likewise carved in wood, formed another conspicuous and imposing ornament of this great highway reared on the bosom of the Thames.



[Approaches to London Bridge on the Southwark Side.]

These brief notices will enable the reader, with the help of our engravings and of his own imagination, to get up for himself a vision of Peter of Colechurch's old bridge in all its glory. But, although London Bridge remained substantially what its first architect made it till it was taken down only about nine years ago, there was no part of it, not excepting even the arches and the piers themselves, that had not been, probably in most cases more than once, modified and transformed in the long interval between the years 1205 and 1832. Not only had the mere lapse of time done its usual work, but visitations of a more violent character had, on several occasions, threatened it with destruction, and necessitated the most extensive repairs. It had scarcely been well finished, when on the night of the 10th of July, 1212, it was greatly injured by a fire, which, having first enveloped the church of St. Mary Overy's (then called Our Lady of the Canons), caught the Southwark gate, and thence was carried by the wind to the London end of the bridge, after a vast crowd of people had collected upon it, who were thus hemmed in between the two advancing masses of flame, and perished miserably, to the number, Stow relates, of "above three thousand persons, whose bodies were found in part or half burned, beside those that were wholly burned to ashes, and could not be found." Perhaps the newly-built bridge, in the confusions of the time, was allowed to remain without any effectual measures being taken to restore what this calamity had laid waste; for sixty-eight years after it is represented as in a ruinous condition, and as threatening to fall down altogether unless it should be speedily repaired. This is the language of Edward I.'s patent roll of 1280 already quoted. In the very next year, 1281, five of the arches of the bridge were carried away by the ice or a swell in the river succeeding a severe snow-storm and frost. In 1437, on the 14th of January at noon, Stow records in his Annals, "the great stone gate at London Bridge, with the tower upon it, next to Southwark, fell down, and two of the farthest arches of the same bridge, and yet no man perished in body, which was a great work of God." On the 13th of February, 1633, between eleven and twelve at night, a fire broke out in the house of one Briggs, a needle-maker, near St. Magnus Church, occasioned by the carelessness of a maid-servant in placing some hot coals under a pair of stairs, which raged till eight in the morning, and consumed all the houses on the bridge, forty-three in number, from the north end to the first opening on both sides. The houses thus destroyed do not appear to have been all rebuilt when the great fire of 1666 occurred; which, although it did not make its way across the bridge, reduced again to a heap of ruins as much of both sides of the street between the city end and the first vacant space, as had been restored since the preceding conflagration. The stone-work of the bridge was so much shaken and weakened on this occasion, that it cost an expenditure of fifteen hundred pounds to make good the damage. After the piers and arches were repaired, however, building leases were eagerly taken, and in about five years the line of houses was once more complete on both sides of the street. Again, on the night of Wednesday, the 8th of September, 1725, a fire broke out, through the carelessness of a servant, in the house of a brush-maker, near St. Olave's, Tooley Street, (another account says, of a haberdasher of hats, on the bridge foot,) which consumed about sixty houses in all, among which were several on the first and second arches of that end of the bridge, and so greatly damaged the bridge gate—the old Traitors' Gate—that it had to be taken down and rebuilt from the foundation. Various alterations were also made in later times, with the view of warding off the gradual decay of the structure, or improving both the roadway over it and the navigation under it, and accommodating it to the demands of a constantly increasing traffic both by land and water. In 1582 was first erected at the London end the famous engine for raising water for the supply of the City—the invention of Peter Morris, "a Dutchman, but a free denizen"—which was originally moved only by the tide flowing through the first arch; but for the support of which several more of the water-courses at that end of the bridge were afterwards successively converted into cataracts or rapids, to the no small inconvenience of the navigation. The lease of the proprietors, which ran for five hundred years from the first grant to Morris, at last comprehended all the stream of the river to the fifth arch inclusive; and the water-works, which had by various improvements become one of the most curious and powerful systems of hydraulic mechanism ever constructed, continued in operation till an Act of Parliament was obtained for their removal in 1822. The imagination is impressed by the mere stability of a dead structure which long outlasts the ordinary date of the works of human hands, and has stood unmoved amid the changes of many generations, remaining among us an actual portion of that old time and scene of things, all the rest of which has passed away; but we are interested, perhaps still more vividly, by anything, in the contrivances of man, like movement and action sustained without interruption through the lapse of centuries—for this is, as it were, a portion of the very life of the past retained by us. The creaking and jingling of these London water-works, therefore, after it had been going on for two hundred and forty years, must have been curious to listen to; and the last time the wheels went round was a solemn and touching thing, a sort of death, and that too of an existence that had done the world some service, as well as been protracted to no ordinary span. Latterly, by-the-bye, there were water-works also, though on a smaller scale, at the other end of the bridge, for the supply of the inhabitants of the Borough; they occupied two of the arches. Here were anciently several corn mills, for the use of the citizens of both divisions of the metropolis, which were erected, Stow tells us, about the year 1508. They are represented in an old picture in the Pepysian Library, as covered by a long shed, which is raised on three of the sterlings, and as moved by four wheels, a pair placed in each of the two water-courses.* On the bank of the river also, near this same end of the bridge, were the Bridge-house and yard, a considerable plot of ground, containing various buildings, some for the stowage of such materials as were required for keeping the bridge in repair; others used as granaries for storing up corn for the consumption of the City in times of scarcity; others containing the public ovens, of which Stow states there were six very large, and four others of only half the size, all erected at the cost of John Thurston, citizen and goldsmith, in the early part of the sixteenth century. All these last-mentioned erections, however, had disappeared long before the old bridge was pulled down.



[Water-works.]

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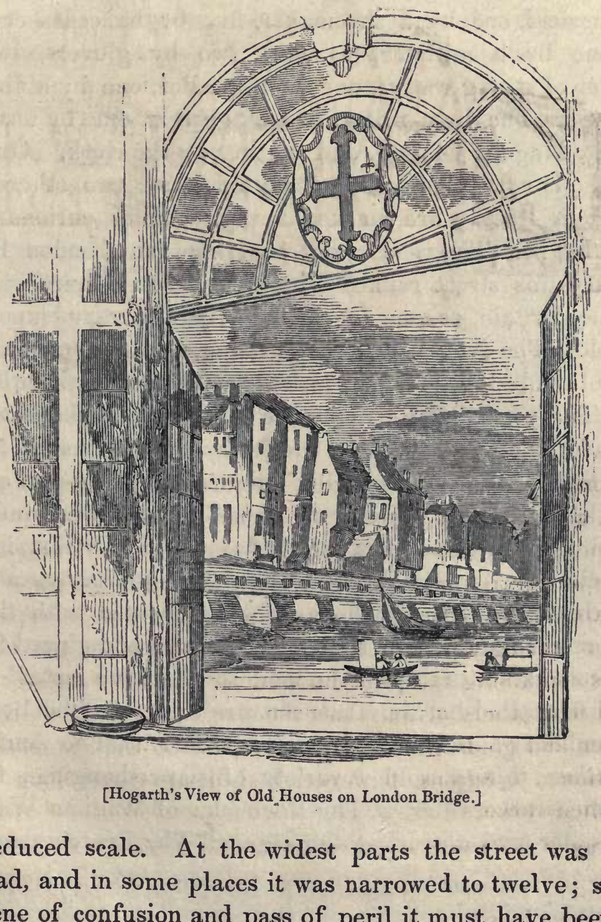
* See a copy of a part of this drawing at p. 356 of Mr. Richard Thomson's "Chronicles of London Bridge," 8vo. London, 1827; a work into which the author has poured the contents of a whole library of preceding publications and manuscript authorities, and from which the materials of every shorter and less elaborate account must henceforth be mainly borrowed.

The true old historic character of the bridge was destroyed, however greatly it might be improved as a thoroughfare and means of communication, when the dwelling-houses and other buildings upon it were removed. This was begun to be done in 1757, though the operations appear to have proceeded slowly, and were not completed till some years later. The gate at the Southwark end was left standing till 1766. Pennant has described, from his own recollection, the singular features of the old street suspended between sky and water. "I well remember," he says, "the street on London Bridge, narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers from the multitude of carriages: frequent arches of strong timber crossed the street from the tops of the houses, to keep them together, and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the repose of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of falling waters, the clamours of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches." The houses, he states, overhung the bridge on both sides in a most terrific manner—in most places hiding the arches, so that nothing was to be seen but the rude piers. But the best idea of these houses on old London Bridge is to be obtained from the sixth plate of Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode,' which may be seen in the National Gallery, and of the portion of which representing the bridge we subjoin a copy on a reduced scale. At the widest parts the street was no more than twenty feet broad, and in some places it was narrowed to twelve; so we may conceive what a scene of confusion and pass of peril it must have been, without any



[Hogarth's View of Old Houses on London Bridge.]

footways, and with a torrent of carts, coaches, and other vehicles, constantly pouring along in both directions—unless when matters were made still worse by two crossing wagons, more highly loaded than usual, being caught between the projecting first floors, to the stoppage of the whole accumulating mass of traffic in the rear of each, and the entire blocking up of the passage. The common and the only tolerably safe plan for the pedestrian adventurer who sought to make his way along through the tumult, was to get into the wake of some carriage, and keep close to it at whatever rate it might be going, till he was fairly across the bridge, or had reached his point of destination. But the principal customers of the shopkeepers on the bridge came in carriages. "Most of the houses," Pennant informs us, "were tenanted by pin or needle makers, and economical ladies were wont to drive from the St. James's end of the town to make cheap purchases." These pin and needle makers are probably the same that are styled *haberdashers of small wares* in a list which has been preserved of the houses destroyed by the great fire of 1633, which, as we have seen, burned down all the portion of the street on both sides between the London end of the bridge and the first opening. Of the inhabitants of the forty-three houses consumed, only one, Mr. John Briggs, at whose house the fire commenced, is designated a needle-maker; of the other houses, eight, according to this list, were tenanted by haberdashers of small wares, six by hosiers, one by a shoemaker, five by haberdashers of hats, three by silkmen, one by a milliner (a man), two by glovers, two by mercers, one by a distiller of strong waters, one by a girdler, one by a linen draper, two by woollen drapers, one by a salter, two by grocers, one by a scrivener, one by the curate of St. Magnus Church, and another by the clerk. One was inhabited by a female, who is not stated to be of any business; two others—one of them, No. 16, 'The Blue Boar'—are marked empty.* Much curious information has been collected by Mr. Thomson about the shops on London Bridge. In the sixteenth century this street ranked with St. Paul's Churchyard, Paternoster Row, and Little Britain, as one of the principal literary emporia of the city. The Three Bibles, The Angel, and the Looking Glass are some of the signs of publishers established on the bridge, which are mentioned on the title-pages of works of that time. The Three Bibles, indeed, is traced as a bookseller's shop down to the year 1724, and The Looking Glass, which was over against St. Magnus Church, to twenty years later. Another bookseller's sign, of the early part of the eighteenth century, was The Black Boy. Here, at The Golden Globe, under the Piazzas, was established, till the house was taken down with the rest in 1757, William Herbert, the editor of Ames's 'Typographical Antiquities,' as a map and printseller; one of his shop-bills, which has been preserved, with the date of 1749, further announcing, along with "Prints neatly framed and glazed for exportation," "Rooms and Staircases fitted up in the modern or Indian taste." Other London Bridge shop-bills, noticed by Mr. Thomson, are those of John Benskin, stationer, at The Bible and Star; of James Brooke, stationer, at The Anchor and Crown, who, among other things, sold "variety of paper-hangings for rooms;" of William Osborne, leatherseller, at The Roebuck; of William Watkins, breeches-maker, leatherseller, and glover, at the sign of The Breeches and Glove, facing

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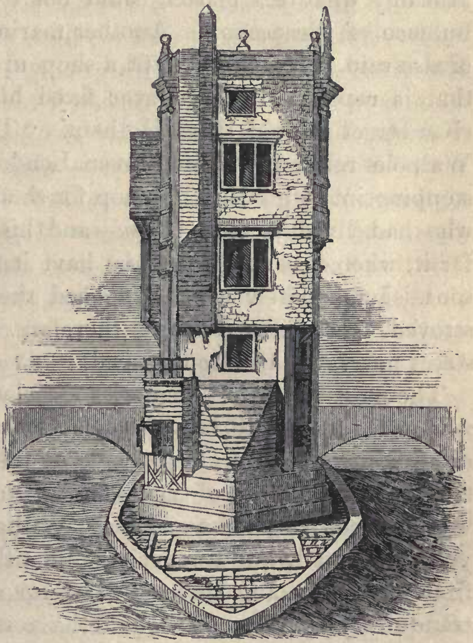
* See extract in the Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1824, from the MS. Journal of Nehemiah Wallington, in the possession of Mr. Upcott.

Tooley Street; of Churcher and Christie, leathersellers and breeches-makers, at The Lamb and Breeches; of John Allan, at The Lock of Hair, who sold "all sorts of hair, curled or uncurled, bags, roses, cauls, ribbons, weaving and sewing silks, cards, and blocks, with all goods made use of by peruke-makers, at the lowest prices." From some tradesmen's brass and copper tokens, we learn that other signs on the bridge were The Lion, The Sugar-Loaf, The Bear, and The White Lion. In those days, it is to be remembered, such insignia were no mere figures of speech, as they have now for the most part become; a shopkeeper's sign was then one of the most substantial and ponderous of realities projecting from or swinging over his door; and all these Sugar-Loaves, Angels, Lions, Bears, Blackboys, Bibles, and Breeches, dangling and creaking away, must have made wild enough work among them on London Bridge, especially when the wind was at all high, and must have added not a little to both the noise and the terrors of the thoroughfare.

It is something like disinterring a Herculaneum or Pompeii to get in this way at the names, occupations, and distinctive badges of the old inhabitants of this extirpated street. Both the famous Nonsuch House and the venerable chapel of St. Thomas-à-Becket were latterly used as shops or dwelling-houses. The former is stated to have been occupied in the early part of the last century by a stationer and a drysalter.* The chapel, or, as it came to be called, Chapel-house, was inhabited about the same time (1737), according to Maitland, by a Mr. Yaldwyn, who, while repairing a staircase, discovered under it the remains of the sepulchral monument of Peter of Colechurch —or at least what was conjectured to be such, for there was no inscription, nor was any search made for the body. It is stated in Nichols's 'Literary Anecdotes,' on the authority of Dr. Ducarel, that at a later date the house over the chapel belonged to a Mr. Baldwin, a haberdasher, who was born there, and who, we suppose, is the same person called Yaldwyn by Maitland, the name being misprinted either in his history or in Nichols's publication. When Mr. Baldwin, the latter adds, at the age of seventy-one, was ordered to go to Chislehurst for a change of air, he could not sleep in the country for want of the roaring lullaby of the river he had always been used to hear. The last occupants of the chapel were Mr. Gill and Mr. Wright, who used the lower apartment as a paper warehouse; and "although," we are told, "the floor was always, at high-water mark, from ten


[The Chapel of St. Thomas converted into a House and Warehouse.]

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* Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster, by Robert Seymour, Esq. Fol. Lon. 1734. This work is known to have been compiled by the Rev. John Motley, the same person who collected Joe Miller's Jests.

to twelve feet under the surface, yet, such was the excellence of the materials and the masonry, that not the least damp or leak ever happened, and the paper was kept as safe and dry as it would have been in a garret."* In the sterling of the long pier upon which the chapel principally stood a fish-pond had been made, with an iron grating over it, by which the fish were detained after they had been carried in by the tide; and Mr. Thomson mentions that, in 1827, when he wrote, there still survived an ancient servant of London Bridge, then verging upon his hundredth year, who well remembered having gone down through the chapel to fish in this pond. The original external form and appearance of the eastern extremity of the chapel had been obliterated long before its destruction: the upper part of it was covered with brickwork or boarding, and to the paper warehouse below was attached a crane for taking in goods from the river.

Few of the old inhabitants of the street on the bridge have left names that are now remembered; but it is remarkable that the memories of two or three individuals are, traditionally at least, associated with it, whose peculiar talents the influences of so peculiar a local habitation seem to have had some share in awakening or fostering. The eminent painter of marine subjects, Peter Monamy, who died about the middle of the last century, is stated by Walpole to have "received his first rudiments of drawing from a sign and house-painter on London Bridge;" and it is added, "the shallow waves that rolled under his window taught young Monamy what his master could not teach him, and fitted him to paint the turbulence of the ocean." Another marine painter, Dominic Serres, of later date, is also said to have once kept a shop upon the bridge. But the greatest artist that is reported to have ever fixed his studio in one of the breezy attics of the river street was old Hans Holbein. "The father of the Lord Treasurer Oxford," Walpole relates, "passing over London Bridge, was caught in a shower; and, stepping into a goldsmith's shop for shelter, he found there a picture of Holbein—who had lived in that house—and his family. He offered the goldsmith 100*l.* for it, who consented to let him have it, but desired first to show it to some persons. Immediately after happened the fire of London, and the picture was destroyed." Holbein's house, therefore, must have been in the division of the street nearest to the London end.

The most illustrious memories associated with the old bridge are not of persons who ever lived there, but of some of those whose ghastly heads, stuck upon poles or spikes, were set up to pinnacle its towers after the executioner had made them trunkless. The first of the London Bridge *traitors* of whom there is any record was the Scottish patriot and hero, William Wallace, whose resistance to a foreign yoke Edward I. could never subdue till he had made his true heart be plucked from his bosom, and his head fixed up aloft here, to be gazed at in comparative tranquillity by many who would have stood short space to scan his living visage, wherever they might have encountered it. This was in August, 1305. Here, in 1408, after his overthrow at Horselwood, was similarly exposed the grey-haired head of the Earl of Northumberland, the father of the gallant Hotspur, by the crafty master whom he had served too well ever to be repaid otherwise than by being destroyed. But the two most extraordinary heads, if we may believe all that is related of them, that were ever thus elevated were those of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and his friend Sir Thomas More, both executed in 1535 for their refusal to acknowledge the king's spiritual supremacy. Fisher was executed on the morning of the 22nd of June, and, according to his biographer Hall, his head would have been set up on Traitors' Tower that same night, but that it was kept to be first shown to the Queen, Anne Boleyn. The next day, however, continues Hall, "the head, being parboiled, was prickt upon a pole, and set on high upon London Bridge, among the rest of the holy Carthusians' heads that suffered death lately before him. And here I cannot omit to declare unto you the miraculous sight of this head, which, after it had stood up the space of fourteen days upon the bridge, could not be perceived to waste nor consume, neither for the weather, which was then very hot, neither for the parboiling in hot water, but grew daily fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well; for, his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beholden the people passing by, and would have spoken to them. . . . . Wherefore, the people coming daily to see this strange sight, the passage over the bridge was so stopped with their going and coming, that almost neither cart nor horse could pass; and therefore, at the end of fourteen days, the executioner was commanded to throw down the head in the night-time into the river of Thames, and in the place thereof was set the head of the most blessed and constant martyr, Sir Thomas More, his companion and fellow in all his troubles, who suffered his passion the 6th of July next following." But the miracle was not put down by this substitution: More's head proved as indestructible as the bishop's, according to the account of his great-grandson and biographer, who tells us that, after it had remained exposed for some months, being about to be cast into the Thames, "because room should be made for divers others, who, in plentiful sort, suffered martyrdom for the same supremacy," it was bought by his daughter Margaret, when not only was his "lively favour" found to be "not all this while in anything almost diminished," but, "the hairs of his head being almost grey before his martyrdom, they seemed now as it were reddish or yellow." In general about this time, and throughout the sixteenth century, the collection of traitors' heads at London Bridge would have made a respectable craniological museum: the German traveller Hentzner, when he was here in 1597, by which time they had been removed to the Southwark gate, counted above thirty of them; and in some of the old prints the structure looks as if its roof were covered with quite a crop of spiked skulls. And heads continued to be exposed here, principally those of seminary priests, executed for violation of the statute prohibiting their entry into the kingdom, throughout the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and down even to the breaking out of the civil war in that of Charles I. After the Restoration, too, the heads of some of the regicides were set up on London Bridge.

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* Ancient Topography of London, by J. T. Smith, Esq. 4to. London, 1791.

And many another strange sight, as well as this long succession of ghastly traitors' heads, had the old bridge beheld during its existence of above six centuries. From its parapets, in the year 1263, Eleanor of Provence, the hated queen of Henry III., when, leaving the Tower, in which Henry and she had taken refuge from De Montfort and the associated barons, "she would have gone by water unto Windsor," was assailed by the Londoners assembled in great numbers on the bridge, not only with "many vile and reproachful words," but also with "dirt and stones," so that she was constrained to return again to the Tower; on which, continues Stow, "the citizens fortified the city with iron chains drawn overthwart their streets, munited the city, and did marvellous things." By this entrance in the next century—on the 13th of June, 1381—Wat Tyler forced his way into the city at the head of his commons of Kent, notwithstanding all the activity of the mayor, Sir William Walworth, whose loyalty had been sharpened by the insurgents having that same morning broken down the stews on the south bank of the river, which, it seems, were his property, and farmed from him by "the frows of Flanders,"—and who before the arrival of the Kentish-men had fortified the bridge, caused the drawbridge to be drawn up, "and fastened a great chain of iron across to restrain their entry." But "then the commons of Surrey, who were risen with other, cried to the wardens of the bridge to let it down and give them entry, whereby they mought pass, or else they would destroy them all, whereby they were constrained by fear to let it down and give them entry—at which time the religious present were earnest in procession and prayer for peace." A few years after—in 1390—the bridge was the scene of a rencontre of another kind—the famous passage of arms waged on St. George's day, amid all the pomp of heraldry, between the Scottish knight Sir David Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, and the English Lord Wells, who, being King Richard's ambassador in Scotland, and attending at a solemn banquet there, where "Scottishmen and Englishmen were communing of deeds of arms," proposed to settle the controversy as to the comparative valour of the two nations by a single combat between Lindsay and himself. "As soon as the day of battle was come," says Stow, following the animated narrative of Hector Boecius, "both the parties were conveyed to the bridge, and soon after, by sound of trumpet, the two parties ran hastily together, on their barbed horses, with square grounden spears, to the death. Earl David, notwithstanding the valiant dint of spears broken on his helmet and visage, sate so strongly, that the people, moved with vain suspicion, cried, Earl David, contrary to the law of arms, is bound to the saddle: Earl David, hearing this murmur, dismounted off his horse, and without any support or help ascended again into the saddle. Incontinent they rushed together with the new spears the second time, with burning ire to conquer honour; but in the third course the Lord Wells was sent out of his saddle with such a violence that he fell to the ground. Earl David, seeing his fall, dismounted hastily from his horse, and tenderly embraced him, that the people might understand he fought with no hatred, but only for the glory of victory; and, in the sign of more humanity, he visited him every day while he recovered his health, and then returned into Scotland;"—an incident combining all the finest points in the brilliant morality of chivalry. Over London Bridge, on the 29th of August, 1392, King Richard, having come from Windsor by the way of Richmond and Wandsworth, passed in joyous procession, along with his consort, the good Queen Anne, after having been reconciled, chiefly through her mediation, with the citizens of London, who, meeting him at the Southwark Gate, "men, women, and children in order," presented him with "two fair white steeds, trapped in cloth of gold, parted of red and white, hanged full of silver bells, the which present he thankfully received; and after he held on his way through the city toward Westminster."* On the 13th of November, four years after, Richard and his new queen, the infant Isabel of France, made their entry "through Southwark, with great pomp, into the Tower of London, at which time there went such a multitude of people to see her, that upon London Bridge nine persons were crowded to death, of whom the Prior of Tiptree, in Essex, was one, and a worshipful matron that dwelt in Cornhill was another." Here Henry V. was received in triumph, on Saturday, the 23rd of November, 1415, on his return from Agincourt; and along this same great civic highway, about the same day seven years after, passed on from conquered France the mournful splendour of his funeral procession—the body laid in a chariot drawn by four great horses, and above it "a figure made of boiled hides or leather representing his person, as nigh to the semblance of him as could be devised, painted curiously to the similitude of a living creature, upon whose head was set an imperial diadem of gold and precious stones, on his body a purple robe furred with ermine, and in his right hand he held a sceptre royal, and in his left hand a ball of gold with a cross fixed thereon; and in this manner adorned was this figure laid in a bed in the said chariot, with his visage uncovered towards the heavens; and the coverture of his bed was of red silk beaten with gold." By this bridge again, on the 21st of February, 1432, the young Henry VI. made his magnificent entry into the capital of his native dominions after his coronation at Paris—as sung by the poet Lydgate in many substantial stanzas, and more briefly related in prose by Fabian and Stow, the latter of whom tells us that, "when the King was come to the bridge, there was devised a mighty giant, standing with a sword drawn in his hand, having written certain speeches in metre of great rejoicing and welcoming of the King to the city, on the midst of the bridge." And nearly as sumptuous were the pageants exhibited at the bridge on Friday, the 28th of May, 1445, at the reception of Henry's bride, Margaret of Anjou—the "she-wolf" of France—as she was conducted from Blackheath by the king's uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, and attended by "the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs of the city in scarlet, and the crafts of the same, all riding on horseback, in blue gowns with broidered sleeves and red hoods,"—being met at the bridge-foot toward Southwark by "a pageant of peace and plenty," while upon the bridge stood "Noah's ship,"—both figures plentifully adorned with Latin texts from the Vulgate, as well as with scrolls of English verse. Only a few years before this—on Wednesday the 15th of November, 1441—Gloucester's own wife, the unfortunate Eleanor Cobham, had passed along part of the same street, and through the midst of probably as thronging and eager a multitude of spectators, but in a guise and fashion as different as was that wintry season from "jolly

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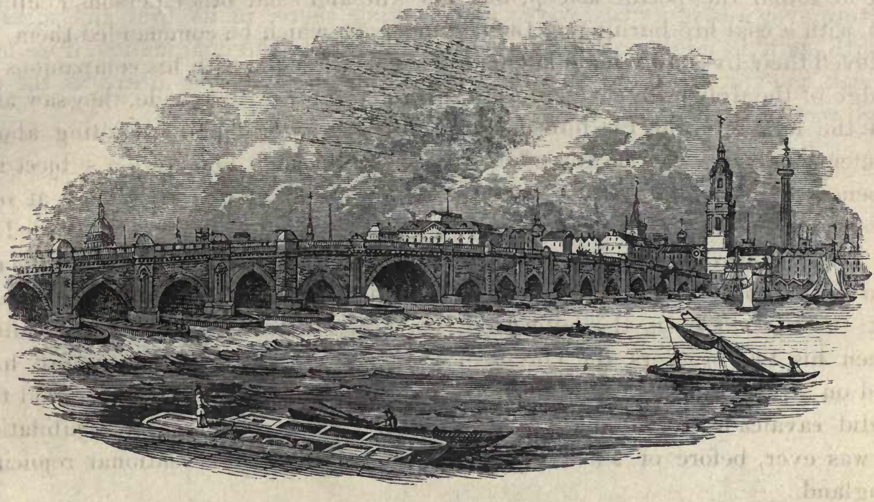
* Under the date of the preceding year, 1391, Stow, in his Annals, has the following story:—"The same Christmas-day a dolphin came forth of the sea, and played himself in the Thames at London, to the bridge, foreshowing haply the tempests that were to follow within a week after; the which dolphin, being seen of the citizens and followed, was with much difficulty intercepted and brought again to London, showing a spectacle to many of the height of his body, for he was ten feet in length. These dolphins are fishes of the sea, that follow the voices of men, and rejoice in playing of instruments, and are wont to gather themselves at music. These, when they play in rivers, with hasty springings, or leapings, do signify tempest to follow. The seas contain nothing more swift nor nimble; for oftentimes with their skips they mount over the sails of ships."

May"—performing her penance for the abhorred crime of sorcery, "with a taper of wax of two pound in her hand," and "hoodless, save a kerchief,"—though she too was accompanied throughout her weary three days' perambulation by the mayor, sheriffs, and crafts. But it was not long before the royal Margaret also had her days of humiliation and misery enough, in the chances and changes of that tumultuous time. Her forces had been scattered at Tewkesbury, her son, Prince Edward, had been murdered almost before her eyes, and she lay herself a prisoner in the Tower along with her husband, also on the eve of having his life reft from him by an act of darker violence, when, on Tuesday the 14th of May, 1471, the Bastard of Faulconbridge, making a last attempt for Henry's deliverance, "with a riotous company of shipmen and other of Essex and Kent," assaulted London Bridge, and was not driven back till he had burned the Southwark Gate, "and all the houses to the drawbridge, being," says Stow, "at that time thirteen in number." Other accounts say that sixty houses on the bridge were burned down on this occasion. Before this, in 1430, on the evening of Thursday the 2nd of July, the bridge-gates were opened by the London commonalty to Jack Cade, who, as he entered at the head of his men, cut the ropes of the drawbridge asunder with his sword; but on the night of the following Sunday, when the rebels and their leader were retired to the south end of the river, the mayor and aldermen, having collected a force of the better disposed among the citizens, repossessed themselves of the bridge, and kept the passage, driving back any of the Kentishmen who attempted to cross it; and this led to the bloodiest and most obstinate conflict ever waged for this key to the city. Cade, as soon as he saw the bickering, to quote the account which Stow has collected in his Annals from preceding chroniclers, "went to harness, and assembled his people, and set so fiercely upon the citizens, that he drove them back from the stoups (or posts) in Southwark or Bridge-foot, unto the drawbridge, in defending whereof many a man was drowned and slain. . . . . . This skirmish continued all night, till nine of the clock on the morrow, so that sometime the citizens had the better, and sometimes the other; but ever they kept them upon the bridge, so that the citizens passed never much the bulwark at the bridge-foot, nor the Kentishmen no farther than the drawbridge—thus continuing the cruel fight to the destruction of much people on both sides." Hall asserts, however, that the Londoners were several times beaten back "as far as to the stoups at St. Magnus' Corner"—that is, quite to the northern extremity of the bridge. He and other authorities also state that the rebels set fire to some of the houses on the bridge. "Alas!" he exclaims, "what sorrow it was to behold that miserable chance! for some, desiring to eschew the fire, leapt on his enemy's weapon and so died; fearful women, with children in their arms, amazed and appalled, leapt into the river; other, doubting how to save themself, between fire, water, and sword, were in their houses suffocate and smothered." At last both parties, faint, weary, and fatigued, agreed to rest them all the next day; and during this pause the king's pardon was proclaimed, on which the rebels broke up and dispersed. In a more peaceful hour, again, by this ancient approach entered London, on Friday the 12th o November, 1501, the Lady Katherine of Arragon to her first nuptials with the young Prince Arthur: "About two of the clock at afternoon," says the old annalist, "the said Lady Princess, accompanied with many lords and ladies, in most sumptuous manner apparelled, came riding from Lambeth into Southwark, and so to London Bridge, where was ordained a costly pageant of St. Katherine and St. Ursula, with many virgins,"—the first of six exhibitions of the same character which greeted her in her progress through the city. The next grand procession that the bridge witnessed was that of Katherine's arch-enemy, the gorgeous Wolsey, as he departed on his embassy to France, on the 26th of July, 1526, marching, as his biographer Cavendish relates, from his house at Westminster, all through London and over the bridge, "having before him of gentlemen a great number, three in a rank, in black velvet livery-coats, and the most part of them with great chains of gold about their necks; and all his yeomen, with noblemen's and gentlemen's servants following him, in French tawny livery-coats, having embroidered upon the backs and breasts of the said coats these letters, T. and C. under the cardinal's hat." More than twenty sumpter-mules, and many carts and carriages, had passed on before, guarded by men armed with bows and spears. The proud churchman himself, coming last, as the crowning figure of the show, "rode like a cardinal, very sumptuously, on a mule trapped with crimson velvet upon velvet, and his stirrups of copper and gilt, and his spare mule following him with like apparel; and before him he had his two great crosses of silver, two great pillars of silver, the great seal of England, the cardinal's hat, and a gentleman that carried his valence, otherwise called a cloak-bag, which was made altogether of fine scarlet cloth, embroidered over and over with cloth of gold very richly, having in it a cloak of fine scarlet." The poor queen was now standing on the edge of the precipice over which she was to be thrown; in this very visit to France the aspiring but shortsighted cardinal hoped to arrange a new marriage for his royal master; nevertheless, his fall speedily followed Katherine's; and his death, of disgrace and a broken heart, preceded hers. An incident of private life, but too interesting to be omitted, also marks the history of the bridge in this reign—the rescue of the infant daughter of Sir William Hewet, the wealthy clockmaker, by his apprentice, Osborne, who gallantly leaped into the river, and brought out the child, when it had been dropped by the carelessness of a servant from a window of the house—an exploit for which he was afterwards appropriately rewarded by her father with the young lady's hand and an ample dowry. This is said to have happened in 1536; Hewet was Lord Mayor of London in 1559; Osborne attained that dignity in 1582; and before the end of the next century his great-grandson, as his lineal descendant still is, was Duke of Leeds. In the beginning of the reign of Mary, London Bridge was one of the scenes of Wyatt's short and ill-fated insurrection: when, on the afternoon of the 3rd of February, 1554, news arrived that he was marching at the head of a body of about two thousand men from Deptford towards Southwark, instantly "the mayor and sheriffs, harnessed, commanded each man to shut in their shops and windows, and to be ready harnessed at their doors, what chance soever might happen;" and at the same time the bridge-gates were shut, and the drawbridge, not merely raised as it had been when Wat Tyler made his attack, but cut down and thrown into the river. Ordnance were also brought up and planted on the bridge. In these circumstances Wyatt did not venture to attempt to force an entry. But it is told that at a late hour at night he himself, accompanied by a few of his friends, contrived, by ascending to the leads of a house adjoining the bridge, to make his way into the porter's lodge, where he found the porter asleep, but his wife and some other persons keeping watch, with a coal fire burning in the chimney; on which he commanded them, as they loved their lives, to remain silent, and then proceeded with his companions to the edge of the drawbridge, where, lurking themselves in the shade, they saw and heard the lord admiral, the lord mayor, and one or two others, consulting about the defence of the bridge on the other side of the chasm. This were a subject for the pencil of a Rembrandt or a Salvator Rosa. We can merely glance at one other memorable day of public pomp in which old London Bridge is recorded to have borne a share—Tuesday, the 29th of May, 1660—that of the triumphant return home to his capital of Charles II., when, having arrived in Southwark about three o'clock in the afternoon, he proceeded over the bridge, riding between his two brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, while before him passed on all the gaiety of military and civic display, and on all sides around the splendid cavalcade rolled perhaps a fuller tide of genuine popular jubilation than was ever, before or since, witnessed on any occasion of national rejoicing in England.

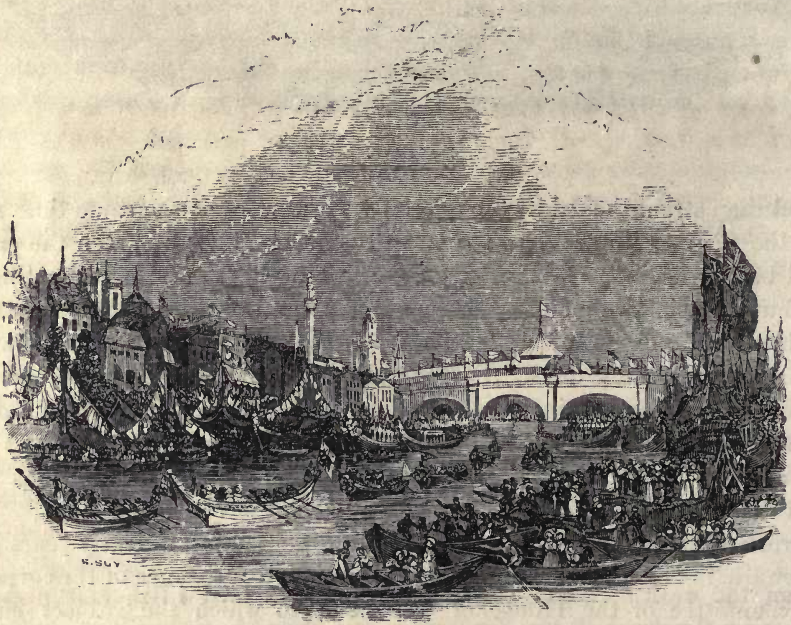
But old age, with its infirmities that no art can cure, was now fast coming upon Peter of Colechurch's venerable structure, as it comes alike surely, sooner or later, upon man himself, and upon all the works of his hands; and throughout the next century the ancient pile was only sustained in a serviceable condition by incessant propping and tinkering. The less service, too, it was able to render, the more was required from it; for, while it was growing old and crazy, mighty London was becoming every day more extensive, more populous, more alive with the spirit of traffic and industry of all kinds; and the progress of refinement and luxury was also making people discontented with accommodations which had satisfied earlier times. It was slowly and reluctantly, however, that the Londoners gave up the notion of still repairing their old bridge. In their eyes, indeed, it seemed to be looked upon as a sort of counterpart to the shepherd's boy in the Arcadia, "piping as if he should never grow old." Yet the corporation, so early as the year 1685, found itself compelled to make the thoroughfare over it in some degree more suitable to the demands of a state of society very different from that for which it had been originally contrived: an inscription of that date upon the north side of Nonsuch House recorded that the street had then been widened from the breadth of twelve feet to that of twenty. Again, in 1697, an Act of Parliament was procured for widening the street at the south end of the bridge; and, in 1722, another for the establishment of certain regulations with the object of keeping the passage free, and securing both the easier transit of carriages and the greater safety of foot-passengers. At last, after the opening of Westminster Bridge in 1749, a loud demand arose from the public for the erection of a new bridge in the city also; and, in 1754, the subject was forced upon the Common Council. After much violent debate and controversy, it was conceded that a new bridge should be built at Blackfriars; but it was resolved that London Bridge should still be left standing, and only be repaired, and have the houses upon it pulled down.

This was done; and the bridge, as a means of communication, was thereby rendered greatly more commodious; but, architecturally, it was probably rather weakened than strengthened by the operations that were at the same time resorted to with the view of improving the navigation. In 1761 Smeaton the engineer, who had been hastily called in upon some alarming appearances presenting themselves, found, besides other dilapidations that were in progress, one of the piers undermined to the extent of six feet, and in such a state that it must have sunk and fallen down in a few days. Fortunately the city gates had just been taken down, and the stones, having been sold to a builder, lay ready in Moorfields; they were instantly repurchased, and, on a Sunday morning, brought as fast as carts could carry them, and thrown under the tottering pier, which was the one next to the north or city end of the bridge.

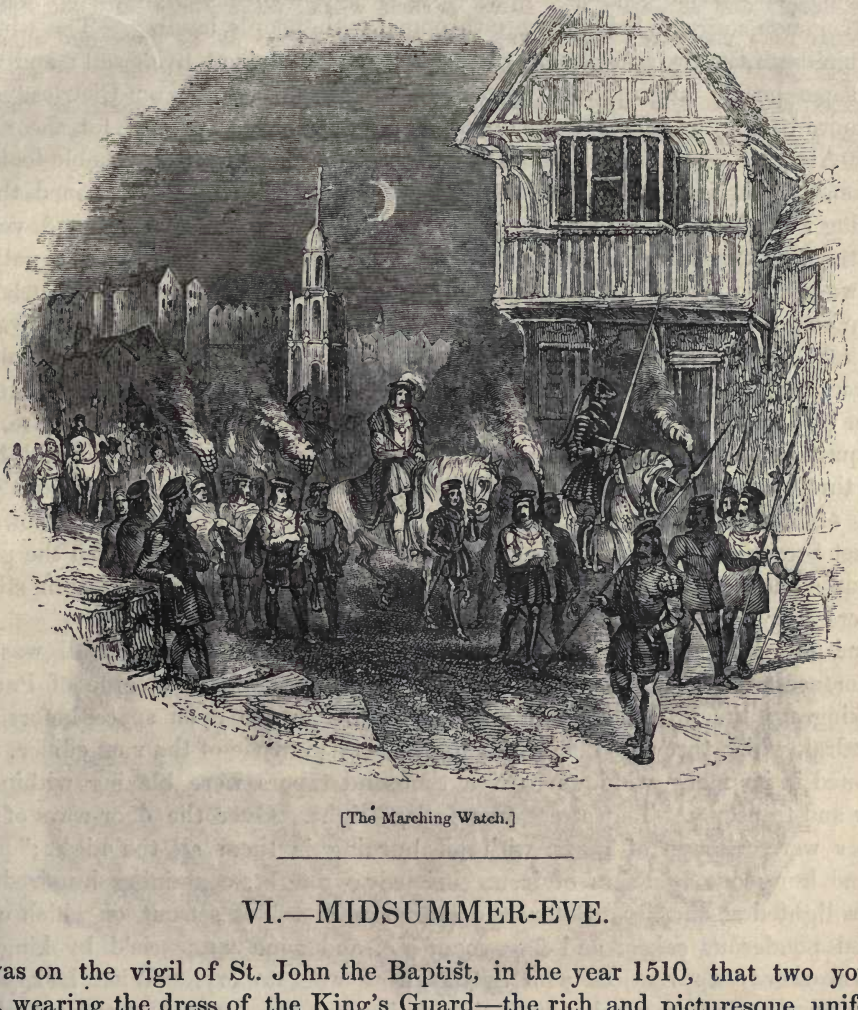


[London Bridge in 1827.]

The work of paring and patching the old bridge went on for sixty years longer; but at length, in 1822, notwithstanding the continued resistance of the corporation, a select committee of the House of Commons, to which the subject had been referred, recommended the erection of a new bridge; on which an Act of Parliament for that purpose was passed the following year. The new bridge was built after the designs of the late John Rennie, Esq., who died, however, before the work was begun; it was superintended throughout by his son, the present Sir John Rennie. The first pile of the first coffer-dam, being that for the south pier, was driven on Monday the 15th of March, 1824; the foundation-stone was laid by the Lord Mayor, John Garratt, Esq., in the presence of the Duke of York and many other distinguished personages, on the 15th of June, 1825; and the finished bridge was opened by his late Majesty King William IV., and Queen Adelaide, on the 1st of August, 1831. The cost of the bridge, with the approaches, amounted to not much short of two millions. It stands about a hundred and eighty feet higher up the river than the old bridge, which was left standing till its successor was built, nor was its last arch pulled down till towards the end of the year 1832. It is needless to say that the new London Bridge, bestriding the broad river with its five vast elliptical arches, is a far more magnificent, and in every way more perfect work, than Peter of Colechurch's structure ever was in its best days; and, looking there, in its firm and massive strength, as if it might last a thousand years, it is to the imagination, if we may so speak, as expressive and impressive a monument of the far future as the old bridge was of the past.



[Opening of New London Bridge.]



[The Marching Watch.]

VI.—MIDSUMMER-EVE.

It was on the vigil of St. John the Baptist, in the year 1510, that two young men, wearing the dress of the King's Guard—the rich and picturesque uniform which has survived the changes of three centuries, to linger about the Court of England, and preserve its gorgeous dignity, however vulgarized into associations with beef-eaters and showmen—that two handsome and soldierly-looking young men came to the water-gate at Westminster, and, in answer to the "Eastward-ho" of the watermen, jumped into a common wherry. There were not many boats at the stairs, and those which were still unhired were very different in their appearance and their comforts from the royal barges which were moored at some little distance. The companions looked at each other with a peculiar expression before they sat down on the uncushioned and dirty bench of the wherry; but the boisterous laugh which burst forth from one of them appeared to remove all scruples, and the boat was soon adrift in the ebbing tide.

The evening was very lovely. The last sunbeam was dancing on the waters, and the golden light upon the spires of the city was fast fading away. Suddenly, however, a redder light came up out of the depths of the streets, and wreaths of grey smoke mingled with the glare. The Thames was crowded with boats, and voices of merriment were heard amidst the distant sounds of drum and trumpet. The common stairs or bridges were thronged with people landing. The wherry in which sate the two guardsmen ran in to a private stair at Bridewell; and with the same hearty laugh they stepped into a spacious garden. "Charles," said the more boisterous of the companions, "this will be a snug nest for the right witty Almoner when Empson's head is off." In a few minutes a noble-looking person, dressed in a sober but costly suit, like a wealthy citizen, joined them, making a profound reverence. "No ceremony," exclaimed he of the loud voice; and then, making an effort to speak low, "His Highness is safe in the palace; and we are two of his faithful guards who would see the Midsummer Watch set. Have you a dagger under your russet coat, my good Almoner?—for the watch, they say, does not fear the rogues any more than the gallows." It was Wolsey, then upon the lower rounds of the ladder of preferment, who answered Henry in the gay tone of his master. Brandon, who, in spite of his generous nature, did not quite like the accommodating churchman, was scarcely so familiar with him. The three, however, all gaily enough passed onward through the spacious gardens of Empson's deserted palace, which covered the ground now known as Dorset Street and Salisbury Square; and with a master-key with which the prosperous Almoner was already provided, they sallied forth into the public street, and crossing Fleet Bridge, pursued their way towards West Cheap.*

Lud-gate was not closed. In the open space under the city wall was an enormous bonfire, which was reflected from the magnificent steeple of Paul's. Looking up the hill there was another bonfire in the open space before the cathedral, which threw its deep light upon every pinnacle of the vast edifice, and gleamed in its many windows as if a thousand tapers were blazing within its choir and transepts. The street was full of light. Over the door-ways of the houses were "lamps of glass, with oil burning in them all the night;" and "some hung out branches of iron, curiously wrought, containing hundreds of lamps lighted at once."† Before the houses were tables set out, on which were placed ponderous cakes, and flagons of ale, and wine "unexcis'd by kings;" and the sturdy apprentices, who by day were wont to cry, "What lack ye?" threw open their blue cloaks, disclosing their white hose, with a knowing look of independence, as they courteously invited the passer-by to partake of their dainties. Over the doors hung the delicate branches of the graceful birch, with wreaths of lilies and St. John's wort; and there were suspended pots of the green orpine, in the bending of whose leaves the maiden could read her fate in love. Wending their way through the throng, the three men of the west felt, the two younger especially, something of that pleasure which human beings can scarcely avoid feeling at the sight of happiness in others. Henry whispered to Wolsey, "This is a merry land;" and the courtier answered, "You have made it so."

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* "On Midsummer-Eve, at night, King Henry came privily into West Cheap, of London, being clothed in one of the coats of his guard." (Stow's 'Annals,' under date 1510.) It is not likely that Henry, though bold enough, would so far yield to the impulses which belong to a youth of nineteen as to go alone. Brandon had been his companion from childhood; Wolsey had already learned to minister to his pleasures as one mode of governing him. The patent by which the great churchman obtained Empson's house is dated 1510.

† Stow's Survey.

The three visitors of the city moved slowly along with the dense crowd towards the Cross in West Cheap. They there stationed themselves. The livery which two of them wore would have secured them respect, if their lofty bearing had not appeared to command it. The galleries of the houses, and the windows, were filled with ladies. Between the high gabled roofs stood venturous boys and servants. Tapestry floated from the walls. Within was ever and anon heard the cadence of many voices singing in harmony. Then came a loud sound of trumpets; and a greater light than that of the flickering bonfires was seen in the distance; and the windows became more crowded; and the songs ceased within the dwellings.

The procession which was approaching was magnificent enough to afford the highest gratification to one at least of the three spectators that we have described. It suggested, however, the consideration that it did not belong to himself, and threw no particular glory round his throne and person. But, nevertheless, his curiosity was greatly stimulated; and that love of pomp which he had already begun to indulge, in processions, and jousts, and tournays, could not fail of receiving some delight from the remarkable scene that was before him. He was, as Cavendish has described him, " a young, lusty, and courageous prince, entering into the flower of pleasant youth." His amusements were manly and intellectual, "exercising himself daily in shooting, singing, dancing, wrestling, casting of the bar, playing at the recorders, flute, virginals, and in setting of songs and making of ballads." * The future sensual tyrant is not readily seen in this description. But here, on Midsummer-Eve in 1510, was Henry standing beside the Cross in West Cheap, and mixing unknown amongst his subjects, like the Haroon Er-Rasheed of the 'Thousand and One Nights.' Onward came the Marching Watch, winding into Cheap from the little conduit by Paul's Gate. Here, literally,

"The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets."

The pitchy ropes borne aloft in iron frames sent up their tongues of fire and wreaths of smoke in volumes which showed, afar off, like the light of a burning city. Stow tells us that for the " furniture" of the Marching Watch there were appointed seven hundred cressets; besides which every constable, amounting to two hundred and forty, had his cresset. Each cresset had a man to bear it and another to serve it, so that the cresset-train amounted in number to almost two thousand men. This was, indeed, civic pomp upon a splendid scale. A poet of the next century, whose name is almost unknown in the ordinary catalogues of English poetry, but who has written with more elegance and taste than half of those we call classics—Richard Niccols, in a performance called 'London's Artillery,' has the following very beautiful lines descriptive of the bonfires and cresset-lights of the great festival of the Summer Solstice:—

"The wakeful shepherd by his flock in field
With wonder at that time far off beheld
The wanton shine of thy triumphant fires
Playing upon the tops of thy tall spires."

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* Hall.

Mingled with the cresset-bearers came on two thousand men of the Marching Watch, some mounted, and some on foot. There were "demilances" on great horses; gunners with their harquebuses and wheel-locks; archers in white coats, with bows bent and sheafs of arrows by their sides; pike-men in bright corslets; and bill-men with aprons of mail. Following these came the constables of the Watch, each in bright harness gleaming from beneath his scarlet jornet* and his golden chain; with his henchman following him, and his minstrel before him, and his cresset-light by his side; and then came the waits of the city, and morris-dancers footing it to their merry notes; and then, in due order, the mayor himself on horseback, and his sword-bearer, his henchmen, his harnessed footmen, his giants, and his pageants. The Sheriffs' Watches, says Stow, "came one after the other in like order, but not so large in number as the Mayor's." Niccols, still apostrophizing London, thus describes this part of the solemnity:—

> "Thy goodly buildings, that till then did hide
> Their rich array, open'd their windows wide,
> Where kings, great peers, and many a noble dame,
> Whose bright, pearl-glittering robes did mock the flame
> Of the night's burning lights, did sit to see
> How every senator, in his degree,
> Adorn'd with shining gold and purple weeds,
> And stately mounted on rich-trapped steeds,
> Their guard attending, through the streets did ride
> Before their foot-bands, grac'd with glittering pride
> Of rich gilt arms."

Onward swept the mighty cavalcade past the Cross at Cheap, along Cornhill, and by Leadenhall to Aldgate. It was to return by Fenchurch Street and Gracious Street, and again into Cornhill and through Cheapside. The multitude thronged after it, but the three strangers remained almost alone. "This costs gold," said Wolsey. "And it is worth the cost," replied the king. "Would they fight," said Brandon, "these demilances and archers?" "Indeed they would," said Wolsey: and turning round to the king, "such men have fought with your Highness's grandsires; and the cry of *Clubs* of the blue-cloaks is as fearful a rallying cry as that of *St. George*." "Come," said the king, "we must homeward. Are the streets watched, or shall we have to knock a knave or two on the pate?" The streets were watched. They again passed Ludgate; and as they descended Fleet Hill they found the lamps still burning before the doors, but the hospitable tables were almost deserted. At due intervals stood a constable in bright harness, surrounded by his footmen and his cresset-bearer; and as they went onward through Fleet Street, and looked to the right and left, up the narrow lanes, there was still the cresset gleaming in the armour. "We are safe to-night," said the king. "This is a glorious affair, and I shall bring her Highness to see it on St. Peter's Eve. How looks the city, my grave Almoner, on other than festival nights?" "It is a melancholy place, your Highness. After curfew not a light to be seen: the one cresset in a street makes it more gloomy; and masterless men cut purses in the dark, while the light-bearer tells the rogues where there is no watch." "Ha!" exclaimed the king. "This should be remedied," added the statesman. "The cost of one Midsummer-Eve would double the watch for the rest of the year." "Ho," said Harry, "hang up the thieves, and let the true men keep in their houses." "They break into the houses," said Wolsey. "We will tell our justices to spare none of them," replied the king. They were by this time at Temple Bar. There were three led-horses waiting, and a dozen footmen with lighted torches. Slowly they rode, for the way was rough, past St. Clement's, and through the Strand, and by Charing Cross to the palace-gates. Here and there was seen a solitary bonfire, but there was no rush of population as in the city. The large palatial houses were dark and silent. The river, which ever and anon lay spread before them as they looked upon it through the broad open spaces of its bank, was red with the reflection of the city fires. The courtier-priest was at his master's stirrup as he alighted; and Henry whispered, "Come to me to-morrow. Our people want Empson's head, and the sooner you get his house the better." With a loud laugh his Highness and Brandon vanished into an inner court of the palace, and the Almoner rode thoughtfully to his lodgings.

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* Probably scarf.

During the reign of Henry VIII., as Harrison tells us, he hung up, of great thieves, of petty thieves, and rogues, three score and twelve thousand. This was a wholesale mode of dispensing with a preventive police; though we doubt whether the prison and the gallows were cheaper than lighting and watching. The same graphic pen, writing in 1586, adds—"He seemed for a while greatly to have terrified the rest; but since his death the number of them is so increased, that, except some better order be taken, or the law already made be better executed, such as dwell in uplandish towns and little villages shall live but in small safety and rest." * London, we have no doubt, had a pretty equal share of discomfort and danger. The time was passed when it could be enjoined, as by the statute of Edward I., "that none be so hardy as to be found going or wandering about the streets of the city after curfew tolled at St. Martin's-le-Grand, with sword or buckler, or other arms for doing mischief, or whereof evil suspicion might arise, nor any in any other manner, unless he be a great man, or other lawful person of good repute, or their certain messengers, having their warrants to go from one to another, with lanthorn in hand." The progress of industry had rendered it necessary that others, besides great men and their accredited messengers, should go about at night, and not be considered as malefactors. Thirty years after the Midsummer Eve of 1510, Henry VIII. put down the marching watch, "considering the great charges of the citizens;" but the good old lovers of pageantry would not so readily part with it, and it was several times attempted to be revived, till, in 1569, it was altogether abandoned; and it was determined "in the room thereof to have a substantial standing watch, for the safety and preservation of the city." † It is curious, in these our own days of police and gas-lights, to look back to the means by which the safety and preservation of the city were secured. The watchman had gradually been transformed from a sturdy constable in harness into a venerable personage bearing halberd and lanthorn. It was the business of this reverend person to make the cry inscribed under the

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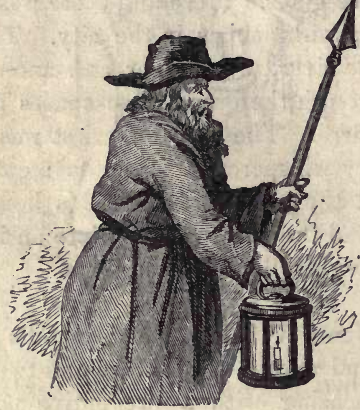
* Description of England, book ii. ch. 11.

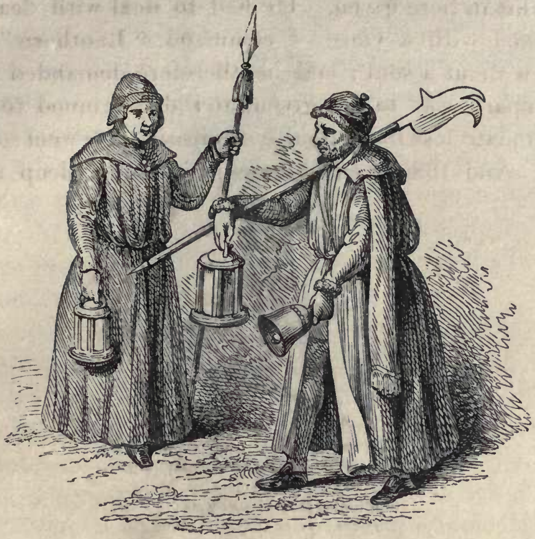
† Stow's Survey.

figure of the watchman here given. He had to deal with deaf listeners, and he therefore proclaimed with a voice of command, "Lanthorn!" But a lanthorn alone was a body without a soul; and he therefore demanded "a *whole* candle." To this the vital spark was to be given, and he continued to exclaim, "light." To render the mandate less individually oppressive, he went on to cry, "Hang out your lights!" And that even the sleepers might sleep no more, he ended with "Hear!"



'Lanthorn, and a whole candle light!
Hang out your lights! Hear!"

We are told by the chroniclers that, as early as 1416, the Mayor, Sir Henry Barton, ordered lanthorns and lights to be hanged out on the winter evenings, betwixt Allhallows and Candlemas. For three centuries this practice subsisted, constantly evaded, no doubt, through the avarice and poverty of individuals, sometimes probably disused altogether, but still the custom of London up to the time of Queen Anne. The cry of the watchman, "hang out your lights," was an exhortation to the negligent, which probably they answered only by snores, equally indifferent to their own safety and the public preservation. A worthy mayor in the time of Queen Mary provided the watchman with a bell, with which instrument he accompanied the music of his voice down to the days of the Commonwealth. The "Statutes of the Streets," in the time of Elizabeth, were careful enough for the preservation of silence in some things. They prescribed that "no man shall blow any horn in the night, or whistle after the hour of nine of the clock in the night, under pain of imprisonment;" and, what was a harder thing to keep, they also forbad a man to make any "sudden outcry in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wife." Yet a privileged man was to go about knocking at doors and ringing his alarum—an intolerable nuisance if he did what he was ordered to do. But the watchmen were, no doubt, wise in their generation. With honest Dogberry, they could not "see how sleeping should offend;" and after the watch was set, they probably agreed to "go sit upon the church bench till two, and then all to bed." Dekker, however, describes the bellman as a person of some activity—"the child of darkness; a common night-walker; a man that had no man to wait upon him, but only a dog; one that was a disordered person, and at midnight would beat at men's doors, bidding them (in mere mockery) to look to their candles, when



[Watchmen, from Dekker, 1616.]

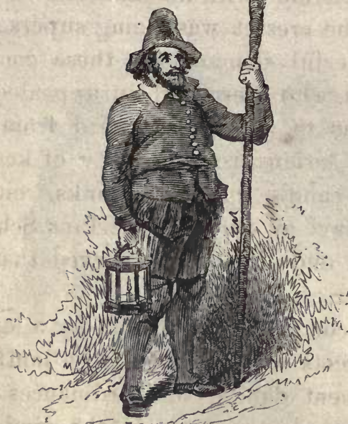
they themselves were in their dead sleeps." Stow says that in Queen Mary's day one of each ward "began to go all night with a bell, and at every lane's end, and at the ward's end, gave warning of fire and candle, and to help the poor, and pray for the dead." This is the more poetical bellman of Milton's 'Il Penseroso:'—

> "Some still removed place will fit,
> Where glowing embers through the room
> Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
> Far from all resort of mirth,
> Save the cricket on the hearth;
> Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
> To bless the doors from nightly harm."

Herrick, also, has given us the verses of the bellman of poetry, in one of the charming morsels of his 'Hesperides:'—

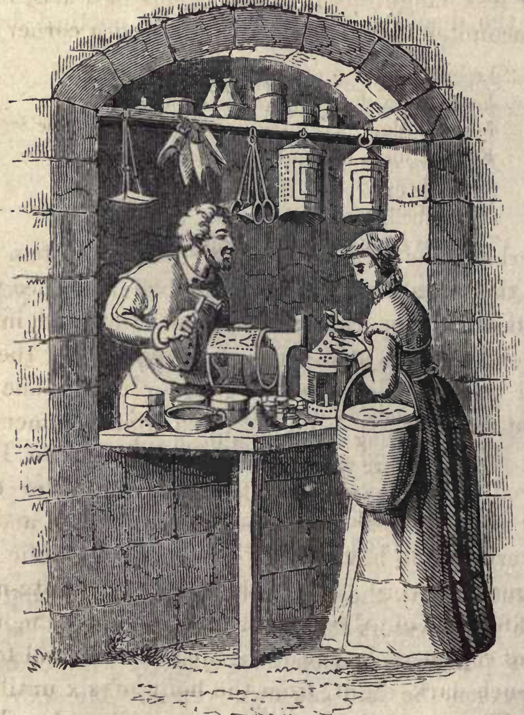
> "From noise of scare-fires rest ye free,
> From murders Benedicite;
> From all mischances that may fright
> Your pleasing slumbers in the night,
> Mercy secure ye all, and keep
> The goblins from ye while ye sleep.
> Past one o'clock, and almost two,
> My masters all, 'Good day to you!'"

But, with or without a bell, the real prosaic watchman continued to make the same demand as his predecessors for lights, through a long series of years; and his demand tells us plainly that London was a city without lamps. But though he was a prosaic person, he had his own verses. He addressed himself to the "maids." He exhorted them to make their lanthorns "bright and clear." He told them how long their candles were expected to burn. And, finally, like a considerate lawgiver, he gave a reason for his edict. In a print which is of the time of James I. we have the watchman here represented, with the following lines underwritten:—



"A light here, maids, hang out your light,
And see your horns be clear and bright,
That so your candle clear may shine,
Continuing from six till nine;
That honest men that walk along
May see to pass safe without wrong."

The making of lanthorns was a great trade in the early times. We clung to King Alfred's invention for the preservation of light with as reverend a love, during many centuries, as we bestowed upon his civil institutions. The horn



of the favoured utensil was a very dense medium for illumination, but science had substituted nothing better; and, even when progressing people carried about a neat glass instrument with a brilliant reflector, the watchman held to his ponderous and murky relic of the past, making "night hideous" with his voice, while he made "darkness visible" with his lanthorn. But, as we see, in the early days of lanthorns, when the cresset was being superseded by "Hang out your lights," there was a wonderful demand for these commodities; and upon the maids and their mistresses, who were nightly appealed to for the provision of the external light that was to protect the ward from thieves and murderers, must have rested a very serious responsibility of keeping "horns clear and bright," and securing the candle against "chinks," either made by "time" or bad manufacturers. We have an old print of Hans Schopper's before us, representing the lanthorn-shop; and it will be observed that the lady has taken this piece of furniture under her especial care.

Paris was in the same condition as London for a long period. The nightly passengers through the streets walked about with lanthorns; and it was only in times of alarm and imminent danger that ordinances were issued, commanding each occupier of a house to place a light in the window of his first floor. La Reinie, the first lieutenant-general of police, introduced public lanthorns in 1667. This was hailed as a great event, for a medal was struck upon the occasion, bearing the legend *Urbis securitas et nitor.* One lanthorn, lighted with candles, in the middle of each street, and one at each end, constituted the amount of the security and splendour which Louis XIV. and his minister of police bestowed upon the Parisians. We cannot exactly say whether Boileau had composed his sixteenth satire before this event, but about this period he describes the darkest wood as far less dangerous than the streets of Paris, in which the "lated traveller" would encounter four bandits as he turned a corner:—

> "Le bois le plus funeste et le moins fréquenté
> Est au prix de Paris un lieu de sûreté.
> Malheur donc à celui qu'une affaire imprévue
> Engage un peu trop tard au détour d'une rue :
> Bientôt quatre bandits, lui serrant les côtés,
> La bourse——."

London was perhaps better off, with its general system of private lights, however imperfect that system might be. In 1694 a licence was granted by the corporation to certain persons "concerned and interested in glass-lights, commonly called or known by the name of convex lights," for the sole supply of the public lights in all public places in the city, for twenty-one years. Here, one would have thought, would have been the prosperous commencement of a system which would really have insured safety to the inhabitants of London. But when the lease was expired we hear no more of the glass-lights or convex lights; and every housekeeper whose house fronts any street or lane and is of the rent of ten pounds, and every person having the charge of a public building, are each required and obliged, in every dark night, from the twenty-ninth of September until the twenty-fifth day of March, to hang out one or more lanthorn or lanthorns, with sufficient cotton-wick candles lighted therein, and to continue the same burning in every such dark night, from the hour of six until the hour of eleven of the same night. The act of Common Council which makes these provisions tells us they are, "for securing the houses against robbers and thieves, for the prevention of murder, and the conveniency of passengers." Glorious provisions indeed were they for accomplishing those ends! When there were clouds over the moon,—and whole streets and portions of streets were without light, because the inhabitants were not rated at ten pounds,—and there was no light at all after eleven o'clock, we must admire the sagacity of the civic authorities who thus proposed to put down robbery and murder. Defoe, who in many things was a century before his age, published a pamphlet in 1729, wherein he suggested a plan " by which our streets will be so *strongly guarded*, and so *gloriously illuminated*, that any part of London will be as safe and pleasant at midnight as at noon-day, and burglary totally impracticable." London continued to be *strongly guarded* by its " ancient and most quiet watchmen" for another hundred years; and the authorities began to think of rendering the streets *illuminated* " with a convenient and sufficient number of glass lamps," not until they had gone up in terror to George II., to implore " a speedy, rigorous, and exemplary execution of the laws upon the persons of offenders." This was in 1744. But we have something to say upon the period that intervened between the old days of " Hang out your lights," and those semi-modern days when society, pretending to be in the most civilized condition, was really going backwards in many of the essential matters that constitute the " salt of life."

It has been generally held that crimes of violence belong only to what are called the rudest states of society. They belong, unquestionably, to an imperfect state of civilization; but they may nevertheless exist under a condition which admits of great wealth amongst the higher individuals, a diffusion of wealth amongst the middle classes, and a certain refinement amongst those classes who are supposed to give the tone to an age. But they nevertheless indicate something radically wrong in the general social state—some imperfect application of the preventive forces which belong to a really civilized condition—some gross inequality in the distribution of freedom, and of the means for securing the comforts which are due even to the lowest class, conjoined with the inability, through the exercise of honest industry, to rise out of that class. These crimes are not always confined to the poorest, but spring out of the desire to employ the strong hand, under circumstances where mere brute force is a general indication of power, even amongst those whose peculiar interest, rightly understood, would be to show that no real power should be lawless. We can understand how a watch came to be established in London, when it was " a common practice in this city that a hundred or more in a company, young and old, would make nightly invasions upon houses of the wealthy, to the intent to rob them; and if they found any man stirring in the city within the night that were not of their crew, they would presently murder him; insomuch that when night was come no man durst adventure to walk in the streets."* This was an age of general lawlessness; and the establishment of the watch in cities by Henry III. was the first step towards a preventive police. But it is not so easy to comprehend how, nearly five hundred years afterwards (in 1744), London should have been in such a state that the Lord Mayor and aldermen went up with an address to the king, representing " that divers confederacies of great numbers of evil-disposed persons, armed with bludgeons, pistols, cutlasses, and other dangerous weapons, infest not only the private lanes and passages, but likewise the public streets and places of usual concourse, and commit most daring outrages upon the persons of your Majesty's good subjects, whose affairs oblige them to pass through the streets, by terrifying, robbing, and wounding them; and these facts are frequently perpetrated at such

* Roger Hovenden, quoted by Stow in his Survey.

times as were heretofore deemed hours of security." If in the "hours of security" armed gangs thus destroyed the safety of ordinary life, what must they have been in the hours of darkness, when a feeble light was hung out here and there from six to eleven o'clock, and after that the city was surrendered to gloom and rapine? In the first fifty years of the eighteenth century we should assuredly have thought that society had settled into order and security. These atrocities could not have existed without a most lamentable weakness in the government. Everything was then left to the narrow-minded local authorities. There was no central power. The government (what a misnomer!) had nothing to do but to make war and to hang. The Lord Mayor and aldermen cried, "Hang, hang!" "Permit us, Sir, to express our hopes that a speedy, rigorous, and exemplary execution of the laws upon the persons of offenders, as they shall fall into the hands of justice, may, under your Majesty's princely wisdom, conduce greatly to the suppressing these enormities, by striking terror into the wicked, and preventing others from entering into such evil courses." And the king promised he would hang: "Nothing shall be wanting on my part to put the laws in execution, to support the magistrates rigorously to punish such heinous offenders." Some person, whose good deeds, like those of many others, have fallen into oblivion, suggested a wiser course; and Maitland, the historian of the city, from whose work we collect these remarkable facts, tells us, "*this year* was enacted another act of Parliament for making more effectual provision for *enlightening* the streets of this city." A mental illumination had been required before this desirable event. In the long interval between the vigour of despotism and the better vigour of sound legislation, London must have been anything but a pleasant abode. Under the one sway (in the latter days of Elizabeth for example), Fleetwood, the recorder, strung up a dozen cutpurses on a morning; and although he says, "It is grown for a trade now in court to make means for reprieves—twenty pound for a reprieve is nothing,"* yet he contrived to clear London for a season of the rogues, by dint of the halter and the whip. But then came the age of weakness—a necessary consequence of a government relaxing its discipline, in that regard for the "liberty of the subject" which was another name for its own ignorance and idleness. All the social pictures of the days of Anne and of the two first Georges exhibit a state of police much worse than the days of Elizabeth. London was then a prey not only to daring thieves, but to swaggering bullies and hired assassins, who had lost the old salutary terror of the Star-chamber, and despised the ordinary administration of justice. In the time of Charles II. Dryden was waylaid and beaten by a gang of ruffians hired by Rochester, as he walked home from Will's Coffeehouse to Gerrard Street. This was a solitary case. But the Spectator has left us the unquestionable evidence of the existence of "the Mohocks,"—*a class* that would appear as impossible to have existed in the London of the days of Anne as of those of George IV.: "An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch that is beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity, then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed." Gay has given his testimony to the existence of the same association:—

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* Ellis's Letters, First Series, vol. ii. p. 299.

> "Now is the time that rakes their revels keep,
> Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
> His scatter'd pence the flying Nicker[*] flings,
> And with the copper shower the casement rings.
> Who has not heard the Scowerer's midnight fame?
> Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
> Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds
> Safe from their blows or new-invented wounds?"

We have a Mohock or two still left; and sometimes our magistrates are still weak enough to inflict a miserable money penalty, instead of honestly levelling all distinctions amongst those made equal by crime and folly. But we have no *fraternity* of Mohocks. A firm police will root up the last of the race. Some thirty years after the Spectator had described the Mohocks, Johnson gave us a picture, in his 'London,' of the individual bully:—

> "Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
> And sign your will before you sup from home.
> Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
> Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,—
> Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
> Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
> Yet even these heroes, mischievously gay,
> Lords of the street and terrors of the way,
> Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
> Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
> Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
> And shun the shining train and golden coach."

This then (1738) was the age of flambeaux and linkboys. London had only

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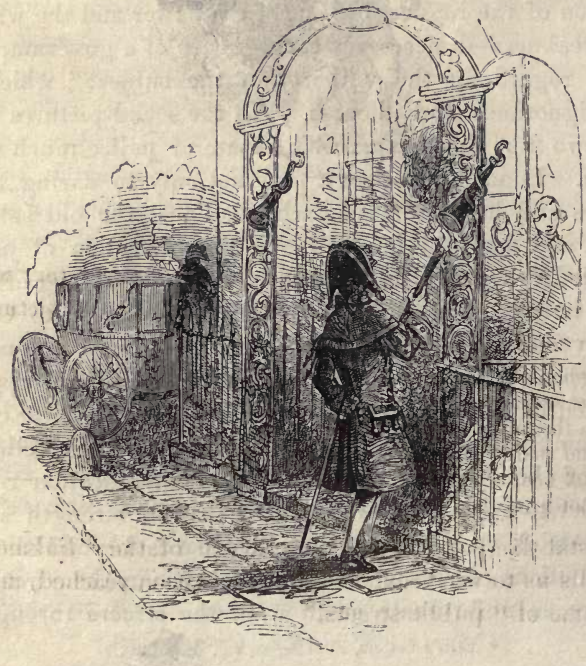
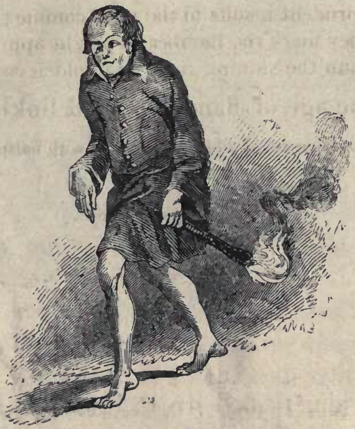
[*] The gentleman who breaks windows with halfpence.



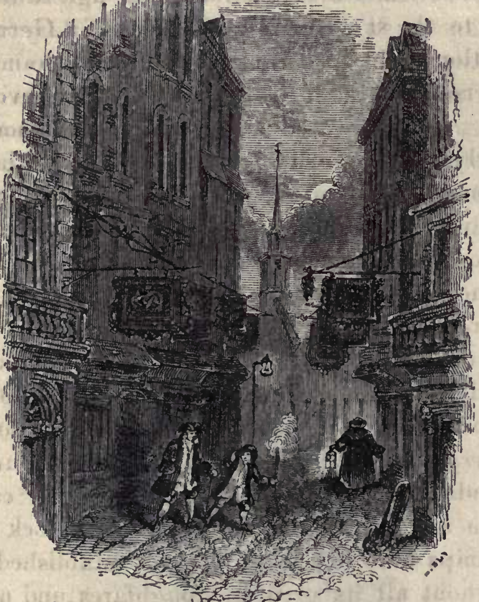
still its lanthorns here and there, and its few glass lamps. Westminster was perhaps worse provided. But the coach rolled from the theatre and the ball with its liveried torch-bearers; and even the present century has seen flambeaux in London. The intelligent antiquary—not he who discovers nothing of antiquity but what is buried in the earth or described in the classics—may behold a relic of the manners of a hundred years ago in some of our existing squares and streets, that have stood up against the caprices of fashion. On each side the door-way, and generally attached to the posts that carry an arching lamp-rail, are two instruments that look like the old tin horn of the crier of " great news." They are the flambeau-extinguishers: and when the gilded coach was dragged heavily along at midnight to the mansion (people of fashion once went to bed at midnight), and the principal door was closed upon the lords and ladies of the great house, the footmen thrust their torches into these horn-like cavities, and as the horses moved off by instinct to their stables, the same footmen crept down the area in utter darkness. There was perhaps a solitary linkboy at the corner of the square, especially if an opened cesspool, or a little lake of mud, promised a locality where gentlemen without his aid might break their necks or soil their stockings. But *he* generally hovered about the theatres and taverns. He was, too often, a half-idiotic wretch, whose haggard features have been admirably preserved by Boitard, an artist of Hogarth's period, who possessed some share of the Hogarthian humour. Gay describes " the officious linkboy's smoky light;" but he has also given the fraternity a bad character, which perhaps they were enabled to live down. The poor fellow of Boitard's picture we are sure did not deserve the reproach:—



> " Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
> Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
> In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
> And share the booty with the pilfering band.
> Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
> Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread thy ways."

Oily rays, and crystal lamps! The very existence of the " linkmen" and " the pilfering band " tells us to what extent the illumination reached, and what were dignified by the name of " public streets."

But the age of lamps was really approaching. The City, as we see, became vigorous in lighting, when it was found that severity did little against the thieves; and the Westminster Paving and Lighting Act was passed in 1762. Then came the glories of the old lamplighters;—the progress through each district to trim the wicks in a morning—and the terrible skurry, with ladder driven against your breast, and oil showered upon your head, as twilight approached. What a twinkling then was there through all the streets! But we were proud of our lamps; and Beckmann, in his 'History of Inventions,' has described them as something like a wonder of the world. Beneath the faint lamp slept the watchman; or if he walked, he still walked with his lanthorn; and the linkboy, yet a needful auxiliary to the lamp and the lanthorn, guided the reeling gentleman from his tavern to his lodging.

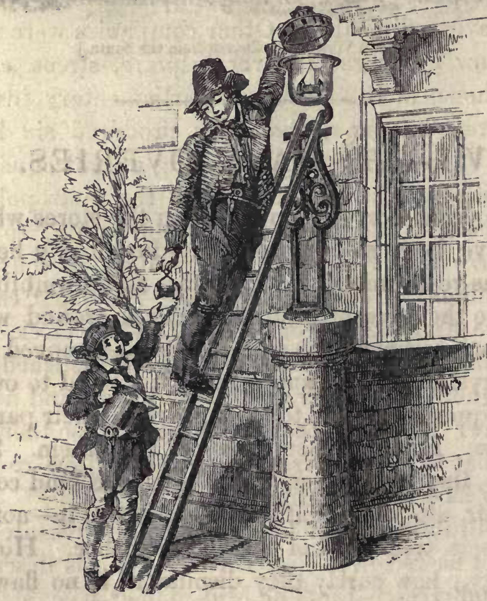


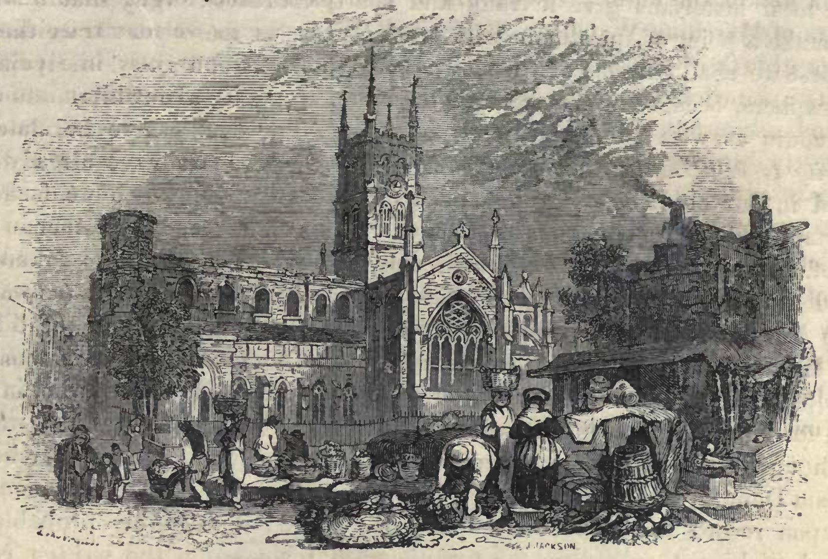
[London at Night, 1760.]

The old system of watching lasted up to 1830. It is impossible to conceive any institution more unfitted for the demands of society, more corrupt, more inefficient;—in a word, as it was described by all parties before the passing of Sir Robert Peel's Police Act, it was an intolerable nuisance. It is amazing how it could have lasted so long; and its duration can be accounted for upon no other principle than that, it being agreed on all hands that it was utterly worthless and contemptible, means were resorted to for rendering the police of London in some degree efficient, whilst those reverend pensioners, who had only the duty to discharge of having their lanthorns broken (sometimes their heads), and of springing their rattles duly at the midnight hour, row or no row, were held to be entirely without responsibility in the serious matters of burglary and street-robbery. These were left to the inspection of the officers of Bow Street; and very vigilant had these functionaries been for some thirty years. There was no such thing as a mounted highwayman known in the neighbourhood of London; street-robberies had become very rare; burglaries were not common. The face of things had been wonderfully changed since the London thieves plotted to stop Queen Anne's coach as she returned from supper in the city; and since highwaymen committed robberies in noon-day in the immediate vicinity of the capital, and slowly rode through the villages without any one daring to stop them. But the application of a scientific discovery had as much to do with some of these beneficial results as the greater vigilance of a police. When London became lighted with gas, half the work of prevention of crime was accomplished.

It is pleasant to think what has been done in this matter in our own day. Birmingham, Halifax, Manchester, had employed gas as a means of lighting manufactories very early in the present century; but London first adopted this beautiful light in her public streets. Pall-Mall was thus illuminated in 1807; and we certainly owe this application of the invention (although to the invention itself he can have no claim) to the sanguine perseverance of a German, named Winsor. He raised a subscription of 50,000*l.* for his experiments; and not a penny came back to the subscribers. But he lighted a street. For several years Pall-Mall alone was so lighted. His extravagant expectations of enormous profits to his subscribers had utterly failed; but the principle could not fail. The business of the first chartered company was also long unprofitable; but in fourteen years they had conquered every difficulty. Other companies were rapidly established; and the metropolis now burns gas in every square, street, alley, lane, passage, and court. It was shown in 1823, upon a parliamentary investigation into the affairs of the chartered company, that they produced six hundred and eighty thousand cubic feet of gas every night, giving a light equal to thirty thousand pounds of tallow candles. The consumption of the metropolis is now reckoned at nearly nine millions of cubic feet in twenty-four hours; so that the production of gas in London *every* night is equal to the light of four hundred thousand pounds of tallow candles. Compare this with the one "candle with a cotton wick," hung up here and there, from six to eleven o'clock on dark nights. In 1736, when public lamps were to a certain extent established, the City had only one thousand throughout all its great thoroughfares and numberless lanes and alleys. Should we err in saying that the light of these thousand lamps was not more than equal to that of one hundred pounds of tallow candles? This slight computation supplies food for thought.

But if the nightly illumination of London is to be presented to the mind in a picturesque shape, let us recollect how Richard Niccols described the illumination of the bonfires and cresset-lights of Midsummer-Eve, startling the shepherd tending his flocks on the neighbouring hills. There is a nobler and far more brilliant illumination now lighting up this mighty city, from sunset to sunrise every night throughout the year. The noblest prospect in the world is London from Hampstead Heath on a bright winter's evening. The stars are shining in heaven, but there are thousands of earthly stars glittering in the city there spread before us: and as we look into any small space of that wondrous illumination, we can trace long lines of light losing themselves in the general splendour of the distance, and we can see the dim shapes of mighty buildings afar off, showing their dark masses amidst the glowing atmosphere that hangs over the capital for miles, with the edges of flickering clouds gilded as if they were touched by the first sunlight. This is a spectacle that men look not upon, because it is common; and so we walk amidst the nightly splendours of Cheapside, and forget what it was in the days of Marching Watches. But in all these things we may trace the progressive growth of a principle. A city has made some progress in civilisation when its institutions are sufficiently compact for men to be agreed upon union for their common safety. It has made a great progress when that union, however imperfectly directed, exhibits itself in occasional magnificence amidst habitual poverty of expenditure. There is another stage when the pomp is abandoned, and the capital wasted upon it is dedicated to some general improvement. The extent of the improvement is a question only of time. The two thousand cresset-lights of the Midsummer-Eve of 1510, and the thousands upon thousands of the nightly gas-lights of 1841, are not so widely separated as the lapse of three hundred years might appear to say. They are to be associated as much as they are to be contrasted. The lamplighter of 1800 appears to belong almost as little to our own day as the ancient cresset-bearer.





[General View of the Church from the South.]

VII.—ST. MARY OVERIES.

Romance has of late years borrowed much from the stores which our antiquaries and topographers have been so long and so industriously heaping up, and with its "wizard" touch has re-animated the dry bones and crumbling particles, till the past has again become the present, and the shapes around which hang so many of our dearest recollections have once more lived and moved before our eyes,—their entire being, physical, moral, and mental, revealed to our earnest curiosity. It is pity that the antiquaries and the topographers, on their part, do not reciprocate such friendly advances. Romance would do much for them. So far, however, are they from thinking so, that, even when anything of the kind comes in their way—is so forced upon their attention that they *must* notice it—nothing can be more characteristic than their treatment of the impertinence. How suspiciously they peer into its genealogy; how curtly they dismiss it if no flaw be there discoverable; how triumphantly if there be! They want no Rosamond's Bower to bloom for them. The Lion Heart may remain in captivity for ever, rather than Blondel, under such touching and beautiful circumstances, shall discover his abode, and be the means of his relief. So, in the history of the noble church we are about to describe, Mary Overy, plying to and fro between the opposite shores of the great river, before a single metropolitan bridge existed, and devoting her earnings, as well as the earnings of her parents before her, to the erection of a religious house on its banks,—even she, poor maiden, hardly escapes their hands: they would deprive her of all honours, based though they be upon nine or ten centuries of grateful recollection. And why would they do this? Why, whilst few traditions are better authenticated than this of the ferryman's daughter, should few or none of the local historians give it frank and hearty credence? Why should most of them make a point of questioning its truth? Let us see what the evidence is. And first we shall call one of their own body (honest John Stow, the prince of topographers, because he has some of the spirit of poetry about him) into court. He favours us with two separate depositions. The first, where he states his *authority to be "Linsted, last prior of St. Mary Overies,"* we have already transcribed in our account of London Bridge;* the other, in which we find some important additions made, runs as follows: "This church, or some other in place thereof, was of *old time, long before the Conquest,* an house of sisters, founded by a maiden named Mary. Unto the which house and sisters she left (as was left her by her parents) the oversight and profits of a cross ferry over the Thames there kept before that any bridge was builded. This House of Sisters was afterwards by Swithin, a noble lady, converted into a college of priests, who, in place of the ferry, builded a bridge of timber, &c. * * * * In the year 1106 was this church again founded for canons regular, by William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncy, Kts., Normans."† It will be observed that the statement here put upon record is direct and unqualified; indeed it is highly probable that Linsted spoke not only from the traditional, but also from the written, records of the house, which, being in Latin, were all destroyed a few years after the dissolution of the house at the Reformation, as "superstitious" remains of the Catholic church. At all events, whatever Linsted's story may be worth as regards the bridge, it is, as regards St. Mary Overies, deserving of every credit, because supported by other and most satisfactory proofs. Thus we learn from him, and in express words *from him only,* that the foundation of St. Mary Overies dated from a period "long before the Conquest." Now, first, it is certain that there *was* a religious house in Southwark at the early period referred to:—"The Bishop [of Bayeux] has in Southwark *one monastery* and one harbour. King Edward [the Confessor] held it on the day he died. Whoever held the church held it of the King." And, secondly, it is almost equally certain that St. Mary Overies was that religious house, "there being no pretence," says Bishop Tanner (a high authority), "for any other to claim to be as old as the Confessor's time." Surely this is good evidence; but it is not all. There is much reason to believe that a portion of that very early building still remains. "Recently, when digging for a family vault in the centre of the choir of the church, near the altar, it was found necessary to cut through a very ancient foundation wall, which *never could have formed any part of the present edifice;* the situation exactly corresponds with that of the House of Sisters,"‡ described by Stow as near the east part of the present St. Mary Overies, "above the choir," and where he says *Mary* was buried. Lastly, there is the name itself. Who is meant by St. Mary? Not certainly the mother of Jesus, for a *part* of the edifice (the well-known Lady

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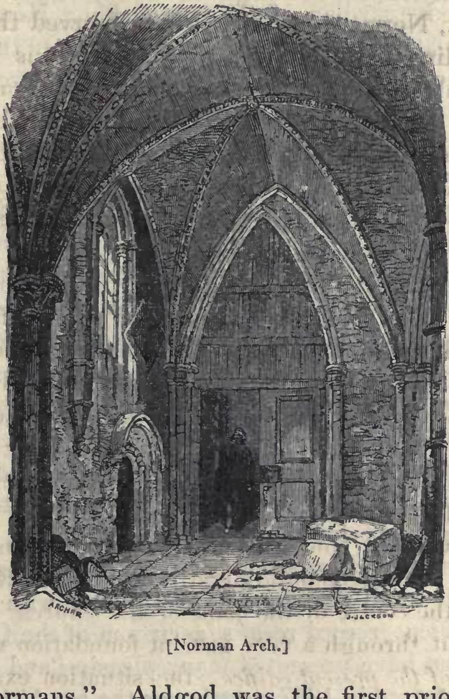
* Pages 77, 78.

† Strype's Stow, vol. ii. p. 773.

‡ Taylor's 'Annals of St. Mary Overy;' a work to which we are bound to express our obligations for much interesting matter overlooked by preceding historians.

Chapel) is expressly dedicated to her; on the other hand, it was a matter of common occurrence in the early ages of the Christian church to enter the names of the benefactors of religious communities in their "*canon*" books, which names were recited from time to time with honour, and the persons thenceforward held as *sancti*, or saints; and hence the word "*canonization.*" Such, doubtless, was the process that transformed the ferryman's daughter into St. Mary Overy: the latter word meaning either *Over* the *Rhé* (the Saxon word for river), or, *o' the Ferry*,—easily corrupted into Overy, when the bridge had put aside the more primitive method of transport, and the original meaning of the phrase was forgotten. The last is, in all probability, the true derivation; "for in some very ancient records the church is called St. Mary *at the Ferry*."* So that, on the whole, we think we are fully justified in once more declaring our faith in the history of the ferryman's daughter, and in stating our firm belief that tradition, Linsted, and Stow, are right in this their account of the foundation of one of the most interesting, beautiful, and least known of London edifices.

The second foundation of St. Mary Overies was, as we have seen, for canons regular;† and the founders were "William Pont de l'Arche, and William Dauncy, Knights, Normans." Aldgod was the first prior. Gifford, the then bishop of Winchester, who about the same period built the splendid palace adjoining, was also a great benefactor: indeed the erection of the entire nave is attributed to him. Others rendered assistance of a different but no less



[Norman Arch.]

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* Moss and Nightingale's St. Saviour's.

† Canons of the order of St. Augustine, who were less strict in their discipline than the monks generally Their costume was a white tunic, with a black cloak, and a hood covering the head, neck, and shoulders.

useful kind. Alexander Fitzgerald gave two weys of cheese, and his grandson Henry a field of wheat. The ceremonies attending the presentation of important gifts are strikingly illustrated in the instance of the second Earl of Warren, who, in presenting his church of Kircesfield to the new priory, placed a knife upon the altar, in confirmation of the grant. Of the building erected at this period, there remained in the nave, till the late alterations, four massy round pillars (differing from all the others, of a later date, which supported the roof), and the very ancient Norman arch which was discovered a few years since buried in the thickness of the wall of the north aisle, and which led, it is supposed, into the cloisters that extended along the northern side of St. Mary Overies.

In the great fire of Southwark in 1212 * the Priory received so much damage, that the canons founded an hospital in the neighbourhood, where they performed all the services of their church until St. Mary Overies was repaired. From this hospital arose the well-known St. Thomas's. About five-and-twenty years after this sad calamity the chapel of St. Mary Magdalen was founded by Peter de Rupibus [Peter des Roches], who was consecrated Bishop of Winchester, at Rome, by the Pope, having previously distinguished himself as a follower of Richard I., and received the honour of knighthood at his hands. On the death of the Earl of Pembroke he was appointed guardian of the young king, Henry III., but was soon supplanted by his great rival, Hubert de Burgh. Of the state of the Priory in the beginning of the fourteenth century there is an interesting record; it is an answer to the application of the king, Edward I., to admit one of his aged servants into their body. They state that they are so poor that the whole of their goods, rents, and possessions cannot afford sufficient for their own maintenance without the "pious bounty of the faithful;" and then continue:—"our church, too, which now for thirty years last past (oh shame!) has been in ruin, we have laboured our utmost about the repairs of, since the beginning of that time, yet we have only been able to proceed so far in its restoration (hindered by vexatious and burdensome exactions, as well in spiritual as in temporal) as to build our campanile. Moreover, through that continued resistance which without ceasing we attempt against the violence of the River Thames (on whose banks our little house is situated), and for the safety of our church, our strength would not suffice for our own security, were the danger not lessened happily on the one hand by a subsidy, on the other by our being immediately furnished by ourselves," &c. † During the period that the monks had been so piously struggling to repair their church, Walter Archbishop of York (in 1273) promulgated thirty days' indulgence to all who should assist them; with what success does not appear. Another ancient record recalls a custom of the Catholic church in the olden times, which must have presented many pleasing and picturesque features. The Priory passed a statute in 1337, restricting the *boy-bishop* to the limits of his own parish. The personage thus referred to was a child commonly chosen from among the choristers by them on St. Nicholas' Day (December 6), to assume the dignity and perform some of the offices of a bishop, until the following Innocents' Day, wearing all the while the mitre, and bearing the pastoral staff. On the eve of that day, the chorister as bishop, and his companions as prebends, walked in procession to the church, preceded by the dean and canons. As he went he was feasted by the people, and bestowed in return his blessing, which was highly coveted.

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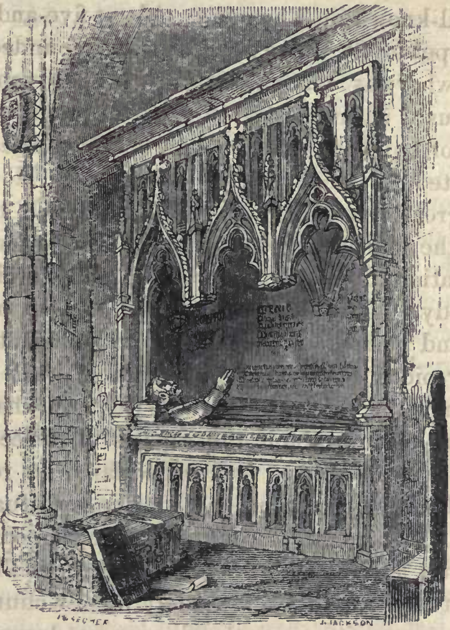
* See 'London Bridge,' p. 82.

† Bundela Brevium et Literam in Turro, London. Ann. 32 Edw. I. Translated in Taylor's 'Annals.'

We arrive now at one of the most interesting events in the history of St. Mary Overies—its restoration about the close of the fourteenth century, when the poet *Gower* contributed the principal funds. This church was doubtless endeared to him by a peculiar tie: he was married here, in 1397, to Alice Groundolf, by the celebrated William of Wickham, who then held the see of Winchester; and here their ashes repose. A small monument marked the site of her resting-place, according to Leland, which has long disappeared; his is doubtless destined to last as long as the beautiful edifice which enshrines it.



[Gower's Monument.]

This monument, now in the south transept, was originally in a part of the north aisle of the nave, called St. John's Chapel, where it was placed in accordance with the poet's directions as expressed in his will. He writes, "I leave my soul to God my Creator; and my body to be buried in the church of the Canons of the blessed Mary de Overes, *in a place expressly provided for it.*"

The gratitude of the canons to their generous benefactor was marked by their long continuing to perform a yearly obiit to his memory, and by hanging up a tablet beside the monument with the inscription "that whosoever prayeth for the soul of John Gower, he shall, so oft as he so doth, have a M and a D days of pardon." Of the sumptuous beauty of this monument our engraving furnishes the best description; we confine ourselves, therefore, to a notice of the inscriptions, and of such other portions as are not there distinguishable. Each of the three inscriptions seen at the back was originally supported by a Virgin crowned; the first named "Charity," with the lines,*

> "In thee who art the Son of God the Father,
> Be he saved that lies under this stone!"

the second named "Mercy," with the lines,

> "O good Jesu, show thy mercy
> To the soul whose body lies here;"

and the third named "Pity," with the lines,

> "For thy pity, Jesu, have regard
> And put this soul in safe keeping."

The words "Charity," "Mercy," and "Pity," are painted in red above their respective couplets, which are in black, with the exception of the initial letters, also in red. Running across beneath these inscriptions is another, to the following effect, similarly painted, which has been thus rendered:—

> "His shield henceforth is useless grown;
> To pay Death's tribute slain:
> His soul 's with pious freedom flown;
> Where spotless spirits reign."

In the front we read, "Here lies John Gower, Esquire, a celebrated English poet, also a benefactor to the sacred edifice in the time of Edward III. and Richard II." On the purple and gold band, with fillets of roses, which encircles his head, are the words "Merci Jhū." The three gilded volumes which support the latter bear the names of Gower's principal works,—the 'Speculum Meditantis,' written in French, a work of precepts and examples, recommending the chastity of the marriage-bed; the 'Vox Clamantis,' in Latin, having the insurrection of Wat Tyler for its subject; and the 'Confessio Amantis,' in English, where an unhappy lover is solaced by his priest's pouring out a profusion of stories and disquisitions. The last alone has been printed, and it is upon that his fame as a poet deservedly rests. The very interesting circumstance attending its production, when Richard II. asked him "to book some new thing," has been already described in the 'Silent Highway.' On the wall at his feet are his arms, and a hat or helmet, with a red hood bordered with ermine, and surmounted by his crest, a dog. In the last four or five years of Gower's life he became blind, and was, he pathetically complains,

> "Condemn'd to suffer life, devoid of light."

One would like to know whether he had previously seen the beautiful edifice he had expended his treasure to rear, or whether he knew that beauty only by listening to its praises from other and much less deeply interested admirers.

Two years after Gower's death, and the magnificent funeral obsequies which doubtless ushered the mortal remains to their last earthly home, a very different but still more magnificent spectacle graced St. Mary Overies. This was the marriage of Edmund Holland, Earl of Kent, in 1406, with Lucia, eldest daughter of Barnaby, Lord of Milan. The bridegroom received 100,000 ducats as a portion. Henry IV. himself gave away the bride at the church-door, and afterwards led her to the banquet prepared at Winchester Palace. The princess did not, we may presume, find her recollections of the church or of the act there solemnized unpleasing, for at her death she left the canons six thousand crowns for masses for the souls of her husband and self.

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* These inscriptions are here translated literally and prosaically from the original couplets; of which we here transcribe the first:—

> "En toy qui es Filz de Dieu le Pere,
> Sauve soit qui gist sous cest pierre."

Will our readers look once more upon the engraving of Gower's monument? They will there see on the pillar at the side a cardinal's hat, with certain arms beneath. To that slight memorial is attached a long train of recollections, many of them of the highest interest. The arms are of the Beaufort family; the hat is Cardinal Beaufort's—that wealthy and ambitious prelate, whose deathbed has been painted by Shakspere in such awful colours:—

> "Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
> Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
> He dies, and makes no sign."

There is reason, however, to hope that Beaufort's deathbed was not of so fearful a character as the poet intimates. The memorials of him placed here are supposed to commemorate his assistance to the rebuilding of the church, which Gower, perhaps, had but partially completed. Beaufort was consecrated Bishop of Winchester in 1404, the very year in which Gower died. But the principal associations suggested by those memorials are of a much more absorbing nature than any we have yet intimated; to us they speak of an event in which the wily Cardinal had, it is said, the principal share,—the marriage of the royal poet of Scotland, James I., to Jane, a young lady of great personal and mental accomplishments, daughter of the Cardinal's deceased brother, the Earl of Somerset, and a near relation of the King. If one were to seek no further than the pages of many of the old chroniclers, we should say that the whole end and aim of the match was to allay whatever angry feelings might have been produced by James's long captivity in England, and connect the crowns of England and Scotland by a powerful tie; but we know, from the exquisite poem which records James's feelings and sentiments whilst in captivity,* that a deeper emotion than statesmen take account of thrilled through his heart when that marriage was made. Windsor Castle had ceased to be a prison long before its gates were flung wide open for his departure. Looking out upon the garden which lay before his window, "I saw," he says, "one fresh May morrow,—

> "walking under the tower
> Full secretly new coming her to plain,
> The fairest and the freshest youngé flower
> That ever I saw, methought, before that hour."

Lost in wonder he doubted whether it was

> "a worldly creáture,
> Or heavenly thing in likeness of natúre,"

that he saw before him, with that "golden hair" and "chaplet fresh of hue," and

> "Beauty enough to make a world to dote."

Was he prisoner after this? Yes, but it was Jane Beaufort who held the keys.

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* The "King's Quair."

This is not the place to enter into the transactions of the time concerning his release; suffice it to say he was released, and a considerable portion of the sum charged for his eighteen years' maintenance * was resigned by way of dowry. The marriage feast was of course held at the Cardinal's palace adjoining, and in a style befitting the rank of the guests, the importance of the occasion, and the station and opulence of the entertainer, who was then the richest man in England. The mother of Jane (now Queen of Scotland), her uncles, and other kindred, literally showered presents upon her of "plate, jewels, gold, and silver, rich furniture, cloths of arras, such as at that time had not been seen in Scotland; and, amongst other gorgeous ornaments, a suit of hangings in which the labours of Hercules were most curiously wrought. And being thus furnished of all things fit for her estate, her two uncles (the Cardinal and the Duke of Exeter), and divers other noble men and ladies, accompanied her and King James her husband into his own kingdom of Scotland, where they were received of his subjects with all joy and gladness."† The connection so romantically begun was blessed with more than ordinary happiness: the hearts of the Scottish writers seem to warm as they speak of the Queen's beauty, virtue, and conjugal affection. And as to him, the accomplished student—musician—poet, did the title *king* enhance or diminish his claims to love and admiration? Drummond of Hawthornden answers for us:—"Of the former kings (of Scotland) it might be said, the nation made the kings, but *this king made that people a nation.*" ‡ A terrible death, however, awaited him. The turbulent nobles, whom his vigour kept in awe, conspired against James. On the 24th of February, 1437, whilst he was conversing with the Queen and her attendant ladies just before retiring to rest, the murderers were heard at the door. James, knowing their aim, instantly tore up one of the planks of the flooring and descended into the vaults beneath; but he could not escape his remorseless pursuers. In vain did the Queen throw herself between him and the assailants: she was twice wounded, and at length torn forcibly away, and the murder accomplished. Yet in the history of the poet-king even this atrocious deed stands not without its own peculiar relief. A sublime spirit of self-devotion characterized that dreadful hour, and exhibited itself, as the purest and highest self-devotion generally does, in a woman's gentle form.

In the Lansdowne MS. § there is a curious record concerning a charge of heresy, brought against Joane Baker in 1510, for having said that "she was sorry she had gone in so many pilgrimages, *as to St. Saviour's*, and divers other pilgrimages." St. Mary Overies is supposed to have received its modern name of St. Saviour's after its dissolution, in 1539, at the general breaking up of the religious houses, when the parishes of St. Mary Magdalen and St. Margaret were consolidated, and the Priory church purchased from the King for divine worship. The passage just quoted, however, shows that the latter was known as St. Saviour's nearly thirty years before. In 1532 a dole was given here at the door, which attracted such multitudes of people that several persons were smothered in the crowd. Two or three years later the King, Henry VIII., ordered a public procession to take place in the church, with what object does not appear; but it was performed with great ceremony and splendour. The canons, perhaps, had a foreboding that it would be the last opportunity of the kind afforded them. Fosbroke* has minutely described a scene of this nature:—

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* Though the detention of James was a most unjustifiable proceeding, never was captive more honourably used. The very best possible education that the age could furnish was given to him. Bishop Leighton said only the truth when, addressing Henry VI. for his release, he observed, "His abode with you seemeth rather to have been a remaining in an academy than in any captivity."

† Drake's Historia Anglo-Scotica.

‡ History of the Lives and Reigns of the Five Jameses, Kings of Scotland.

§ 978, v. 44, p. 129.

> "Then two and two they march'd, and loud bells toll'd;
> One from a sprinkle holy water flung;
> This bore the relics in a chest of gold,
> On arm of that the swinging censer hung:
> Another loud a tinkling hand-bell rung;
> Four fathers went that ringing monk behind,
> Who suited psalms of holy David sung;
> Then o'er the cross a stalking sire inclin'd,
> And banners of the church went waving in the wind."

In 1539 the Priory was dissolved, and its prior, Linsted, pensioned off with 100*l.* a year. The annual revenue at this period was 624*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* During Wyatt's insurrection, in 1554, St. Mary Overies had a narrow escape from destruction; he and his soldiers having posted themselves in Southwark, the lieutenant of the Tower "bent seven great pieces of ordnance, culverins, and demi-cannons, full against the foot of the bridge, and against Southwark, and the two steeples of St. Olave's and St. Mary Overies, beside all the pieces on the White Tower, and three fauconets over the Water-gate."† The inhabitants of Southwark were greatly alarmed, and begged Wyatt to depart, which he did. His soldiers, however, sacked the palace, and destroyed its extensive library. The next year showed but too clearly that Wyatt had not struggled against any imaginary evils. Persecution in its worst shape—religious persecution—and carried to an extreme which England has never known before or since—was then begun, by the appointment of a commission to sit in St. Mary Overies for the trial of heretics. On the 28th of January Bishop Hooper and John Rogers were called before this council, excommunicated, and sent to prison till the following day, when they were again brought up with John Bradford, and sentence passed. Drs. Croome and Ferrars, and Mr. Saunders, appeared the next day before this dread tribunal of bigots. On the 4th of February the first victim, John Rogers, went, with indomitable courage, to the stake at Smithfield. Others rapidly followed, and within the three years next ensuing between two and three hundred persons thus perished. Of the spirit that actuated these martyrs, plain John Bradford's letter to Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, written about this period, affords as good an example as some of the more brilliant passages which have been preserved in connexion with this subject. "This day, I think, or to-morrow at the uttermost, hearty Hooper, sincere Saunders, and trusty Taylor end their course and receive their crown. The next am I, which hourly look for the porter to open me the gates after them, to enter into the desired rest." What could persecution do with men like these? Not four years after the commission had sat, and sent its Protestant victims by wholesale to the stake, we find an order to dispose of the "Popish vestments," for the purpose of repairing the church; consisting of robes of black velvet and crimson satin, with "lyans" of silver, and knobs of gold, a deacon's cope of green velvet and crimson, with flowers of gold, &c.; and two years later all the valuable Latin records of the Priory were burnt, as we have before intimated, as "superstitious" remains of Popery. About 1578 the church was repaired in many parts, "and within throughout richly and very worthily beautified." Under the year 1607 we find in the Register of Burials of St. Mary Overies a few words that serve rather to stimulate than to satisfy the imagination:—"Edmond Shakspere, player, in the church." This was the great dramatist's brother; and who, doubtless, was followed to the grave by *him* as chief mourner. A somewhat similar recollection belongs to the year 1625, when the same register records the death and burial of "Mr. John Fletcher, a man, in the church."* It is curious that *Mr.* should be prefixed to the name of this great poet; a feature which distinguishes it from hundreds of others. Aubrey thus describes the circumstances attending his death:—"In the great plague of 1625 a knight of Norfolk or Suffolk invited him into the country: he stayed but to make himself a suit of clothes, and, while it was making, fell sick and died; this I heard from the tailor, who is now a very old man and clerk of St. Mary Overy." We conclude this (the historical) portion of our notice with a passage from Strype's Stow, written about 1713, and describing its state, &c., at that time:—"This is now a very magnificent church, since the late reparation. It hath an huge organ, which was procured by voluntary subscription. The repair (it is said) cost the parish 2600*l.*, and that well laid out. The old monuments are all refreshed and new painted." A still more important reparation has taken place within the last few years, both of the building and its exceedingly interesting monuments. In all, we believe, above eighty thousand pounds have been expended on this structure in the present century.

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* Economy of Monastic Life.

† Chron. of London Bridge.

No one who has passed over the present London Bridge can be at a loss to know the site of St. Mary Overies; and there can be but few who have not in so passing stopped some time or other at its foot to gaze upon that noble cathedral-looking edifice, partly buried in the hollow on the western side of the High Street. Whatever advantages belong to a commanding position are absent here; yet St. Mary Overies *has* advantages even of position which belong peculiarly to itself. Its very lowness enables you, as it were, to look over it, and take in at a glance the great size and noble proportions. Its plan is very simple, being that of a cross, formed by the Lady Chapel, choir, and nave, extending in a straight line nearly three hundred feet eastward from where we stand, and by the transepts extending from the main body about forty feet north and south. Where the nave, choir, and transepts join, about the centre of the pile, rises the tower, some thirty-five feet square, and one hundred and fifty high, yet light-looking and handsome from the numerous windows with which it is pierced and the elegant pinnacles that surmount it. In the last repair of the tower, in 1818, it was found necessary to circle its entire breadth with three stages of iron bars or ties; they are, however, quite undistinguishable from the masonry. Along the north or river side of St. Mary Overies extends a vast pile of warehouses, which shut off all access in that direction; but on the south is a large open space, from whence may be obtained an excellent lateral view. From the farther corner of this spot might have been seen, till recently, the view shown in the engraving at the head of this paper; that is, before the nave was swept away, and a modern-looking church, whose lancet windows make but a sorry substitute for the picturesque outlines of the old building, erected in its place.

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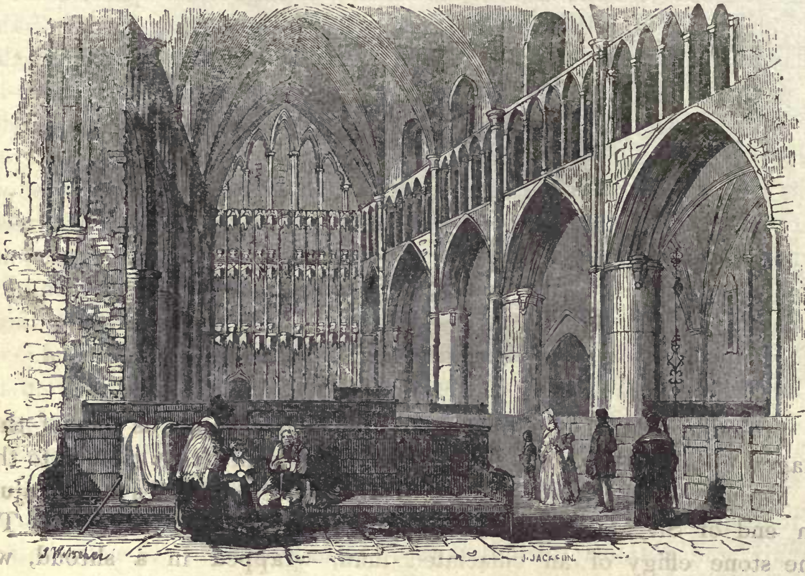
* In the "Tabard," page 58, it is stated that Fletcher and Massinger lie in one grave in the churchyard. The above record proves this to have been a mistake.

Of this new church we need not say much. Its front, which forms the western extremity of St. Mary Overies, is chiefly conspicuous for its bold buttresses, its great window and pyramidal top. Within there is a light, airy, and somewhat elegant appearance produced by the tall, slender columns (with round richly-carved capitals) which support the vaulted roof. The organ, a magnificent instrument, is a genuine part of the old pile, although recently enlarged.

Leaving the new church, we pass round through the churchyard to the entrance of the old. Here Massinger lies. This is a dreary place for a poet's remains to rest in. There is scarcely a patch of green to be found, much less a flower. A few miserable trees there are to be sure, but even they have all shrunk together into a corner against the wall, where, as they can get no farther, they remain, and patiently dwindle away. Scattered about are a few half-formed graves, looking like so many heaps of rubbish; and we cannot move without striking before us some crumbling remains of humanity.

We must not omit to notice, in passing, the projecting transept with its beautiful window, which is a restoration of the exquisite work discovered a few years ago among the remains of Winchester Palace: it doubtless lighted the noble hall of the latter, the very scene of the banquet before referred to, on that happiest of the days of the far from unhappy life (notwithstanding his captivity and awful death) of the royal poet of Scotland. Having passed the transept, we find ourselves opposite the choir with its pinnacled buttresses, sending off, like so many protecting arms, its flying arches to the lower-roofed aisle by its side. From the aisle formerly projected the chapel founded by Bishop Rupibus, which was large enough to be used as the parish church of St. Mary Magdalen before the consolidation of the latter into St. Saviour's. It injured the simplicity of the edifice, however, and was very properly removed when it became necessary to rebuild the greater portion of the choir in 1822-3. Through a small pointed arched doorway we obtain admittance to the interior: and a more beautiful and accurate specimen of the architecture of the thirteenth century, restored though it be, it would perhaps be impossible to find, than that which here meets the eye. Yet if the *part* be thus beautiful, what must have been the effect of the *whole*, when the entire length of the church from the altar-screen—including the choir, the intersection of the transepts (with the light from the windows of the tower streaming down), and the nave—was all open, and the eye passed along a magnificent perspective of pillars below, and story upon story of arches above, till it rested on the fine old western window at the extremity, nearly two hundred and fifty feet distant? The nave is now gone, and a screen reaching to the roof shuts off all view beyond the transepts. We must, however, make the most of what remains to us; and so let us stand for a moment with our back to this screen, and enjoy the beautiful scene here pictured.

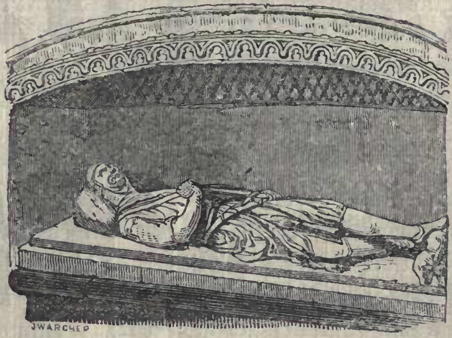


[The Choir.]

The pews and other paraphernalia have been recently removed; and the beautiful but dilapidated altar-screen, supposed to have been erected by Bishop Fox (from the pelican, his favourite device, being in the cornice), most exquisitely restored. There remains but to sweep away a most unsightly mass of staircasing between the transepts, which at present forms the only entrance to the galleries of the new church, to make St. Mary Overies all that the most enthusiastic antiquary could desire. We must pause a moment longer before the screen. It consists essentially of four stories of niches for statues, divided by half-length projecting figures of angels. The centre forms three larger niches, one above the other, which give an air of grandeur to the whole. At the bottom are the Commandments inscribed in an antique-looking letter, with all the adornments of gay colours and bright gilding. The whole work is most exquisitely sculptured and most profusely ornamented. Here men are chasing animals, there supporting the slender angular-shaped shafts or buttresses which divide the niches from each other. Grotesque heads peep out from this part, fair flowers and foliage attract the eye to that; yet these details are all subordinate to the general effect: it is not the less a chaste because a most richly elaborate work of art.

One of the most interesting sepulchral remains of St. Mary Overies is the effigy of the Knight Templar, who lies in a wooden frame or box in the choir, though we have taken the liberty of removing him to a place to which we think he more properly belongs, namely, one of the two arches in the north aisle; which, placed side by side, and exactly alike each other, have evidently had one common origin—have been devoted to some similar and connected purpose.

That connexion we venture to think is, their being the original burial-places of the two founders of the church of 1106, "William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncy, Knights, Normans;" and we further venture to say, it is



highly probable that the effigy represented above shows us one of those two personages. It is hollow and of wood, a circumstance that points to the cause of the loss of its fellow—the fires which at different times have injured the eastern end of St. Mary Overies. Within the box, and below the Templar, lies the stone effigy of an emaciated man, wrapped in a shroud, which is drawn up in a very curious manner, at the back of the head, into a long projecting knot. Stepping into the space between the transepts, we perceive above us the tower, with a flat painted roof, which is supported on four magnificent arches formed by the junction of as many piers; showing, in their size and strength and elastic beauty, how lightly they bear their gigantic burdens, and how many an age must yet pass away before they will grow weary of, or stoop under it. We must ascend the tower if it be only to gaze at the prospect from its summit. Aye, there lies outspread before us, *London*, with all its indistinguishable masses of human dwellings; its crowding spires and turrets; its stately dome towering above all, the central object of the mighty picture, which gives unity, harmony, proportion to the whole; and lastly, there is the great river, which has borne bravely hither upon its capacious bosom the argosies of a thousand ports. The tower is graced by a fine peal of twelve bells, and sundry tablets in the belfry record the exploits performed upon them by the "College," "Cumberland," and other such ambitious "youths." An old church is always a solemn place. The silence,—the repose almost unearthly which hangs about it,—dispose the mind to serious meditation; and in the presence of the many dead lying there, who can forget he is himself mortal? Yet walk round, and examine the memorials which affection, or friendship, or vanity, or ostentatious professing gratitude have reared along its walls, and what a strange medley of associations do we find! The grave brings stranger bedfellows together than poverty—more startling contrasts than the world. Death is everywhere the burden, yet how varied the song! In St. Mary Overies it is as in most other of such edifices; the ludicrous, or merely fanciful, sadly outnumber the pathetic or beautiful epitaphs. That to a lady who is styled "a maid of honour" in celestial dignity is amusing; but it is not equal to one which formerly stood in the Lady Chapel:—

> "Weep not for him, since he is gone before
> To heaven, where *grocers there are many more.*"

The principal monuments of St. Mary Overies extend round the three walls of each of the transepts, and along the north aisle, and are placed generally within lofty pointed arches, corresponding with those shown in our engraving of the choir; and of which, indeed, they make the transepts appear to be but continuations of the choir, running off at right angles. A large monument to the memory of the Rev. T. Jones was erected by two of his parishioners as a memorial of "the edification they received from his faithful labours in the ministry." The monument to William Emerson exhibits a very diminutive emaciated figure in a shroud drawn up behind the head, like that before mentioned. He is lying on a mat, rolled partly up under his head. The whole is most delicately and beautifully sculptured. Gower's monument adjoins this. Immediately opposite, our attention is drawn to one of those specimens of painted sculpture which form so distinguishing a feature of St. Mary Overies. It represents a life-like bust of John Bingham, Esq., saddler to Queen Elizabeth and King James. The complexion and features, the white ruff and black moustachios, the dark jerkin and red waistcoat, of the saddler to royalty, are all here preserved in their natural colours and aspect. Crossing to the north transept, our attention is attracted by a curious emblematical monument, of most imposing appearance, to the memory of William Austin, Esq., 1633, richly painted, carved, and gilded. This is a most remarkable specimen of sculptured allegory—puzzling us with angels, rocks, suns, and serpents. We are doubtless indebted for the invention of the whole to Mr. William Austin himself, whose poem entitled "Certain Devout, Learned, and Godly Meditations," is a fit accompaniment to the *conceits* of the sculpture.

Next to this poet of the sepulchre lies one who doubtless in his day contributed somewhat more than his share to the making that sepulchre populous, Dr. Lockyer, the famous empiric of the time of Charles II. His effigy represents a respectable-looking personage, attired in a thick curled wig and furred gown, pensively reclining upon some pillows, as though he half doubted the truth of the friendly prophecy in his epitaph:—

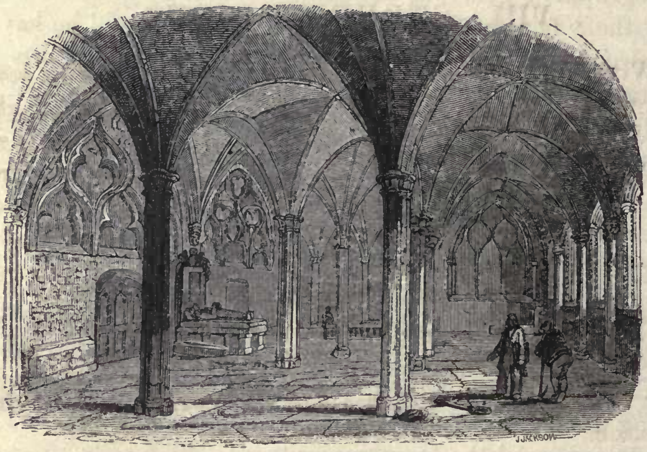
> "His virtues and his pills are so well known,
> That envy can't confine them under stone."

Leaving the transept for the north aisle, we arrive at the monument of John Trehearne, gentleman porter to James I., with the busts of himself and wife, both having the ruff round their necks, gilt buttons down their breasts, and gilt bands round their waists. They hold a tablet between them bearing a quaint inscription.

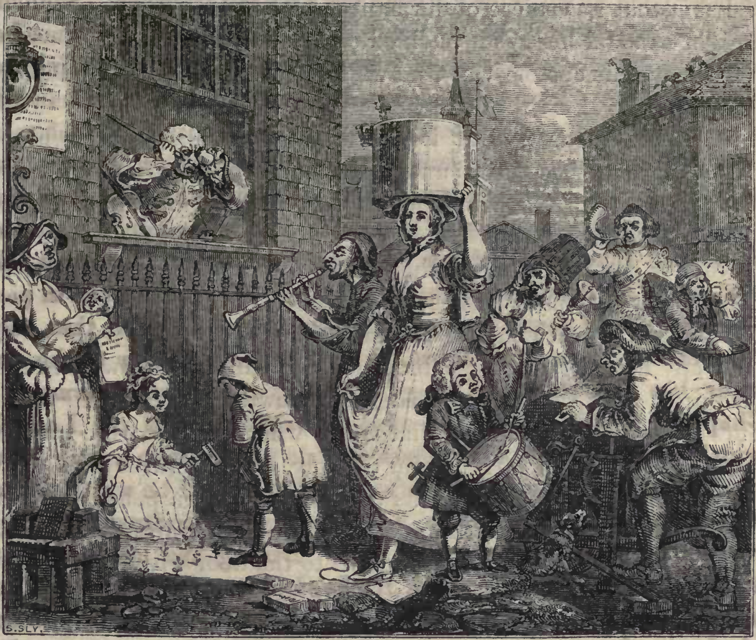
The space opposite, between two of the pillars of the choir, is occupied by the monument of Richard Humble, alderman of London. Upon the top of the tomb, under a large painted and gilded arch, are kneeling figures of the alderman and his two wives. On the front and back of the tomb are representations of their children; that on the north has the following beautiful inscription, which is a slightly varied extract from a poem attributed to Francis Quarles:—

> "Like to the damask rose you see,
> Or like the blossom on the tree,
> Or like the dainty flower of May,
> Or like the morning of the day,
> Or like the sun, or like the shade,
> Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
> Even so is Man, whose thread is spun,
> Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
> The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
> The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
> The sun sets, the shadow flies,
> The gourd consumes, and Man he dies."

A few steps farther we find a door at the extremity of this, the north aisle; we pass through, and find ourselves in the far-famed Lady Chapel; the beautiful building which occupies the eastern extremity of the church, and the very site pointed out by Stow as that of the ancient House of Sisters "beyond the choir," where Mary Overy herself was buried. No monument records her memory, nor is any needed. St. Mary Overies itself is *her* most magnificent mausoleum. Stow speaks of this building as the "*New Chapel*, in former times called Our Lady's Chapel; and indeed, though very old, it now may be called a new one, because newly redeemed from such use and employment as, in respect of that it was built to—divine and religious duties—may very well be branded with the title of wretched, base, and unworthy. For that which before this abuse was, and is now, a fair and beautiful chapel, by those that were then the corporation was leased and let out, and their house of God made a bakehouse. * * * In this place they had their ovens, in that a bolting place, in that their kneading trough, and in another, I have heard, a hog's trough." If the old topographer's generous indignation was so great at the mere temporary desecration of the "fair and beautiful chapel," what would he have said had he lived two hundred years later, and witnessed the strenuous efforts then made for its entire destruction? Never, perhaps, had so fine a work of art so narrow an escape. In preparing the approaches to London Bridge, the Committee agreed to grant a space of sixty feet for the better display of St. Mary Overies, on the condition that the Lady Chapel was swept away. The matter appeared in a fair way for being thus settled, when Mr. Taylor sounded the alarm in one of the daily papers. Thomas Saunders, Esq., and Messrs. Cottingham and Savage, the architects, actively interfered. A large majority of the parishioners, however, decided to accept the proposals of the Committee. In the mean time the gentlemen we have named were indefatigable in their exertions; and they were effectively seconded by the press. At a subsequent meeting there was a majority of three only for pulling down the chapel; and on a poll being demanded and obtained, there ultimately appeared the large majority of 240 for its preservation. The excitement of the hour was prudently used to obtain funds to restore it, which has been most successfully accomplished. Honour to the individuals who so boldly pioneered the way! Having gazed awhile upon those slender, tree-like pillars, sending off their countless branches till they appear to form one "continuity of shade," stretching over all, rather than a mere mason's groined roof—having also admired the effect of the elegantly painted shields of arms which here and there enrich the windows, we now turn an inquiring gaze around to see what else of interest may belong to the Lady Chapel, until the tomb of Bishop Andrews is perceived, which at once arrests and fixes the attention. Seldom has the world seen a man more worthy of its united love and veneration than he whose remains lie here interred; and seldom has the world been so willing as in his case to acknowledge such claims upon it. He was successively Dean of Westminster, Bishop of Chichester, Bishop of Ely, and lastly, in 1618, Bishop of Winchester. His great learning made him a favourite with the King; his piety and virtues with the people; his fascinating eloquence with both. He was one of the authors of our common translation of the Bible. It is recorded that towards the close of his life the manuscript of his 'Manual for Private Devotions,' &c., was scarcely ever out of his hands, and after his death it was found worn in pieces and wet with his tears. That death made a great sensation. Milton, then only about sixteen or seventeen, wrote, in Latin, an impassioned elegy to his memory, which Cowper has translated. The good bishop's tomb was formerly in the Bishop's Chapel, a small edifice projecting eastward beyond the Lady Chapel. It had originally a fair canopy upon black marble pillars, with a long inscription, commencing, "Reader, if thou art a Christian, stay; it will be worth thy tarrying to know how great a man lies here." This canopy was destroyed by the falling in of the roof of the chapel in the fire of 1676. During the late alterations this chapel was pulled down, and the tomb removed to its present site. The latter was then opened, and his coffin seen within, in an excellent state of preservation, closely bricked up. It rested on a cross of brickwork. The leaden coffin bore simply his initials, L. A., Lancelot Andrews.



[The Lady Chapel.]



[The enraged Musician.—Hogarth.]

VIII.—STREET NOISES.

'The Silent Woman,' one of the most popular of Ben Jonson's comedies, presents to us a more vivid picture than can elsewhere be found of the characteristic noises of the streets of London more than two centuries ago. It is easy to form to ourselves a general idea of the hum and buzz of the bees and drones of this mighty hive, under a state of manners essentially different from our own; but it is not so easy to attain a lively conception of the particular sounds that once went to make up this great discord, and so to compare them in their resemblances and their differences with the roar which the great Babel *now* "sends through all her gates." We propose, therefore, to put before our readers this passage of Jonson's comedy; and then, classifying what he describes, illustrate our fine old dramatic painter of manners by references to other writers, and by the results of our own observation.

The principal character of Jonson's 'Silent Woman' is founded upon a sketch by a Greek writer of the fourth century, Libanius. Jonson designates this character by the name of "Morose;" and his peculiarity is that he can bear no kind of noise, even that of ordinary talk. The plot turns upon this affectation; for, having been entrapped into a marriage with the Silent Woman, she and her friends assail him with tongues the most obstreperous, and clamours the most uproarious, until, to be relieved of this nuisance, he comes to terms with his nephew for a portion of his fortune, and is relieved of the Silent Woman, who is in reality a boy in disguise. We extract the dialogue which will form a text to our paper; the speakers being Truewit, Clerimont, and a Page:—

" *True.* I met that stiff piece of formality, his uncle, yesterday, with a huge turban of night-caps on his head, buckled over his ears.

" *Cler.* O! that's his custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noise, man.

" *True.* So I have heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They say he has been upon divers treaties with the fish-wives and orange-women; and articles propounded between them: marry, the chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

" *Cler.* No, nor the broom-men: they stand out stiffly. He cannot endure a costard-monger; he swoons if he hear one.

" *True.* Methinks a smith should be ominous.

" *Cler.* Or any hammer-man. A brasier is not suffer'd to dwell in the parish, nor an armourer. He would have hang'd a pewterer's 'prentice once upon a Shrove-Tuesday's riot, for being of that trade, when the rest were quit.

" *True.* A trumpet should fright him terribly, or the hautboys.

" *Cler.* Out of his senses. The waits of the city have a pension of him not to come near that ward. This youth practised on him one night like the bellman, and never left till he had brought him down to the door with a long sword; and there left him flourishing with the air.

" *Page.* Why, sir, he hath chosen a street to lie in, so narrow at both ends that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefore we that love him devise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breathe him. He would grow resty else in his cage; his virtue would rust without action. I entreated a bearward, one day, to come down with the dogs of some four parishes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his games under Master Morose's window; till he was sent crying away, with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a fencer marching to his prize had his drum most tragically run through, for taking that street in his way at my request.

" *True.* A good wag! How does he for the bells?

" *Cler.* O! in the queen's time he was wont to go out of town every Saturday at ten o'clock, or on holyday eves. But now, by reason of the sickness, the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a room with double walls and treble ceilings; the windows close shut and caulk'd: and there he lives by candle-light."

The first class of noises, then, against which Morose protected his ears by "a huge turban of night-caps," is that of the ancient and far-famed LONDON CRIES. We have here the very loudest of them—fish-wives, orange-women, chimney-sweepers, broom-men, costard-mongers. But we might almost say that there were *hundreds* of other cries; and therefore, reserving to ourselves some opportunity for a special enumeration of a few of the more remarkable of these cries, we shall now slightly group them, as they present themselves to our notice during successive generations.

And first let us go back as far as the days of Henry V. Lydgate, in his very curious poem of 'London Lyckpeny,'[*] has recorded the cries of four centuries ago. He tells us that at the door of Westminster Hall,

"Fleming begun on me for to cry,
Master, what will you copen or buy,
Fine felt hats, or *spectacles to read?*"

Spectacles to read before printing was invented must have had a rather limited market; but we must bear in mind where they were sold. In Westminster Hall there were lawyers and rich suitors congregated,—worshipful men, who had a written law to study and expound, and learned treatises diligently to peruse, and titles to hunt after through the labyrinths of fine and recovery. The dealer in spectacles was a dealer in hats, as we see; and the articles were no doubt both of foreign manufacture. But lawyers and suitors had also to feed, as well as to read with spectacles; and on the Thames side, instead of the coffeehouses of modern date, were tables in the open air, where men every day ate and drank jollily, as they now do at a horse-race:—

"Cooks to me they took good intent,
And preferred me bread with ale and wine,
Ribs of beef both fat and full fine:
A fair cloth they gan for to spread."

London itself seems to have been especially full of food and the cries of feeding. In Eastcheap

"One cries *ribs of beef* and *many a pie*."

In Canwyke Street (Cannon Street)

"Then comes in one crying *hot sheep's feet*."

Those who preferred a vegetable diet had their choice:—

"*Hot peascod* one began to cry:"

and the dessert was not wanting, for there was the cry of

"*Strawberries ripe*, and *cherries in the rise*.[†]"

There were venders of "*pepper and saffron*," bidding him draw near; and the cry which is still heard and tolerated by law, that of *mackerel*, rang through every street. There was the cry of "*rushes green*," which tells us of by-gone customs—rushes *for the floor*. In Cheap (Cheapside) he saw much people standing, who proclaimed the merits of their velvets, silk, lawn, and Paris thread. These, however, were shopkeepers; but their shops were not after the modern fashion of plate-glass windows, and carpeted floors, and lustres blazing at night with a splendour that would put to shame the glories of an eastern palace. They were rude booths, the owners of which bawled as loudly as the itinerants; and they went on bawling for several centuries, like butchers in a market, so that, in 1628, Alexander Gell, a bachelor of divinity, was sentenced to lose his ears and to be degraded from the ministry, for giving his opinion of Charles I., that he was fitter to stand in a Cheapside shop with an apron before him, and say "what lack ye?" than to govern a kingdom.[‡] With unpaved streets, and no noise of coaches to drown any particular sound, we may readily imagine the din of the great London thoroughfares of four centuries ago, produced by all this vociferous demand for custom. The chief body of London retailers were then itinerant,—literally pedlers; and those who had attained some higher station were simply stall-keepers. The streets of trade must have borne a wonderful resemblance to a modern fair. Competition was then a very rude thing, and the loudest voice did something perhaps to carry the customer.

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[*] See 'The Silent Highway,' page 5.

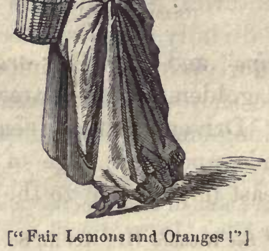
[†] *Rise*—branch, twig, either a natural branch, or tied on sticks as we still see them.

[‡] See Ellis's 'Letters,' vol. iii. p. 276.

If the age of the Stuarts was not the greatest period of London cries (and it is probable that the progress of refinement had abolished many of them), that period has preserved to us the fullest records of their wonderful variety. Artists of all countries and times have delighted to represent those peculiarities of costume and character which belong to the history of cries. Annibal Carracci has immortalized the cries of Bologna; and from the time of James I. to that of George IV., we have woodcuts and etchings almost numberless of the cries and Itinerant Trades of London. There is a very rare sheet of woodcuts in the British Museum, containing twelve cries; and these may be taken, on the authority of Mr. Smith, the late keeper of the prints, as of the same date as Ben Jonson's "fish wives and costard-mongers." We have here the reverend watchman, with his "*Hang out your light,*" and the noisy "bellman," described and engraved in a recent paper. The "orange-women" of Ben Jonson are here figured to the life. The familiar mention of the orange-sellers in the 'Silent Woman,' and this very early representation of one of them, show how general the use of this fruit had become in England at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is stated, though the story is somewhat apocryphal, that the first oranges were imported by Sir Walter Raleigh. It is probable that about his time they first became an article of general commerce. We now consume about two hundred and fifty millions of oranges every year. The orange-women who carried the golden fruit upon their heads through every street and alley, with the musical cry of

"*Fair lemons and oranges,*
Oranges and citrons,"

lasted for a century or two. The 'Cries' of Tempest were published in the beginning of the eighteenth century, but many of the designs, which are by



["Fair Lemons and Oranges!"]

Mauron (sometimes spelt Lauron), belong unquestionably to an earlier period. The orange-woman became, as everything else became, a more prosaic person as she approached our own times. She was a barrow-woman at the end of the last century; and Porson has thus described her :—

> "As I walked through the Strand so cheerful and gay,
> I met a young girl a-wheeling a barrow;
> Fine fruit, sir, says she, and a bill of the play."

The transformation was the same with the cherry-women. The

> "Strawberries ripe, and cherries in the rise,"

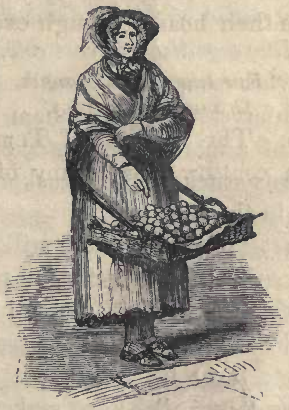
of the days of Henry V., was a poetical cry. It must have come over the ear, telling of sunny gardens not a sparrow's flight from the city, such as that of the Bishop of Ely in Holborn,* and of plenteous orchards which could spare their boughs as well as their fruit. "*Cherry ripe*" was the cry in the seventeenth century; and we all know how Herrick has married the words to poetry which is not the worse for having been as popular in our own day as "Jump Jim Crow:"

> "Cherry ripe—ripe—ripe—I cry,
> Full and fair ones; come, and buy:
> If so be you ask me where
> They do grow? I answer, there,
> Where my Julia's lips do smile,
> There 's the land, or cherry-isle;
> Whose plantations fully show
> All the year where cherries grow."

What a tribute to the fine old poet, who says,

> "I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,"

to have had the dirty lanes of London, two hundred years after his death, made vocal with words that seemed to gush from his heart like the nightingale's song!



[Oranges.—1841.]

But the cries of "*Cherry ripe*" and of "*Fair oranges*" are no longer heard. The barrow laden with its golden or ruby treasures no longer is wheeled securely through the Strand. Driven off the pavement by the throng of population, the orange-woman stands upon the edge of the kerb, poising her laden basket so as to present the least impediment to the passengers, and thus satisfy the inexorable policeman. She is now silent. Even Morose, with his "turban of nightcaps," would shun her not.

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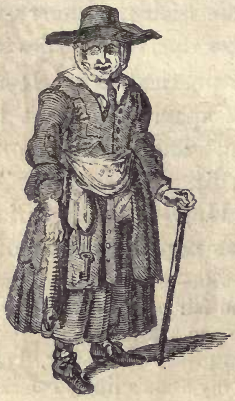
* See Richard III., Act iii. Sc. 5.

We shall not readily associate any very agreeable sounds with the voices of the "fish-wives." The one who cried "*Mackerel*" in Lydgate's day had probably no such explanatory cry as the "*Mackerel alive, alive ho!*" of modern times. In the seventeenth century the cry was "*New mackerel;*" and in the same way we have "*New Wall-fleet oysters,*" and "*New flounders.*" The freshness of fish must have been a considerable recommendation in those days of tardy intercourse. But quantity was also to be taken into the account, and so we find the cries of "*Buy my dish of great smelts;*" "*great plaice;*" "*great mussels.*" Such are the fish-cries in Overton's various collections. The respectable one-eyed lady whom we here present is in Tempest's set; and her cry is "*Four for sixpence, mackerel.*" She is to be contrasted with the damsel gaily tripping with a basket on her head, to the cry of "*Buy my dish of great eels,*" and with another sprightly maiden, who vociferates "*Crab, crab, any crabs?*" The fish-wives are no longer seen in our great thoroughfares. In Tottenham Court Road, indeed, which still retains the character of a market, they stand in long rows as the evening draws in, with paper-lanthorns stuck in their baskets on dark nights; and there they vociferate as loudly as in the old time.

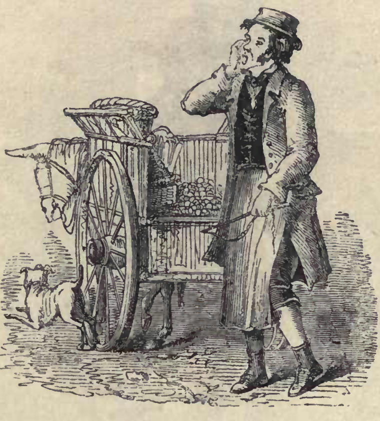


["Four for sixpence, Mackerel!"]

The "costard-monger" that Morose dreaded, still lives amongst us, and is still noisy. He bawls so loud even to this day, that he puts his hand behind his ear to mitigate the sensation which he inflicts upon his own tympanum. He was originally an apple-seller, whence his name; and, from the mention of him in the old dramatists, he appears to have been frequently an Irishman. In Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair,' he cries "*pears.*" Ford makes him cry "*pippins.*" He is a quarrelsome fellow, according to Beaumont and Fletcher:—

> "And then he 'll rail like a rude costermonger,
> That schoolboys had cozened of his apple,
> As loud and senseless."

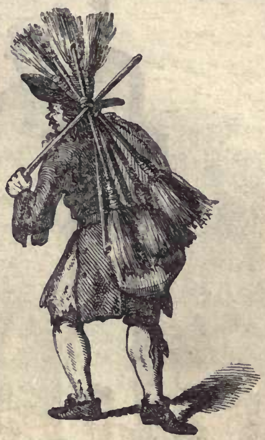
The costermonger is now a travelling shopkeeper. We encounter him not in Cornhill, or Holborn, or the Strand: in the neighbourhood of the great markets and well-stored shops he travels not. But his voice is heard in some silent streets stretching into the suburbs; and there his donkey-cart stands at the door, as the dingy servant-maid cheapens a bundle of cauliflowers. He has monopolized all the trades that were anciently represented by such cries as "*Buy my artichokes, mistress;*" "*Ripe cowcumbers;*" "*White onions, white St. Thomas' onions;*" "*White radish;*" "*Ripe young beans;*" "*Any baking pears;*" "*Ripe speragas.*" He would be indignant to encounter such petty chapmen interfering with his wholesale operations. He would rail against them as the city shopkeepers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries railed against itinerant traders of every denomination. In the days of Elizabeth, they declare by act of common council, that in ancient times the open streets and lanes of the city have been used, and ought to be used, as the common highway only, and not for hucksters, pedlers, and hagglers, to stand and sit to sell their wares in, and to pass from street to street hawking and offering their wares. In the seventh year of Charles I. the same authorities denounce the oyster-wives, herb-wives, tripe-wives, and the like, as "unruly people;" and they charge them somewhat unjustly, as it must appear, with "framing to themselves a way whereby to live a more easy life than by labour."



[Costard-monger.—1841.]

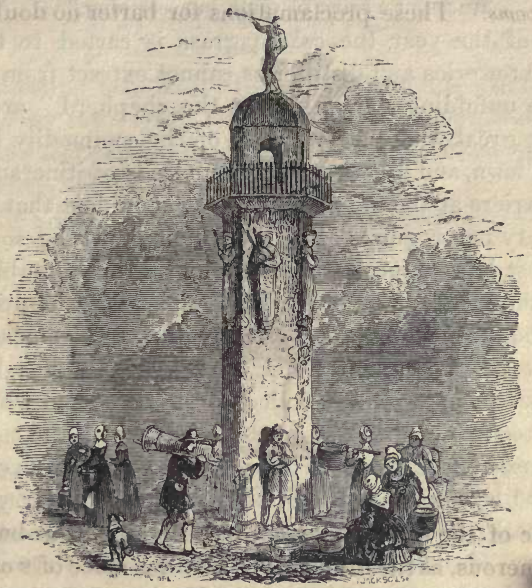
"How busy is the man the world calls idle!"

The evil, as the citizens term it, seems to have increased; for in 1694 the common council threatened the pedlers and petty chapmen with the terrors of the laws against rogues and sturdy beggars, the least penalty being whipping, whether for male or female. The reason for this terrible denunciation is very candidly put: the citizens and shopkeepers are greatly hindered and prejudiced in their trades by the hawkers and pedlers. Such denunciations as these had little share in putting down the itinerant traders. They continued to flourish, because society required them; and they vanished from our view when society required them no longer. In the middle of the last century they were fairly established as rivals to the shopkeepers. Dr. Johnson, than whom no man knew London better, thus writes in the 'Adventurer:' "The attention of a new-comer is generally first struck by the multiplicity of cries that stun him in the streets, and the variety of merchandise and manufactures which the shopkeepers expose on every hand." The shopkeepers have now ruined the itinerants—not by putting them down by fiery penalties, but by the competition amongst themselves to have every article at hand for every man's use, which shall be better and cheaper than the wares of the itinerant. Whose ear is now ever deafened by the cries of the broom-men? The Bavarian broom-women, with their "*buy a broom*" and their hideous songs, belong to the class of street exhibitions. They go with the Savoyard and his monkey and white mice. But the man who bears about real brooms for use has vanished. He was a sturdy fellow in the days of old Morose, carrying on a barter which in itself speaks of the infancy of civilization. His cry was "*old shoes for some brooms.*" These proclamations for barter no doubt furnished a peculiar characteristic of the old London cries. The itinerant buyers were as loud, though not so numerous, as the sellers. The familiar voice of "*old clowze*" has lasted through some generations; but the glories of Monmouth Street were unknown when a lady in a peaked bonnet and a laced stomacher went about proclaiming "*old satin, old taffety, or velvet;*" and a puritanical-looking gentleman, with three hats on his head, and a bundle of rapiers in his hand, bawled "*old cloaks, suits, or coats.*" There was trading then going forward from house to house, which careful housewifery and a more vigilant police have banished from the daylight, if they have not extirpated it altogether. Before the shops are open and the chimneys send forth their smoke, there may be now sometimes seen creeping up an area a sly-looking beldam, who treads as stealthily as a cat. Under her cloak has she a pan, whose unctuous contents will some day assist in the enlightenment or purification of the world, in the form of candles or soap. But the good lady of the house, who is a late riser, knows not of the transformation that is going forward. In the old days she would have heard the cry of a maiden, with tub on head and pence in hand, of "*any kitchen-stuff have you, maids?*" and she probably would have dealt with her herself, or have forbidden her maids to deal. So is it with the old cry of "*any old iron take money for?*" The fellow who then went openly about with sack on back was a thief, and an encourager of thieves; he now keeps a marine-store.



[" Old Shoes for some Brooms!"]

A curious parallel might be carried out between the itinerant occupations which the progress of society has entirely superseded, and those which even the most advanced civilization is compelled to retain. We can here only hastily glance at a few of these differences. The water-carrier is gone. It is impossible that London can ever again see a man bent beneath the weight of a yoke and two enormous pails, vociferating "*New River water.*" In the days of James I. the water-carrier bore a large can upon his shoulders, with a towel over his back and another over his breast, and he was called a tankard-bearer; and he travelled to and from some conduit, whose waters were bright and ever flowing; and, filling his vessel, he dealt out the quarts and gallons of the precious liquid to those who never dreamt of a full supply except they lived near the river-bank or close to the conduit. He is gone. But he still remains in Paris. There are still there some three or four thousand *porteurs d'eau,* who carry water from family to family, either in a cask upon wheels or in pails with yokes. It has been computed that 180,000*l.* is annually paid for this species of labour. In Madrid the same occupation gives subsistence to a very large number of people; and there the passenger is invited to taste the pure element, brought from a distance of thirty miles, by the cry of "Water, fresh water, fresh from the fountain! Who drinks, gentlemen; who drinks?" But the number of persons thus employed, compared with the London *milk-carriers,* is no doubt small. The cry of "*Milk,*" or the rattle of the milk-pail, will never cease to be heard in our streets. There can be no reservoirs of milk, no pipes through which it flows into the houses. The more extensive the great capital becomes, the more active must be the individual exertion to carry about this article of food. The old cry was, "*Any milk here?*" and it was sometimes mingled with the sound of "*Fresh cheese and cream;*" and it then passed into "*Milk, maids below;*" and it was then shortened into "*Milk below;*" and was finally corrupted into "*Mio,*" which some wag interpreted into *mi-eau—demi-eau*—half-water. But it must still be cried, whatever be the cry. The supply of milk to the metropolis is perhaps one of the most beautiful combinations of industry we have. The days are long since past when Finsbury had its pleasant groves, and Clerkenwell was a village, and there were green pastures in Holborn, and St. Pancras boasted only a little church standing in meadows, and St. Martin's was literally in the fields. Slowly but surely does the baked clay stride over the clover and the buttercup; and yet every family in London may be supplied with milk by eight o'clock every morn-

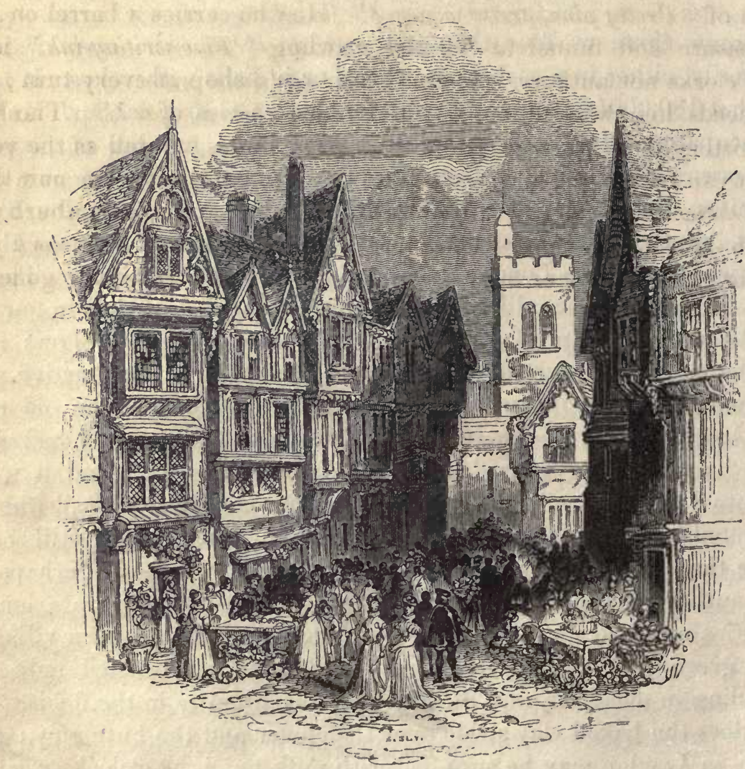


[Conduit in West Cheap.]

ing at their own doors. Where do the cows abide? They are congregated in wondrous masses in the suburbs; and though in spring-time they go out to pasture in the fields which lie under the Hampstead and Highgate hills, or in the vales of Dulwich and Sydenham, and there crop the tender blade,

> "When proud pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
> Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,"

yet for the rest of the year the coarse grass is carted to their stalls, or they devour what the breweries and distilleries cannot extract from the grain harvest. Long before "the unfolding star wakes up the shepherd" are the London cows milked; and the great wholesale venders of the commodity bear it in carts to every part of the town, and distribute it to hundreds of itinerants, who are waiting like the water-carriers at the old conduits. It is evident that a perishable commodity which every one requires at a given hour must be so distributed. The distribution has lost its romance. Misson, in his 'Travels' published at the beginning of the last century, tells us of the May-games of "the pretty young country girls that serve the town with milk." Alas! the May-games and pretty young country girls have both departed, and a milk-woman has become a very unpoetical personage. There are few indeed of milk-women who remain. So it is with most of the occupations that associate London with the country. The cry of "*Water-cresses*" used to be heard from some barefoot nymph of the brook, who at sunrise had dipped her feet into the bubbling runnel, to carry the green luxury to the citizens' breakfast-tables. Water-cresses are now grown like cabbages in gardens. The cry of "*Rosemary and lavender*" once resounded through the thoroughfares; and every alley smelt "like Bucklersbury in simple time," when



["Bucklersbury in simple time."]

the whole street was a mart for odoriferous herbs. Cries like these are rare enough now; yet we have heard them. Crossing a bye-street a week ago we felt an unwonted fragrance in the air; and as some one has truly said that scents call up the most vivid associations, we had visions of a fair garden afar off, and the sports of childhood, and the song of the lark that

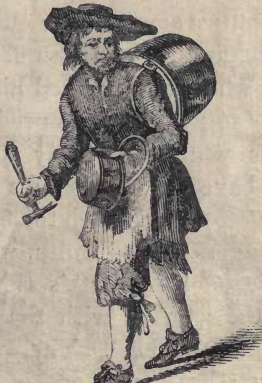
"At my window bade good morrow
Through the sweet briar."

There was a pale-looking man with little bunches in his hand, who with a feeble voice cried, "*Buy my sweet-briar.*" There are still, however, *silent* damsels in the less crowded and fashionable thoroughfares who present the passengers with moss-roses and violets. Gay tells us,

"Successive cries the seasons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the spring."

We no longer hear the cries which had some association of harmonious sounds with fragrant flowers. They degenerated, no doubt, as our people ceased to be musical; and the din of "noiseful gain" exterminated them.

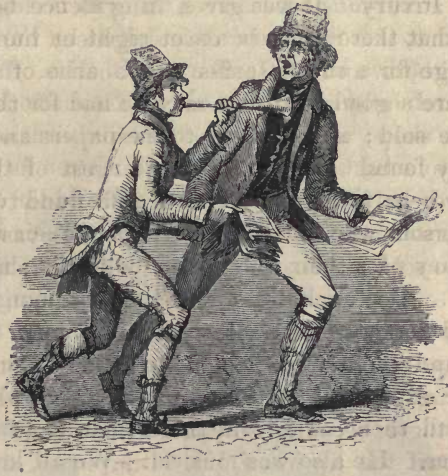
Of the street trades that are past and forgotten, the smallcoal-man was one of the most remarkable. He tells a tale of a city with few fires; for who could now imagine a man earning a living by bawling "*Small coals*" from door to door, without any supply but that in the sack which he carries on his shoulders? His cry was, however, a rival with that of "*Wood to cleave.*" In a capital full of haberdashers, what chance would an aged man now have with his flattering solicitation of "*Pretty pins, pretty women?*" He who carries a barrel on his back, with a measure and funnel at his side, bawling "*Fine writing-ink,*" is wanted neither by clerks nor authors. There is a grocer's shop at every turn; and who therefore needs him who salutes us with "*Lilly-white vinegar?*" The history of cries is a history of social changes. The *working* trades, as well as the venders of things that can be bought in every street, are now banished from our thoroughfares. "*Old chairs to mend*" still salutes us in some retired suburb; and we still see the knife-grinder's wheel; but who vociferates "*Any work for John Cooper?*" or "*A brass pot or an iron pot to mend?*" The trades are gone to those



["Pots to mend!"]

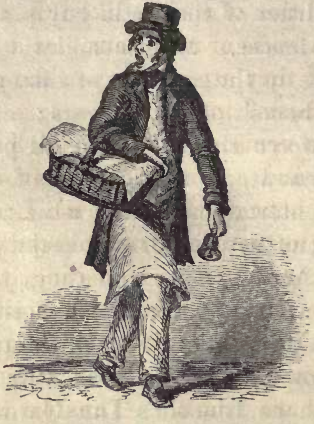
who pay scot and lot. What should we think of our prison discipline now-a-days, if the voice of lamentation was heard in every street, "*Some broken bread and meat for the poor prisoners; for the Lord's sake pity the poor?*" John Howard put down this cry. Or what should we say of the vigilance of excise-officers if the cry of *aqua vitæ* met our ears? The chiropedist has now his half-guinea fee; in the old days he stood at corners, with knife and scissors in hand, crying, "*Corns to pick.*" There are some occupations of the streets, however, which remain essentially the same, though the form be somewhat varied. The sellers of food are of course amongst these. "Hot peascods," and hot sheep's-feet, are not popular delicacies, as in the time of Lydgate. "*Hot wardens,*" and "*Hot codlings,*" are not the cries which invite us to taste of stewed pears and baked apples. But we have still apples hissing over a charcoal fire; and potatoes steaming in a shining apparatus, with savoury salt-butter to put between the "fruit" when it is cut; and greasy sausages, redolent of onions and marjoram; and crisp brown flounders; and the mutton-pie-man, with his "toss for a penny." Rice-milk, furmety, barley-broth, and saloop are no longer in request. The greatest improvement of London in our own day has been the establishment of coffee-shops, where the artisan may take his breakfast with comfort, and even with luxury. It was given in evidence before the Committee on Imports last year, that there are now about eighteen hundred coffee-shops in London where the charge for a cup of coffee and a slice of bread and butter is as low as a penny; where a good breakfast may be had for threepence; where no intoxicating liquors are sold; and where the newspapers and the best periodical works may be regularly found. In one of the largest of these establishments, where the charge is three halfpence for a cup of coffee and twopence for a cup of tea, sixteen hundred persons are daily served. This is a vast improvement upon the old saloop-man, who sold his steaming mixture to the shivering mechanic as he crept to his work. It is something better for human happiness than the palmy days of the old coffee-houses. The 'Tatler' and 'Spectator' were the refiners of manners; and the papers which are dated from White's and the Grecian derive something perhaps from the tone of society which there prevailed. Let not those, if any there be, who hold that knowledge and taste should be luxuries for the few, curl the lip when Mr. Humphries, a coffee-shop keeper, informs them, that since he has been in business a manifest improvement has taken place in the taste for literature amongst the classes who frequent his house.

But we are forgetting Morose, and his "turban of night-caps." Was Hogarth familiar with the old noise-hater when he conceived his own "Enraged Musician?" In this extraordinary gathering together of the producers of the most discordant sounds, we have a representation which may fairly match the dramatist's description of street noises. Here we have the milk-maid's scream, the mackerel-seller's shout, the sweep upon the house-top,—to match the fish-wives and orange-women, the broom-men and costard-mongers. The smith, who was "ominous," had no longer his forge in the busy streets of Hogarth's time; the armourer was obsolete: but Hogarth can rival their noises with the pavior's hammer, the sow-gelder's horn, and the knife-grinder's wheel. The waits of the city had a pension not to come near Morose's ward; but it was out of the power of the Enraged Musician to avert the terrible discord of the blind hautboy-player. The bellman, who frightened the sleepers at midnight, was extinct; but modern London had acquired the dustman's bell. The bear-ward no longer came down the street with the dogs of four parishes, nor did the fencer march with a drum to his prize; but there was the ballad-singer, with her squalling child, roaring worse than bear or dog; and the drum of the little boy playing at soldiers was a more abiding nuisance than the fencer. Morose and the "Enraged Musician" had each the church-bells to fill up the measure of discord. In our own days there has been legislation for the benefit of tender ears; and there are now penalties, with police-constables to enforce them, against all persons blowing any horn or using any other noisy instrument, for the purpose of calling persons together, or of announcing any show or entertainment, or for the purpose of hawking, selling, distributing, or collecting any article, or of obtaining money or alms. These are the words of the Police Act of 1839; and they are stringent enough to have banished from our streets all those uncommon noises which did something to relieve the monotony of the one endless roar of the tread of feet and the rush of wheels. The street noise now is deafening when we are in the midst of it; but in some secluded place, such as Lincoln's Inn Gardens, it is the ever-present sullen sound of angry waves dashing upon the shingles. The horn that proclaimed extraordinary news, running to and fro among peaceful squares and secluded courts, was sometimes a relief. The bell of the dustman was not altogether unpleasant. In the twilight hour, when the shutters were not yet closed, and the candles were not yet burning, the tinkle of the muffin-man had something in it very soothing. It is gone. But the legislators have still left us our street music. There was talk of its abolition; but they have satisfied themselves with enacting that musicians, on being warned to depart from the neighbourhood of the house of any householder by the occupier or his servant, or by a police-constable, incur a penalty of forty shillings by refusal. De la Serre, who came to England with Mary de Medici, when she visited the Queen of Charles I., is enthusiastic in his praises of the street music of London:—" In all public places,



[Horn-men.—" Great News !"]

violins, hautboys, and other kinds of instruments are so common, for the gratification of individuals, that in every hour of the day our ears may be charmed with their sweet melody." England was then a musical nation; but from that time



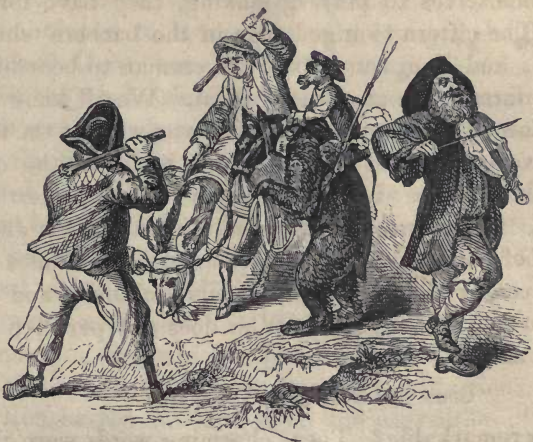
[Muffin-man.—1841.]

nearly to our own her street-music became a thing to be legislated against. It ought now to be left alone, if it cannot be encouraged by the State.

In the days of Elizabeth, and of James and Charles, the people were surrounded with music, and imbued with musical associations. The cittern was heard in every barber's shop; and even up to the publication of the 'Tatler' it was the same: "Go into a barber's anywhere, no matter in what district, and it is ten to one you will hear the sounds either of a fiddle or guitar, or see the instruments hanging up somewhere." The barbers or their apprentices were the performers: "If idle, they pass their time in life-delighting music." Thus writes a pamphleteer of 1597. Doctor King, about the beginning of the last century, found the barbers degenerating in their accomplishments, and he assigns the cause: "Turning themselves to periwig-making, they have forgot their cittern and their music." The cittern twanged then in the barbers' shops in the fresh mornings especially; and then came forth the carman to bear his loads through the narrow thoroughfares. He also was musical. We all know how Falstaff describes Justice Shallow: "He came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scutched housewives that he heard the carmen whistle." He had a large stock of tunes. In Ben Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair,' one of the characters exclaims, "If he meet but a carman in the street, and I find him not loth to keep him off of him, he will whistle him and all his tunes over at night in his sleep." Half a century later even, "barbers, cobblers, and plowmen," were enumerated as "the heirs of music." Who does not perceive that when Isaac Walton's milk-maid sings,—

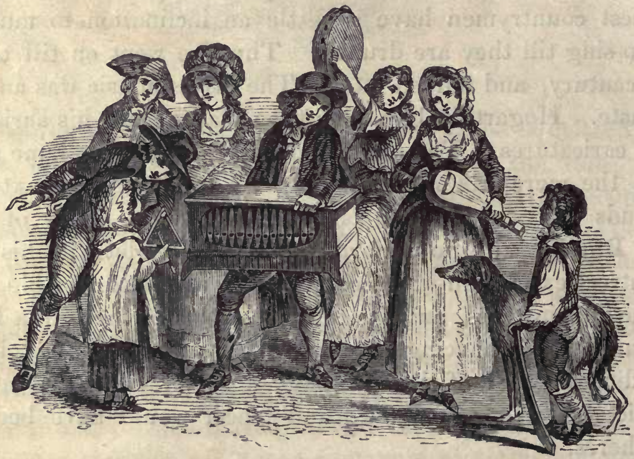
"Come live with me and be my love,"

she is doing nothing remarkable? These charming words were the common possession of all. The people were the heirs of poetry as well as of music. They had their own delicious madrigals to sing, in which music was "married to immortal verse,"—and they could sing them. Morley, writing in 1597, says, "Supper being ended, and music-books, according to custom, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with *a part*, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfeignedly that I could not, every one began to wonder—yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up." In a condition of society like this, the street music must have been worth listening to. "A *noise* of musicians," as a little band was called, was to be found everywhere; and they attended upon the guests in taverns and ordinaries, and at "good men's feasts" in private houses. In 'The Silent Woman,' it is said, "the smell of the venison, going through the streets, will invite one noise of fiddlers or other;" and again, "They have intelligence of all feasts; there's good correspondence betwixt them and the London cooks." Feasts were then not mere occasions for gluttony and drunkenness, as they became in the next generation. As the drunkenness went on increasing, the taste for music went on diminishing. In the next century, the 'Tatler' writes, "In Italy nothing is more frequent than to hear a cobbler working to an opera tune; but, on the contrary, our honest countrymen have so little an inclination to music, that they seldom begin to sing till they are drunk." Thus we went on till the beginning of the present century, and indeed later. The street music was an indication of the popular taste. Hogarth's blind hautboy-player, and his shrieking ballad-singer, are no caricatures. The execrable sounds which the lame and the blind produced were the mere arts of mendicancy. The principle of extorting money by hideous sounds was carried as far as it could go by a fellow of the name of Keiling, called Blind Jack, who performed on the flageolet with his nose. Every description of street exhibition was accompanied with these terrible noises. The vaulter, and the dancing lass, and the tumbler creeping through a hoop, and the puppet-showman, and the dancing dogs, and the bear and monkey, had each their own peculiar din, whether of drum, fiddle, horn, or bagpipes, compared with which the music of Morose's bear-ward and fencer would have been as the harmony of the spheres.

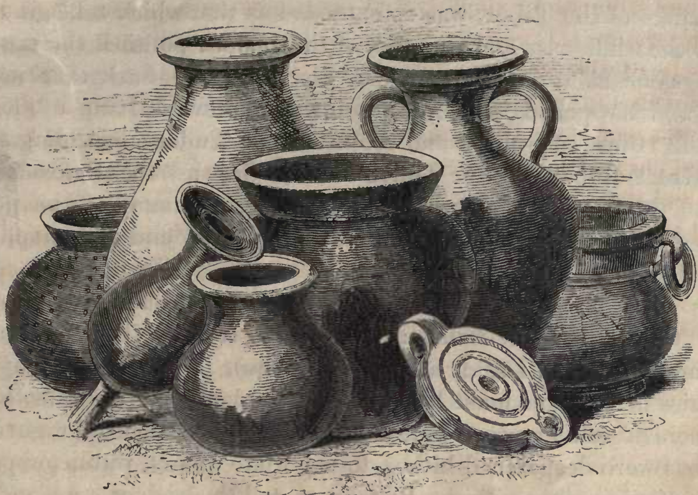


[Bear-ward.—Hogarth.]

In the fashionable squares, towards the close of the last century, matters were a little mended. Dayes, who published a collection of street views about 1789, has given us the group which concludes our paper. Here we have the organ, the triangle, the tambourine, and the hurdy-gurdy,—each striving which should be loudest, and winning by their united exertions the applause of all bystanders. After the peace our thoroughfares gradually resounded with the somewhat improved melody of the street-singers of Paris; and a lady with a neat *coiffure* accompanied the organ with the monotonous chant of "Le gai Troubadour." An Italian was now and then imported with his guitar; and his knowledge of harmony compensated for his somewhat cracked voice. All at once glee-singers started up; and they are now common. Then a "noise" or two of really tolerable instrumental performers were to be found in Portland Place and other streets of the west; and even those who were familiar with Rossini might stop to listen. We are still advancing; and in a few years the Act which protects housekeepers from the nuisance of street musicians will be a dead letter.



[Street Music.—1789.]



[Vases, Lamp, &c., found after the Great Fire.]

IX.—ROMAN LONDON.

We are apt to think and speak of the Roman occupation of Britain as if it had been little more than a mere inroad into the country—a brief episode having scarcely anything to do with the main course of our history. Our modern English civilization has over its whole surface so completely Teutonic and feudal a colour, that we can hardly conceive ourselves to have been other than Normans or Saxons from our first emerging out of barbarism. Yet our island was in great part a Roman country, in a certain sense, for not less than six hundred years. So long was it from the invasion of Julius Cæsar, which, if it did not actually make us tributaries to Rome, not only brought us into constant intercourse with Romanized Gaul, but, as Strabo, writing within fifty years after, records, made almost the whole island familiarly known to the Romans, till the last remnants of the social fabric raised by that great people were thrown down and swept away by the Saxons in the latter part of the sixth century. That is very nearly one-third of the whole period that has elapsed from the landing of Cæsar to the present hour. It is within a few years of as long a time as the English have been settled in Ireland. It is a portion of our history of as great extent as has passed since the middle of the reign of Henry III.—since the intermediate point between the grant of Magna Charta and the establishment of the House of Commons—a date which may be said to stand almost at the commencement of the whole system of our existing civilization. Or even if we reckon the era of Roman Britain only from the expedition of Claudius, which commenced the colonization of the country a hundred years after its first invasion, to the breaking up of the imperial government in the beginning of the fifth century, still here is a period of above three centuries and a half—or as long as from the present day back to the wars of the Roses. To a Briton, therefore, in the last days of the Roman dominion, the retrospect even over this period only, during which it had been as completely established on the banks of the Thames as on the banks of the Tiber, was as extended as that which takes in to us of the present day the whole rise and progress of the modern political system of Europe. It was the same as it is to us now to cast our view back over whatever has grown up and happened in England during the whole rule of the House of Hanover, the House of Stuart, and the House of Tudor—including the Revolution, the Great Rebellion, the Union of the Crowns, the Reformation—being probably, at the least, three-fourths of the entire amount of the political and social causes which have operated to make the country and the people what they now are.

There is sound sense and truth, as well as elegant fancy, in what has been written by the excellent Camden: "Whilst I treat of the Roman empire in Britain (which lasted, as I said, about 476 years), it comes into my mind how many colonies of Romans must have been transplanted hither in so long a time; what numbers of soldiers were continually sent from Rome, for garrisons; how many persons were despatched hither, to negotiate affairs, public or private; and that these, intermarrying with the Britons, seated themselves here, and multiplied into families; for *wherever*, says Seneca, *the Roman conquers, he inhabits.* So that I have oft-times concluded that the Britons might derive themselves from the Trojans by these Romans, who doubtless descended from the Trojans, with greater probability than either the Arverni, who from Trojan blood styled themselves brethren to the Romans, or the Mamertini, Hedui, and others, who upon fabulous grounds grafted themselves into the Trojan stock. For Rome, that common mother, as one calls her, challenges all such as citizens

> Quos domuit, nexuque pio longinqua revinxit.
> Whom conquered she in sacred bonds hath tied."*

However, we do not desire to stand pledged to the Trojan part of this speculation.

The spot on which London is built, or at least, that on which the first buildings were most probably erected, was pointed out by nature for the site of a city. It was the suspicion of the sagacious Wren, as we are informed in the 'Parentalia,' that the whole valley between Camberwell Hill and the hills of Essex must have been anciently filled by a great frith or arm of the sea, which increased in width towards the east; and that this estuary was only in the course of ages reduced to a river by the vast sand-hills which were gradually raised on both sides of it by the wind and tide, the effect being assisted by embankments, which on the Essex side are still perfectly distinguishable as of artificial origin, and are evidently works that could only have been constructed by a people of advanced mechanical skill. Wren himself ascribed these embankments to the Romans; and it is stated that a single breach made in them in his time cost 17,000*l.* to repair it—from which we may conceive both how stupendous must have been the labour bestowed on their original construction, and of what indispensable utility they are still found to be. In fact, were it not for this ancient barrier, the broad and fertile meadows stretching along that border of the river would still be a mere marsh, or a bed of sand overflowed by the water, though left perhaps dry in many places on the retirement of the tide. We have in a former paper[*] expressed an opinion, that Dion Cassius must have been mistaken in stating that there was a bridge over the Thames at the time of the invasion of Claudius, or rather of his general, Aulus Plautius, in A.D. 43; and, indeed, it is clearly impossible that there could have been anything of the kind where he places it—only *a little above* the mouth of the river[†]—if we are to understand that expression in the sense which it would now convey. But if the lower part of the Thames at this early date presented the appearance which has just been supposed, of a spacious estuary or frith rather than a river, its mouth, or, as Dion calls it, the place where it discharges itself into the ocean,[‡] might be held to be only a little below London—just as at this day we consider the mouth of the Forth to be, not at Dunbar or North Berwick, but many miles higher up at the head of the frith. It is remarkable that Ptolemy calls the Thames, when he speaks of it as forming the southern boundary of the Trinobantes, not a river, but an estuary. So also does Tacitus, who had probably been in Britain. And Cæsar's description, too, would seem to imply, that what was called the River Thames when he visited the country was only the upper part of what now goes by that name. Kent, or Cantium, which we know from Ptolemy extended at this date at least as far to the west as it still does, he expressly describes as *omnis maritima*—wholly lying on the sea-coast—without a hint of any part of it being bounded by the river.[§] And afterwards, in mentioning the Thames, he seems distinctly to speak of it as bounding the territory of Cassivellaunus only: he conducts his forces, not to that part of the Thames which flows past the territory in question, or to the Thames *where* it so flows—but, simply, to the Thames and into the territory of Cassivellaunus—"ad flumen Tamesin, in fines Cassivellauni."[||] He had previously told us that the said territory was divided from the maritime states by the river called the Thames, at the distance of about eighty miles from the sea—that is to say, from the part of the coast, near Sandwich, where he had landed.[¶] All these expressions might possibly be made to bear an interpretation conformable to the present appearance of the country, and the notion we now have of the junction of the river with the sea about the same point at which it receives the Medway or the Swale; but they certainly seem to be more apt and natural if understood in reference to a different state of things—when, as we have supposed, what was called the Thames seemed to be swallowed up in a branch of the sea within perhaps two or three miles of where London now stands. Above all, we submit that the expressions of Dion Cassius in describing the place where, as he says, the Thames meets the ocean are quite inapplicable to what the river could ever have been at its present mouth, and must be referred to a point much higher up. They exactly set before us the irregular diffusion of the water over the whole valley through the midst of which the Thames now flows, which would take place before the river was brought in the way that has been explained within its present bounds, and thereby deepened in its mid-channel as well as greatly reduced in width—in fact, narrowed from a broad expanse of pools and shallows, assuming, probably, when the tide rose the appearance of one extended flood, to a single water-course. At this its junction with the sea, the historian states, the Thames by its own overflow spread itself out into marshes, which, he adds, the natives, who were familiar with the places that were firm and fordable, easily made their way across.* It is manifest that the fording of the Thames at what we now call its mouth must at all times have been still more out of the question than even the throwing of a bridge over it near that point.

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* Britannia, Gibson's Translation; p. cvii. Edit. of 1722.

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[*] See No. V.—London Bridge.

[†] Dion's words are—*διὰ γεφύρας ὀλίγον ἄνω*.—*Hist. Rom.* lib. lx. c. 20.

[‡] *καθ' ὃ ἐς τι τὸν ὠκεανὸν ἐκβάλλει.*—*Ibid.*

[§] De Bell. Gall. v. 14.

[||] Id. v. 18.

[¶] Id. cap. 11.

But the elevation on which London is built offered a site at once raised above the water, and at the same time close upon the navigable portion of it—conditions which did not meet in any other locality on either side of the river, or estuary, from the sea upwards. It was the first spot on which a town could be set down, so as to take advantage of the facilities of communication between the coast and the interior presented by this great natural highway. To this peculiarity of position London probably owed both its existence and its name. Many conjectures have been offered as to the meaning of the name London. Like all our oldest British names of places, it is most probably Celtic, and there can be little doubt that the latter part of it is merely the *dun* or *thun*—the same word with the Saxon *town*—which is found in the names of many more of our most ancient towns both in England and Scotland. It seems to signify, what a town uniformly was in early times, a place of strength—a place either naturally strong or fortified by art, usually both the one and the other; and it may be recognised in its Welsh form *din* in the Latin *Londinum* and *Londinium*. The *Lon* has been conceived by some etymologists to be *Llhwn,* a wood; by others, *Llawn,* full, populous; by others, *Lon,* a plain; but no one of these derivations seems to furnish a name for this settlement by the river-side so appropriate and distinctive as that from *Lhong,* the ancient British word for ships. London would thus mean the town of ships—a description which must have been applicable to it from its first foundation, if it originated in the way we have supposed. Or, at any rate, the comparative eminence of London as a resort for ships may be as ancient as the name—which is answer enough to Maitland's objection to this etymology, even if his assumption were to be conceded, that the town could not have deserved this name at the time of its foundation. But the probability is, that the spot was first resorted to as a landing-place by the craft ascending the river, and that in course of time the town grew up around the port. The etymology from *Lhong* receives some corroboration from one of the Latin forms of the name, *Longidinium,* which is that given in the Itinerary of Antoninus; while the *Lundinum* of Ammianus Marcellinus seems to show that the first syllable had very early come to be pronounced much in the way it still is—a natural effect of the nasal consonant by which the vowel is followed in what we have supposed to be the original word. Camden states that London is actually called *Lhong-porth,* that is, a harbour for ships, by an ancient British or Welsh bard.

The silence of Cæsar has been taken as a proof that London did not exist when he visited the country; and certainly it is a proof, if any such were wanted, that Geoffrey of Monmouth's great city of Troynovant, with its strong wall adorned with numerous towers, and its splendid public edifices of all kinds, making it excel every other city in the world, had not yet been built. But, although the place was doubtless neither famous, nor in any respect considerable, at this early date, any more than the best of the other stations which the Britons called towns, the name, which, whatever it may be, is certainly not Roman, gives ground for a presumption that London did not owe its beginning to the Romans. Cæsar particularizes no British town whatever, with the exception only of the capital of Cassivellaunus, supposed to be Verulam, which was perhaps the only one that came in his way during his short and hasty inroad. Yet it would be too much to conclude that the country contained no others, merely because he does not name them, and possibly saw no more. No doubt, many other settlements of the same kind had been long ere this founded by the numerous population which was found to be in possession of the island; and London may very well have been one of them, although as yet, perhaps, undistinguished from the rest, so that, not lying in his route, it did not attract Cæsar's attention, if he may be supposed even to have heard its name. We may infer, however, that it was not yet recognised as the capital of the country; nor in all likelihood was there any particular town that held that rank.

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* Πλημμύροντός τε αὐτοῦ λιμνάζει, καὶ ῥαδιως αὐτὸν διαβάντων (τῶν Βρεττανῶν), ἅτε καὶ τὰ στέριφα τά τε εὔπορα τοῦ χωρίου ἀκριβῶς εἰδότων.—*Hist. Rom.* lx. 20.

The London of the Britons could only have been what Cæsar, and Strabo after him, have described every British town as being, a collection of huts set down on a dry spot in the midst of the marshes, or in a cleared space within a wood, and encompassed, in addition to these natural protections, by the artificial defences of a mound and a ditch. Within these inclosures, Strabo tells us, the inhabitants were accustomed to stall as many cattle as sufficed for a few months' consumption; and Cæsar relates that, when the town or fastness of Cassivellaunus fell into his hands, he found in it a great number of cattle, which, he intimates, had been brought thither by the people when they came from all parts to take refuge in that chief stronghold. It is probable that most of the cattle, in which we are informed the island abounded, still roamed wild and unappropriated through the woods and pastures—dividing the country with the infinite multitude (*infinita multitudo*) of human beings, by which, as Cæsar notes, it was already peopled. Whether there were any herds regarded as belonging either to individuals, or to the various villages and other communities, does not appear. But the southern Britons, we know, practised agriculture, and wore cloth: that is implied in Cæsar's statement, that the ruder tribes of the interior for the most part sowed no corn, and were dressed only in skins. The country, therefore, was not all woodland and marsh. No doubt, the southern coast presented already, not only many patches of cultivation, but some considerable tracts brought under the plough. As for London, however, we know that at a date many centuries later a vast forest still covered the country all around it only a few miles back from the river, and that a fen or lake of great extent, whence the part of the metropolis now called Finsbury derives its name, lay on the north-east close to the city wall. When it was a British town, it probably occupied only the face and summit of the first natural elevation ascending from the river, stretching from between Billingsgate and the Tower on the one hand to Dowgate on the other, and going back no farther than to the line of the present Lombard Street and Fenchurch Street. The Wall Brook and the Sher Bourne on the west, and the Lang Bourne on the north—though their straggling waters had not yet become known to fame by these, or perhaps by any other names,—and to the east the wide-spread marsh which long after continued to cover the low grounds now occupied by the suburb of Wapping, furnished such natural boundaries as were usually sought for by the founders of these rude settlements. A little to the north of the Lang Bourne, a highway may have passed nearly along the course of Leadenhall Street and Cornhill, prolonging itself along Cheapside, Newgate Street, and Holborn to the west;—Cæsar does not describe his march as if it had been performed through a country without roads;—but immediately beyond this the fen may be supposed to have closed in the town on the one side, and the primeval forest on the other.

The earliest mention of London by any extant writer of antiquity occurs in the pages of Tacitus, who did not compose his 'Annals' till more than a century and a half after the invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar. The name is not noticed either by Strabo or Pliny the Elder, his predecessors, although both have given us descriptions of the British islands. But it appears from Tacitus that in the year 62, in the reign of the Emperor Nero, London, or *Londinium,* as he calls it, was already a place of great importance;—"not indeed dignified by the name of a colony," is the description of the historian, "but yet of the first distinction for abundance of resident merchants and of traffic with other places;" for such seems to be the true meaning of the expressions used.* Both parts of this statement, it may be remarked, go equally to support the probability of London having been a town of British origin: if it had been founded by the Romans, it would, no doubt, have enjoyed the name of a colony; but in that case it could only as yet have existed some seventeen or eighteen years at the utmost, for there certainly was no Roman colonization of Britain antecedent to the expedition of Claudius, nor probably till some years later; and it is scarcely to be supposed that it could have grown up to the magnitude and eminence it had now attained in so short a time. The facts which Tacitus relates testify still more strongly than his general description to both the populousness of London at this early date, and the consideration in which it was held on every account. When the Britons rose in arms against the Roman domination at the call of the outraged Boadicea, the imperial general Suetonius Paulinus, then engaged at the opposite side of the island in the conquest of the isle of Anglesey, hastened across the country to London, and only abandoned his intention of making the preservation of that town his first object, upon finding that the force he could reckon upon would be insufficient for the protection of a place which was probably as yet without walls.† All he could be prevailed upon to do by the prayers and tears of the inhabitants was to receive such of them as chose into his ranks before marching away. But the women, and the aged, and others also, the historian intimates, detained by the pleasantness of the place *(loci dulcedo),* staid behind, and were in consequence destroyed by the enemy; for Boadicea, too, appears to have marched direct upon London as upon the centre and chief seat of the Roman power and civilization. In that town, and in the municipium or free town of Verulam, which was also sacked, it is asserted that there perished in this hour of unrelenting vengeance as many as seventy thousand citizens and allies of Rome; the former term being intended to denote the inhabitants of Verulam, the latter those of London. Both from these expressions, and from the whole course of the story, it may be assumed that the people of both these places were now chiefly Romans. Dion Cassius, or rather his epitomist Xiphilinus, without mentioning the name of either, expressly designates them Roman towns.* This writer gives a sickening description of the horrors perpetrated by Boadicea (or, as he calls her, Boundouica) and her infuriated followers. "It was," he says, "a scene of devastation, and spoliation, and butchery not to be uttered. On the miserable people who fell into their hands there is nothing of what is most dreadful and ferocious that they did not inflict. Well-born and beautiful women they hung up naked, and, cutting off their breasts, sewed them upon their mouths, so as that they might be made to seem as if they were eating their own flesh; and after that they ran sharp stakes lengthways through their bodies. All this they did in the midst of sacrifices and festivity and derision, both in their other consecrated places and especially in the grove of Andate—for so they name the goddess Victory, who is one of the chief objects of their worship." The old Druidic fanes, then—probably only rude structures open to the sky, or in some cases merely rounded lawns or glades—the *luci*,† or light places of the thick, dark wood,—were still standing in London or its neighbourhood, although the gods and shrines of a more cultivated superstition had also by this time been introduced into the country; for Tacitus mentions among the buildings which already decorated the recently planted colony of Camalodunum (Colchester or Malden), which was also at this time destroyed, a temple dedicated to Claudius the Divine, and an image of the Roman Victory, which probably adorned another sacred edifice in the same place. Perhaps the grim Andate had her bloody altar on the mount over which now rises the majestic dome of St. Paul's, and which may still have been out of the city, and enveloped in the sacred night of the old forest that howled around it. It is commonly assumed that upon this occasion Boadicea, before she left the place, burned London to the ground; and the soil at a certain depth is still supposed to retain the ashes and other evidences of that conflagration. The appearances discovered on the excavation of a deep trench for a sewer in Lombard Street in 1786 are thus described in a note by Sir John Henniker, printed in the Archæologia:—"The soil is almost uniformly divided into four strata; the uppermost, thirteen feet six inches thick, of factitious earth; the second, two feet thick, of brick, apparently the ruins of buildings; the third, three inches thick, of wood ashes, apparently the remains of a town built of wood and destroyed by fire; the fourth, of Roman pavement, common and tesselated."‡ In making another sewer from Dowgate through Walbrook in 1774, similar appearances were observed; the labourers brought up wood ashes, mixed with soft earth and mud, from a depth twenty-two feet below the present surface.§ A few years ago also, in forming the northern approaches for the new London Bridge, on the site of the Church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane, and in East Cheap, there were found great quantities not only of ashes but of molten green glass, and of the fine red pottery called Samian ware, blackened evidently by the action of an intense fire. Many of the pieces of discoloured pottery were worked into the mortar of a building, the foundations of which stood at the north-east corner of East Cheap, and imbedded in which two coins of the Emperor Claudius were also found.* These vestiges seem certainly to point to some great conflagration as having taken place in this part of the city in the earliest age of the Roman occupation—after some of those buildings had been erected to which the tesselated pavements belonged—but before the erection of many other Roman buildings, the remains of which have been disinterred in modern times—while most of the houses were still of wood,—and while all of them stood upon the lowest level at which any traces of building have yet been found, indeed upon the natural earth. These indications, it must be admitted, all agree sufficiently with the time of Boadicea's revolt, nor is there any other known catastrophe to which they can be referred. Dion Cassius, indeed, at least in the abridged and mutilated transcript of his account which has come down to us, makes no mention of the town being burned; but Tacitus, although he does not expressly assert a general conflagration, enumerates fire as one instrument of devastation that was employed by the barbarians along with the sword, the gibbet, and the cross.

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* Cognomento quidem coloniæ non insigne, sed copia negociatorum et commeatuum maxime celebre.—*Annal.* xiv. 33.

† Tacitus, indeed, states that the barbarians avoided the fortified places and military stations of the province, to attack what would at once afford the richest spoil, and offer the least resistance.—*Ibid.*

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* Πόλεις τε δύο Ῥωμαϊκὰς.—*Hist. Rom.* lxii. 7.

† So called, certainly not *à non lucendo*, as the jokers say, and many etymologists gravely dream, but either from affording free admission to the light of day, or perhaps from a fire or other artificial light which in some cases may have been kept burning on the altar.

‡ Archæologia, vol. viii. p. 132.

§ Gough, in his edition of Camden's 'Britannia,' vol. ii. p. 15, on the authority of an account drawn up by Mr. Rogers and Mr. Colebroke, who, we suppose, may have been the contractors for the sewer.

The rage, the courage, the confidence, the numbers of the insurgents, however, all proved of no avail against the military skill of the masters of the world. A single battle did not so much scatter their mixed and tumultuous array as literally tread it, coagulated into one mass of gore, into the earth. Horribly were the horrors of the sack of London avenged. It was not a battle, indeed, but rather a *battue*—a hewing down and indiscriminate slaughter of every thing that had life—men, women, even the beasts of burthen—crowded into a narrow defile, and there left without power either to resist or to fly, or to do aught but propel one another upon the sword. About four hundred only of the Roman soldiers were killed, and about as many more wounded; of the Britons, eighty thousand are said to have fallen on that day and in that one spot. Their queen and leader, Boadicea, escaped from the field of battle; but, resolved that only her dead body, if even that, should fall into the hands of the victors, the heroine took poison, and so ended her life, now that all else was ended and gone.

The advantages of its situation probably enabled London soon to recover from the desolation to which it was reduced by Boadicea; but the silence of history, for more than two centuries leaves us only ground for concluding that it was fortunate enough during all that time to afford no materials for history as it has been commonly written, going on in a course of even, noiseless prosperity, and sharing no more either in the calamities or the glories of war. Ptolemy, indeed, in his Geography, compiled in the early part of the second century, mentions London (which he calls *Londinion*) among the cities of the Cantii; but it cannot for a moment be inferred, from this unsupported statement, in the face of all probability, that London at that date stood on the south side of the Thames. Ptolemy is supposed to have taken much of his information about the north-western quarter of Europe from Phenician sources; and his geography of Britain has all the appearance of being descriptive of the country before it became known to the Romans, of whose occupation of any part of it he says not a word. At that early period London may, for some reason or other, of which we know and can know nothing, have been accounted a town of the Cantii, even although divided by the river from the rest of their territory; or, what is more likely, a mistake as to such a matter may very easily have been made by Ptolemy, this same part of whose work is not free from much more serious errors. It will hardly, at any rate, be pretended, looking to the mere evidence of remains, that there was no London on the north bank of the Thames when Ptolemy wrote; and yet, unless that also be assumed, the correctness of his account, on the supposition that he really means to place London on the south side of the river, cannot be maintained.

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* Archæologia, vol. xxiv. pp. 192-194; in account by A. J. Kempe, Esq.

The next mention that is made of London is so late as the year 297, when, immediately after the usurper Allectus, the murderer and successor of the more famous Carausius, had himself been overthrown and put to death by the Præfect Asclepiodotus, a body of Franks, who had been in his service, fell upon the town, and had begun to plunder it, when the opportune arrival of a part of the fleet of the Emperor Constantius in the Thames—"which always," remarks Camden, "stood the Londoners a true friend"—made the marauders take to their heels or their horses. And seventy years later there is recorded another deliverance of the place by the great Theodosius, then commanding the forces of the Emperor Valentinian I., from a combination of more ferocious enemies, wild Picts and Scots from the north mixed with Franks and Saxons from the opposite coast, who for nearly a century preceding had infested Roman Britain, till, growing bolder with every successful inroad, they had of late begun to push their incursions to the very heart of the country, and to attack its oldest seats of wealth and civilization. The account given by Ammianus Marcellinus sets forcibly before us the insecure and exposed state to which London itself and its neighbourhood were now reduced, in the old age and rapidly increasing weakness of the far extended empire of which it had formed a part for some three or four centuries. Theodosius, he tells us, having disembarked his forces at Rutupiæ, or Sandwich—still the common landing-place from the Continent, as it had been from the days of Julius Cæsar—immediately set out for London. On his march he met various roving bands of the enemy, laden with the spoils of the unhappy tributaries or provincials, and driving before them strings of human beings bound, as well as herds of cattle. He had no difficulty in putting these small parties, encumbered as they were, to the rout, and forcing them to surrender their booty, which he restored to its owners, after reserving only a small portion as a gratuity for his men, by whose exertions it had been recovered. London is described as having been before his landing reduced to extremities (*mersam difficultatibus*); but the citizens had now recovered their spirits, and their deliverer made his entry into the place amid universal rejoicing, and in a sort of triumphant fashion.* Theodosius seems to have remained for some time in London; and it is stated that before he left the island he restored to their ancient sound and secure condition both the towns and the military strongholds throughout the country, many of which had suffered much injury or dilapidation.† From these expressions it has been conjectured that London was now first surrounded with a wall; but they would rather seem to warrant the supposition that the wall was only now repaired by Theodosius, and that its original construction is probably to be referred to an earlier date. The old tradition is, that it was built by the Emperor Constantine the Great, at the request of his mother Helena, soon after the beginning of this fourth century. Coins of Helena, Camden affirms, had often been found under the wall. The story, in so far as Helena figures in it, is perhaps founded on nothing better than the notion, which is most probably erroneous, that that celebrated lady was a native of Britain; but the date which it would assign to the building of the wall is a probable enough one. It is most likely that London was still without any fortifications when it was fallen upon and partially plundered, apparently without having offered any resistance, by the Frank auxiliaries of Allectus in the year 297; and that very incident might naturally suggest the expediency of furnishing it with a defence against such attacks in future. By this time the predatory descents of the continental pirates had become so incessant and formidable that, notwithstanding the appointment a few years before of a Count of the Saxon Shore with a powerful fleet for the protection of the eastern and southern coasts (Carausius was the first who held that command, to which he was appointed about the year 284), there was no town in any part of Roman Britain that could be considered as any longer secure from attack.

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* Ammianus Marcellinus, xxvii. 8.

† In integrum restituit civitates et castra multiplicibus quidem damnis adflicta. *Am. Marcellin.* xxviii. 3. And again, Instaurabat urbes, et praesidiaria, ut diximus, castra.—*Ibid.*

It would seem to have been soon after its deliverance by Theodosius that London received, or assumed, the name of Augusta—a distinction which was enjoyed, it has been reckoned, by about seventy cities in all throughout the empire, for the most part the capitals of their provinces or districts. Ammianus, in the places to which we have just been referring, describes it as an old town, and appears to intimate that it was called Lundinium at the time of which he speaks, but that when he wrote (which must have been within half a century after) it was designated Augusta.* It may have adopted the latter name, in compliment or flattery to its deliverer and restorer, Theodosius, on his becoming Emperor of the West, in the year 394. However acquired, the title may be held to imply that it was now regarded as a town of the first pretension, and most probably as the capital of Roman Britain. Its metropolitan character may also be inferred from the figure it makes in the Itinerary of Antoninus (about the end of the third century), in which, of fifteen British roads that are given, four begin from London, and three others terminate at that city. Camden, with great probability, considers the famous London Stone, of which a small fragment still remains encased in another stone standing against the south wall of St. Swithin's Church, in Cannon Street, as the central *Milliarium*, or milestone, similar to that in the Forum at Rome, from which the chief British high roads radiated, and the distances on them were reckoned. Watling Street, of which Cannon Street is a part, is supposed by Wren to have been the principal street of Roman London, and it is not unlikely that it may have been a British road before the arrival of the Romans. Extending to the north-west, it may have joined the other great highway, which appears to have run along the line of Cheapside, most probably at the north-east corner of St. Paul's Church-yard, whence it seems to have proceeded over Holborn Bridge (at the northern extremity of the present Farringdon Street) to the west, and perhaps also in another line towards the north, or the north-west—forming the road afterwards called Hermin Street by the Saxons. In the opposite direction, again, it is generally supposed to have passed, under the name of the Vicinal Way—perhaps the same with that called the Ikenild Street—through Aldgate, towards the north-east; and, it may be, also to have sent out a branch due north along the line of the present Bishopsgate. The roads from the south side of the river, of which that from Rutupiæ was the chief, may have been brought to Watling Street and London Stone either over a bridge near where London Bridge still is, or by a ferry a little higher up at Dowgate—supposed to be a corruption of Dwr-gate, that is, the water-gate—opposite to Stoney Street on the Surrey side, the mere name of which would seem to attest it to have been an ancient causeway.* London Stone, it may be observed, stood anciently on the south side of Cannon Street, pitched upright, near the channel or kennel, according to Stow, who adds, that it was "fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and otherwise so strongly set, that, if carts do run against it through negligence, the wheels be broken, and the stone itself unshaken." Possibly the cart-wheels were made stronger afterwards, the better to stand the perils to which they were thus exposed; for it is pretty evident that the old stone has not always had the best of it in such encounters. It is now reduced, judging from what may be seen of it, to a fragment not a great deal larger than a man's head. Still, even this relic of so ancient and venerable a monument is interesting and precious; and we ought not to omit the name of the worthy citizen to whom we owe its preservation—Mr. Thomas Maiden, of Sherbourn Lane, printer, who, it is said, when St. Swithin's Church was about to undergo a repair in 1798, prevailed on the parish officers to consent that the stone should be placed where it still remains, after it had been doomed to destruction as a nuisance. For before this it stood close to the edge of the kerb-stone on the same side of the street, to which, it seems, it had been removed from its original position on the opposite side, in December 1742. Its foundations were uncovered in the course of the operations that took place after the great fire; and were found to be so extensive, that Wren, who does not appear to have doubted that they were Roman, was inclined to think that they must have supported some more considerable monument than even the central milliarium. "In the adjoining ground to the south, upon digging for altars," we are told in the *Parentalia*, "were discovered some tesselated pavements, and other extensive remains of Roman workmanship and buildings." "Probably," adds the account, "this might in some degree have imitated the *Milliarium Aureum* at Constantinople, which was not in the form of a pillar as at Rome, but an eminent building; for under its roof, according to Cedrenus and Suidas, stood the statues of Constantine and Helena, Trajan, an equestrian statue of Hadrian, a statue of Fortune, and many other figures and decorations." The recorded history of London Stone, we may add, reaches beyond the Conquest. Stow found it mentioned as a land-mark in a list of rents belonging to Christ's Church, in Canterbury, at the end of "a fair-written Gospel-book," given to that foundation by the West Saxon King Athelstane, who reigned from 925 to 941.

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* Egressus, tendensque ad Lundinium vetus oppidum, quod Augustam posteritas appellavit. *Am. Marcel.* xxvii. 8. And again—Ab Augusta profectus, quam veteres appellavere Lundinium.—xxviii. 3.

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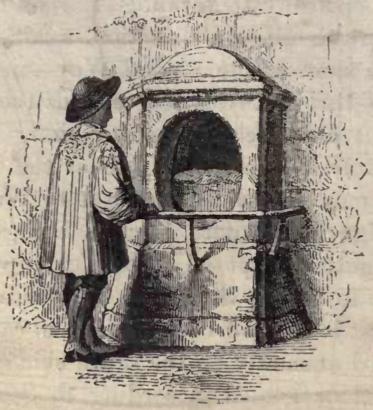
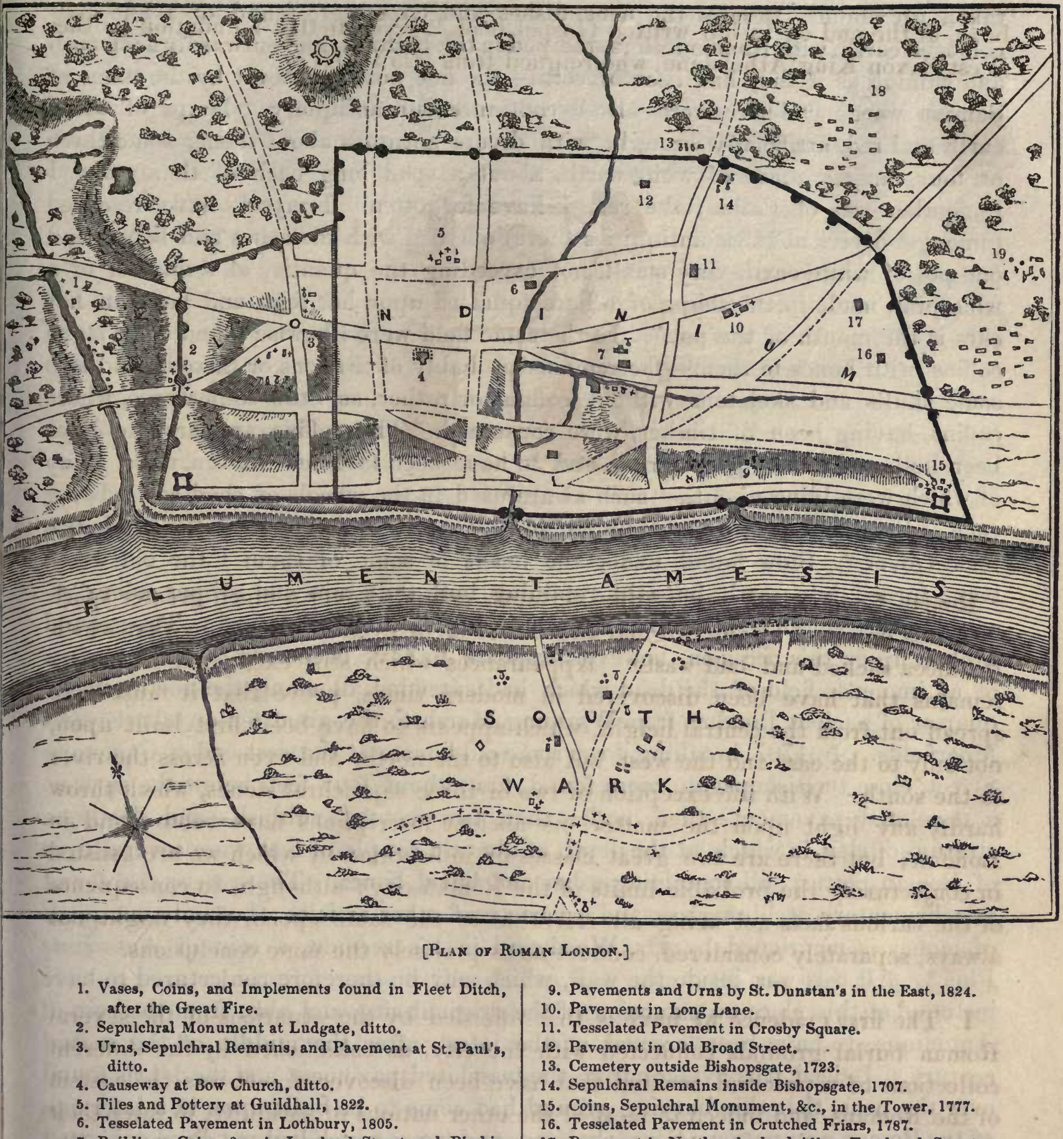
* It will be perceived that these lines do not exactly coincide with those traced on the annexed plan of Roman London. But it would require half-a-dozen plans to exhibit all the conjectures that have been proposed in regard to the courses of the Roman roads in London and its neighbourhood.



[London Stone.]

Roman London in course of time certainly extended over a much greater space than was occupied by the original British town, or even probably by that which Boadicea sacked and laid waste. Appearances which still exist, and numerous remains that have been discovered in modern times, prove that it must have spread out from the central height, which appears to have been first built upon, not only to the east and the west, but also to the north, and even across the river to the south. With the exception of two or three sepulchral stones, which throw hardly any light upon the matter, no ancient inscriptions have been found in London; but there are two great classes of indications by which we are assisted in conjecturing the probable limits of the Roman city; although, in consequence of the various facts not being all referable to the same epoch, they might not always, separately considered, conduct us to precisely the same conclusions.

I. The first evidence we have is that afforded by the situations of the several Roman burial grounds connected with the city, as established by the different collections of sepulchral remains that have been discovered. It was the custom of the Romans, and indeed of most of the other nations of antiquity, to inter their dead always without the city, but at the same time generally in its near neighbourhood. Frequently the cemeteries were immediately without the gates, and were extended for some distance along both sides of the road beyond, as is still to be seen in what is called the Street of Tombs at Pompeii. Stow has given us a very particular account from his own observation of the first discovery that has been recorded of a burial-place belonging to Roman London. It was found, he tells us, about the year 1576, in course of digging for clay in "a large field, of old time, called Lottesworth, now Spitalfield," on the east side of the churchyard of the dissolved priory of St. Mary Spital, which stood nearly where Christ Church, Spitalfields, is now built, to the east of Bishopsgate Without. Many earthen urns were dug up here, full of ashes and burnt human bones, and each containing a piece of money, the customary classical viaticum. Stow particularly mentions copper coins of Claudius, Nero, Vespasian, Trajan, and Antoninus Pius. "Besides those urns,"



[Plan of Roman London.]

1. Vases, Coins, and Implements found in Fleet Ditch, after the Great Fire.
2. Sepulchral Monument at Ludgate, ditto.
3. Urns, Sepulchral Remains, and Pavement at St. Paul's, ditto.
4. Causeway at Bow Church, ditto.
5. Tiles and Pottery at Guildhall, 1822.
6. Tesselated Pavement in Lothbury, 1805.
7. Buildings, Coins, &c., in Lombard Street and Birchin Lane, 1730, 1774, and 1785.
8. Roman Coins and Tiles at St. Mary-at-Hill, 1787.
9. Pavements and Urns by St. Dunstan's in the East, 1824.
10. Pavement in Long Lane.
11. Tesselated Pavement in Crosby Square.
12. Pavement in Old Broad Street.
13. Cemetery outside Bishopsgate, 1723.
14. Sepulchral Remains inside Bishopsgate, 1707.
15. Coins, Sepulchral Monument, &c., in the Tower, 1777.
16. Tesselated Pavement in Crutched Friars, 1787.
17. Pavement in Northumberland Alley, Fenchurch Street.
18. Cemetery at Spitalfields, 1576.
19. Cemetery and Monument in Goodman's Fields, 1787.

he says, "many other pots were found in the same place, made of a white earth, with long necks and handles, like to our stone jugs: these were empty, but seemed to be buried full of some liquid matter, long since consumed and soaked through." They were probably tear-vessels, or lachrymatories, as they are commonly called. "There were found," Stow adds, "divers vials and other fashioned glasses, some most cunningly wrought, such as I have not seen the like, and some of crystal, all which had water in them, nothing differing in clearness, taste, or savour from common spring water, whatsoever it was at the first. Some of these glasses had oil in them, very thick, and earthly in savour. Some were supposed to have balm in them, but had lost the virtue." Very few of the pots and glasses were taken up whole. Besides the urns, dishes and cups were found, of a fine red-coloured earth, with Roman letters stamped in the bottoms, and outwardly as smooth and shining as if they had been of coral—the fine pottery known by the name of Samian ware. "There were also," continues our antiquary, "lamps of white earth and red, artificially wrought with divers antiques about them; some three or four images, made of white earth, about a span long each of them; one I remember was of Pallas; the rest I have forgotten. I myself have reserved (amongst divers of those antiquities there) one urn with the ashes and bones, and one pot of white earth very small, not exceeding the quantity of a quarter of a wine pint, made in the shape of a hare squatted upon her legs, and between her ears is the mouth of the pot." In the same field were likewise found some stone coffins, with bones in them—the remains probably of Britons or Saxons, and also some skulls and skeletons without coffins, or rather, as Stow conjectures, whose coffins, having been of timber, were consumed. The coffins appeared to have been hollowed out of great trees, and to have been fastened by iron nails, many of which were lying about—"such as are used in the wheels of shod carts, being each of them as big as a man's finger, and a quarter of a yard long, the heads two inches over." Stow found under the heads of some of them "the old wood, scant turned into earth, but still retaining both the grain and proper colour"—so that there could be no doubt as to what purpose they had served. The ground broken up on this occasion, however, appears to have been only a small portion of an immense field of the dead which had extended all along the north-eastern quarter of ancient London, from Wapping Marsh to the great fen or lake beyond Moorfields. In 1707, in taking down some old houses at the west end of Camomile Street, close to Bishopsgate, were found, first, about four feet below the surface, a tesselated pavement—then, under that, two feet of rubbish—and, lastly, a stratum of clay, in which, at the depth of about a couple of feet, were several urns of Roman pottery, all containing ashes and burnt bones. There were also found a lachrymatory of blue glass, and a variety of other articles; but only one piece of money is mentioned by Dr. Woodward in his account, a coin of Antoninus Pius.* All this was inside the wall, which may be therefore conjectured to have included at this place an extension of the original city, and also, from the coin of Antoninus, to have been erected, at the latest, after the middle of the second century. Indeed, it is evident, from the tesselated pavement and the débris found over the urns, that this burying ground had come to be built upon in a later age of the Roman occupation. Some skeletons and bones which had not been subjected to the action of fire were also found—the indications of the Christian mode of interment, which is believed to have become common before the end of the second century, and which we are told by Macrobius had almost entirely superseded the burning of the dead by the end of the fourth. In 1725 and 1726, in Bishopsgate churchyard, on the other side of Bishopsgate, and outside the city wall, were found more urns, and also a vault, containing two skeletons, erected with Roman bricks, and a grave constructed with the largest description of Roman tiles, together with a coin of Antoninus Pius.† This, we believe, is the farthest point westward to which the cemetery has yet been traced. But to the south-east of Spitalfields various Roman sepulchral remains have been from time to time brought to light. In 1787, especially, great numbers of urns and lachrymatories were dug up about seven feet below the surface in Goodman's Fields and the adjoining space called the Tenter Ground, to the east of the Minories. There was also found a small monumental stone, with an inscription declaring it to have been erected by his wife to a soldier of the Sixth Legion. Another similar stone, inscribed to a soldier of the Twenty-fourth Legion, was found in 1776 in a burial-ground near the lower end of Whitechapel Lane.* These monuments probably marked the burial-places of soldiers who had belonged to the garrison of the fort which stood on the site of the Tower, where a third tombstone was found in 1777, at the same depth with some ancient foundations, resting on the natural earth, along with an ingot of silver, above ten ounces in weight, from the mint of Honorius, the last Roman emperor whose dominion was acknowledged in Britain, and three gold coins, one of Honorius, the two others of his brother Arcadius, Emperor of the East.† Even so far to the east as at the Sun Tavern Fields in the north-east part of Shadwell, urns and other vestiges of a Roman cemetery were found in the beginning of the seventeenth century: in one of the urns was a coin of the Emperor Pupienus (otherwise called Maximus), who was slain, along with his colleague Balbinus, in A.D. 238. Among other relics, two coffins were found here in 1615 by Sir Robert Cotton; "one whereof," says our authority, "being of stone, contained the bones of a man; and the other of lead, beautifully embellished with scollop-shells and a crotister border, contained those of a woman, at whose head and feet were placed two urns of the height of three feet each; and at the sides divers beautiful red earthen bottles, with a number of lachrymatories of hexagon and octagon forms; and on each side of the inhumed bones were deposited two ivory sceptres of the length of eighteen inches each; and upon the breast the figure of a small Cupid, curiously wrought; as were likewise two pieces of jet, resembling nails, of the length of three inches."‡ Sir Robert conceived, from these costly decorations and accompaniments, that the tomb must have been that of the consort of some prince or Roman prætor. In the opposite direction again, some urns are said to have been found in 1824, under a tesselated pavement so far within the line of the old city wall as the church of St. Dunstan's in the East, immediately to the north of Billingsgate. At one time, therefore, it may be presumed, Roman London did not extend to the eastward—or possibly towards the river—beyond that point. Nor probably did it at first include either any part of Ludgate Street, behind the north side of which, where Ludgate church now stands, Wren found the monument of the soldier of the Second Legion, still in the Arundelian collection; or even what is now St. Paul's Churchyard, the north-eastern part of which, as we have already seen, was undoubtedly also a burial-ground in the time of the Romans.§ But no indications of sepulture, we believe, have ever been found between this locality and Billingsgate in the one direction, or between the river and the immediate vicinity of Bishopsgate and London Wall in the other. The space marked out by these limits, therefore, may for the present be reasonably supposed to have been all included within the city from the earliest date, or at least from the time when the ground was first cleared, or reclaimed from the fens.

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* Remarks upon the Ancient and Present State of London, occasioned by some Roman Urns, Coins, and other Antiquities, lately discovered. Third Edit. 8vo. Lon. 1723. The publication consists of a Letter to Sir Christopher Wren, dated the 23rd of June, 1707, followed by another to Thomas Hearne, dated the 30th of November, 1711.

† Gough's Camden (Edit. of 1806), ii. 93.

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* Malcolm's Londinium Redivivum, iv. 450-1.

† Archæologia, v. 291.

‡ Weaver, Funeral Monuments.

§ See our Third Number—'Paul's Cross.'

And it may be remarked, that even the northern portion of this inclosure has, especially within the last few years, in the course of the extensive renovations and improvements in St. Martin's-le-grand, in Moorfields, and in the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate Street, been pretty extensively dug into and explored. On the opposite side of the Thames, the evidences of Roman interment commence in the neighbourhood of the line of road called Snow's Fields and Union Street, running from east to west, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the river, and have been detected as far south as the Dissenters' Burial Ground in Deveril Street, New Dover Road, on the south-west of Kent Street.* We may hence conjecture the extent of the small suburb which probably began to grow up here from a very early date around the bridge, or ferry, and the root of the great roads branching out to the southern and south-eastern coasts.

II. Secondly, we have the course of the old City Wall to guide us, in as far as it can still be ascertained. The earliest writer who mentions the wall of London is Fitzstephen, towards the close of the twelfth century, who describes it as then both high and thick, having seven double gates, and many towers or turrets on the north side placed at proper distances. The seven gates are supposed by Maitland to have been Ludgate, Newgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, Bishopsgate, Aldgate, and the Postern gate near the Tower. At the east end of the city was what Fitzstephen calls the Palatine Tower; and on the west were two well-fortified castles, which are understood to have been Baynard's Castle and the Castle of Montfichet. "London," he adds, "once had its walls and towers in like manner on the south; but that vast river, the Thames, which abounds with fish, enjoys the benefit of tides, and washes the city on this side, hath in a long tract of time totally subverted and carried away the walls in this part." † The original walls of London, as we have said, have always been, in the popular tradition, and by our old chroniclers, accounted a work of the Roman time; but their claim to that venerable antiquity was first established in the beginning of the last century by Dr. Woodward, one of the Professors of Gresham College, who had an opportunity of examining them from the foundation on occasion of the old houses being pulled down, as already mentioned, in Camomile Street at the end next to Bishopsgate, in April, 1707. He found the foundation of the wall at this place to lie eight feet below the surface; and to the height of nearly ten feet it appeared clearly to be of Roman construction. "It was compiled," he tells us, "alternately of layers of broad flat bricks and of rag-stone. The bricks lay in double ranges; and, each brick being but one inch and three-tenths in thickness, the whole layer, with the mortar interposed, exceeded not three inches. The layers of stone were not quite two feet thick of our measure; it is probable they were intended for two of the Roman, their rule being somewhat shorter than ours. In this part of the wall," he adds, "it was very observable that the mortar was (as usually in the Roman work) so very firm and hard, that the stone itself as easily broke and gave way as that." The wall up to this height was nine feet in thickness. Measuring some of the bricks very exactly, Woodward found them to be seventeen inches and four-tenths long, and eleven inches and six-tenths broad, of our measure; which, he observes, would be as nearly as possible a foot in breadth by a foot and a half in length—the very dimensions assigned by Pliny to the brick in common use among his countrymen *—if, with Graevius, we receive the foot-rule on the monument of Cossutius in the Colotian Gardens at Rome as the true measure of the Roman foot. The exact thickness of each brick was one inch and three-tenths of our measure. From this height of about ten feet the original wall had been demolished, and the rest of the structure, ascending to the height of eight or nine feet more, though of the same thickness, was evidently a comparatively recent work. We will add Woodward's account, however, of this upper part of the wall also, because it gives a tolerably correct idea of the appearance presented by the few fragments of the ancient fortification that are still standing, although nothing now remains either so entire as the part he examined, or displaying perhaps quite so much regularity of structure. Having premised that the lower Roman building had been levelled at top, and brought to a plane, in order to the raising this new work upon it, he proceeds with his description of the latter as follows :—" The outside, or that towards the suburbs, was faced with a coarse sort of stone, not compiled with any great care or skill, nor disposed into a regular method; but on the inside there appeared more marks of workmanship and art. At the bottom were five layers composed of squares of flint and of freestone; though they were not so in all parts, yet in some the squares were near equal, about five inches diameter, and ranged in a quincunx order. Over these were a layer of brick, then of hewn free-stone, and so alternately brick and stone to the top. There were of the bricks in all six layers, each consisting only of a double course, except that which lay above all, in which there were four courses of bricks where the layer was entire. These bricks were of the shape of those now in use, but much larger, being near eleven inches in length, five in breadth, and somewhat above two and a half in thickness. Of the stone there were five layers, and each of equal thickness in all parts for its whole length. The highest and lowest of these were somewhat above a foot in thickness; the three middle layers each five inches; so that the whole height of this additional work was near nine feet. As to the interior parts, or the main bulk of the wall, it was made up of pieces of rubble-stone, with a few bricks of the same sort as those used in the inner facing of the wall, laid uncertainly, as they happened to come to hand, and not in any stated method. There was not one of the broad, thin Roman bricks mentioned above in all this part; nor was the mortar near so hard as in that below."† Upon the work last described was raised a wall wholly of brick, except that the battlements with which it terminated were topped with copings of stone: it was two feet four inches in thickness, and somewhat above eight feet in height; the bricks of which it was built being of the same shape and size with those of the part underneath. The entire wall from the foundation, therefore, was about twenty-seven feet in height, of which about nineteen feet was still above ground. Of the towers of which Fitzstephen speaks, the remains of fifteen, according to Maitland, were still to be seen in his day; and of these several appear to have been of Roman construction. One which had been pointed out by Woodward on the west side of Houndsditch, nearly opposite to Gravel Lane, six and twenty feet in height, though

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* See Archæologia, xxvi. 466, and xxvii. 412. Gent. Mag., 1814, and *ann. seq.*

† Pegge's translation, 1772.

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* Didoron, quo utimur, longum sesquipede, latum pede.—*Nat. Hist.* xxxv. 49. Instead of *didŏron*, Harduin reads *Lydion*.

† Letter to Wren, pp. 20, &c.

it continued to be inhabited, was sorely decayed and rent in divers parts from top to bottom; another, the credit of the discovery of which Maitland claims to himself, about eighty paces farther to the south-east towards Aldgate, twenty-one feet high, was still in 1753 perfectly sound. Both were composed of stone, with layers of Roman bricks; the latter, according to Maitland, being in *his* tower as sound as if but newly laid, while the stones in most parts were "become a sacrifice to devouring time." South from Aldgate also, at the lower end of a street called the Vineyard, behind the Minories, was the basis of a third Roman tower about eight feet in height, with a new building of three stories raised upon it: from an inscription on the wall, the old superstructure appeared to have fallen in 1651. Woodward speaks of a considerable extent of the lowest range, or Roman part of the wall, as existing in the Vineyard in his time. "It is composed," he says, "of stone, with layers of brick interposed, after the Roman manner, and is the most considerable remain of Roman workmanship yet extant in any part of England that I know of, being twenty-six feet in height." * The most extensive portion of the upper wall left standing at this date was on both sides of Moorgate; and a great part of that remained till the demolition of old Bethlehem in 1818.

Even at the present day, after a quarter of a century into which there has probably been crowded as much of demolition, reconstruction, and transformation of all kinds, within the limits of old London, as had taken place in all the preceding interval, of six times the length, from the rebuilding of the city after the great fire, an expedition of discovery round the little civic world which the wall once girded in will not, to a vigilant antiquarian eye, be wholly unproductive. Setting out from Tower-hill, we have still, as when Maitland wrote, where stood the old Postern-gate at the south-eastern termination of the wall, in what is now called Postern Row, a few posts set across the footpath to mark the spot, which is opposite to about the middle of the north line of the Tower ditch. The wall went anciently close up to the Tower, but in the beginning of the reign of Richard I. his famous Chancellor, Bishop Longchamp, pulled down three hundred feet of it, in order to enlarge the Tower, and to encompass it with this ditch or moat, "intending," says Stow, "to have derived the river of Thames, with her tides, to have flowed about it, which would not be." The operation, however, loosened the foundation of the south side of the Postern-gate, so that two hundred and fifty years after, in the reign of Henry VI., it fell down altogether, and was never after rebuilt by the citizens. "Such," continues the good old antiquary, "was their negligence then, which hath been some trouble to their successors, since they suffered a weak and wooden building to be then made, inhabited by persons of lewd life, often by inquest of Portsoken Ward presented, but not reformed." Tower Hill Stow describes as having been at this place "greatly straitened by encroachments, unlawfully made and suffered, for gardens and houses," some on the bank of the lower ditch, others near to the city wall "from the Postern north till over against the principal foregate of the Lord Lumley's house;"† and in this way, probably, arose the barrel-shaped collection of tenements crossing the line of the wall and fronting the Tower, formed by Postern Row, and the other street called George

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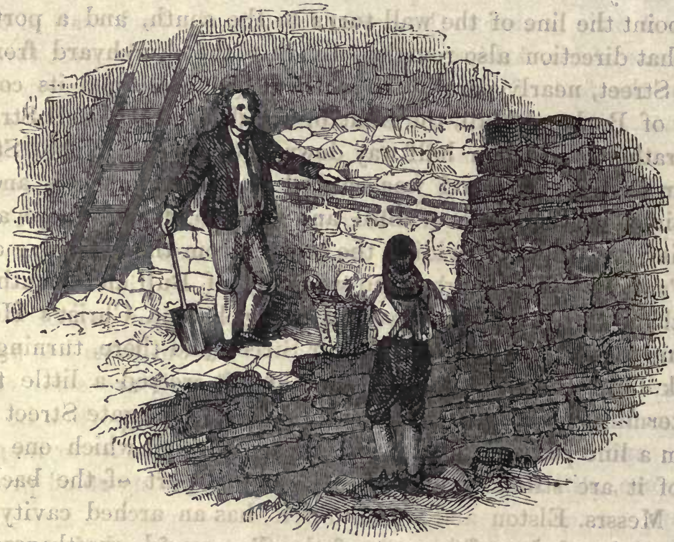
* Letter to Hearne, 1711, p. 48.

† Lord Lumley's house, built in the time of Henry VIII. by Sir Thomas Wyatt the Elder, stood next to Milbourne's Almshouses, in Cooper's Row, which appears to have been formerly called Woodrof Lane.

Street at its back. But at an opening on the north side of George Street the old wall is still to be seen, forming the boundary between a vacant piece of ground into which the opening looks and a court to the east of it, to which there is an entry from Trinity Square. This fragment of the wall, the direction of which is nearly from south to north, is perhaps about forty feet long, and appears to be upwards of twenty-five feet in height. The outside, at least as seen from the court, where it can be most easily examined, is formed of squared stone, the courses of which at the southern extremity are pretty regularly laid; towards the other extremity they are more irregular. Here also, where a brick gable of a house has been built into it, the interior of the wall is visible, and seems to consist of unhewn stones, smaller than those with which it is faced, imbedded in mortar. There is no trace of anything Roman above-ground here. But a considerably longer and also a more perfect fragment of the wall is to be found in a line with this a little farther to the north, forming the back wall of the extensive hemp warehouse of Mr. Atkinson, which is entered from the west through a court leading from the foot of Cooper's Row, or very near the north-east angle of Trinity Square. The outside of Mr. Atkinson's premises may be seen from the Mews Lane entering from America Circus; and the remnant of the city wall here fronts the backs of the houses of America Crescent. On this, its exterior side, it presents an even surface from the base to the summit; but on the interior it recedes as it rises from the ground, and is terminated on the second floor of the warehouse by a parapet about breast high. In Mr. Atkinson's first floor a number of arched recesses have been formed in the wall, but whether when it was built or afterwards may be doubted: the masonry about them has a very patched and inartificial appearance. Near the base of the wall are some courses of flat bricks, such as Woodward saw in the first ten feet of the portion he examined at Bishopsgate; and this would therefore seem to be the lower range of the old Roman structure, still sound and serviceable, after having stood probably fifteen hundred years.

But a still more curious fragment of the Roman foundation was disinterred only a few weeks ago, a little farther to the north, in the course of the operations now in progress for the extension of the Blackwall Railway. Beneath a range of houses which have been in part demolished, in a court entering from the east side of Cooper's Row, nearly opposite to Milbourne's Almshouses, and behind the south-west corner of America Square, the workmen, having penetrated to the natural earth—a hard, dry, sandy gravel—came upon a wall seven feet and a half thick, running in the direction of the two portions already described, that is to say, a very little to the west of north, or parallel to the line of the Minories; which, by the resistance it offered, was at once conjectured to be of Roman masonry. When we saw it, it had been laid bare on both sides to the height of about six or seven feet, and there was an opportunity of examining its construction, both on the surface and in the interior. The principal part of it consisted of five courses of squared stones, regularly laid, with two layers of flat bricks below them, and two similar layers above—the latter at least carried all the way through the wall—as represented in the subjoined drawing. The mortar, which appeared to be extremely hard, had a few pebbles mixed up with it; and here and there were interstices or air-cells, as if it had not been spread, but poured in among the stones. The stones were a granulated limestone, such as might have been obtained from the chalk quarries at Greenhithe or Northfleet. The bricks, which were evidently Roman, and, as far as the eye could judge, corresponded in size as well as in shape with those described by Woodward, had as fine a grain as common pottery, and varied in colour from a bright red to a palish yellow. A slight circular or oval mark—in some cases forming a double ring—appeared on one side of each of them, which had been impressed when the clay was in a soft state. It is to be hoped that the City authorities, or the Society of Antiquaries, have taken care to secure complete drawings of this interesting fragment of antiquity during its short restoration to the light of day—only to be in part destroyed, in part covered up and hidden more impenetrably than ever, by the same busy spirit of speculation and improvement by which it was for a moment revealed.



[Part of the Roman Wall of London recently excavated behind the Minories.]

From this point up to Aldgate High Street, and thence, in a north-westerly direction, behind the south side of Houndsditch, or between that street and Duke Street, Bevis Marks, and Camomile Street, the line of the wall can now only be traced by a slight elevation of the surface, which is generally more or less discernible where it had stood, and where no doubt its foundation for the most part still exists under the modern buildings that have been raised upon the same site. It was at the west end of Camomile Street that Woodward, in the beginning of the last century, examined the portion of the wall then laid bare from the foundation, and about to be demolished. Here stood Bishop's-gate, at the point where the street called Bishopsgate Within is still divided from Bishopsgate Without. Hence the wall was carried in a westerly direction, with a slight deflection to the north, between Bishopsgate Churchyard and Wormwood Street. We are informed that it was reached in Wormwood Street a few years ago, in digging for the foundation of the St. Ethelburga Charity Schools. From the end of this street it proceeded in the same direction along the north side of the street still called London Wall; and here a few fragments of it still remain above-ground. One small portion extends westward from the church of All

Hallows on the Wall, which is built upon it. A little farther on, opposite to the entry to Sion College, another fragment may be seen over a brick wall, which screens it in the greater part from the street. And still farther to the west the old wall still forms the southern boundary of the court-yard of the White Horse Inn, and the back of the premises of Messrs. Deacon and Co., canal-carriers. But one of the most interesting remnants on the whole line is that to be found in Cripplegate Churchyard, part of the southern boundary of which, dividing it from the continuation of London Wall called Hart Street, is still formed by the old city wall, which here terminates its course to the westward with a circular inclosure, in very good preservation, the basis, no doubt, of one of the towers by which it was formerly adorned and strengthened, and the only one of which any traces are now to be found. Access to the inside of the inclosure may be obtained through the entry to the Clothworkers' Almshouses at the end of Hart Street. From this point the line of the wall turns to the south, and a portion of it extending in that direction also remains, dividing the churchyard from the houses in Mugwell Street, nearly parallel to which it had continued its course, passing by the back of Barbers' Hall, the front of which is in Mugwell Street, and then descending rather more than half way down the back of Noble Street, when it turned again to the west, and was carried across Aldersgate, and behind the houses forming the north side of Bull and Mouth Street, where another small part of it may be still seen dividing the houses from the extensive churchyard of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate. From the west end of Bull and Mouth Street it deflected a little towards the south-west, passing behind Christ's Hospital, till it arrived within a short distance of Giltspur Street, and there, turning again to the south, struck down upon Newgate Street, which it crossed a little to the east of its present termination at the Old Bailey. From Newgate Street it proceeded southward in a line parallel to the Old Bailey, behind which one or two small fragments of it are still standing. One, forming part of the back wall of the premises of Messrs. Elston and Co., builders, has an arched cavity hollowed out of it, at the height of about fifteen feet from the ground, exactly resembling those in Mr. Atkinson's warehouse; but, as the latter have been formed in the inner and this in the outer side of the wall, it would rather seem that neither had made part of its original construction. Lud-gate stood at the present point of division between Ludgate Hill and Ludgate Street, immediately to the west of St. Martin's church, or directly in front of the London Coffee House. From this point, or rather from a spot a few yards farther to the south, the wall again turned to the west, with a slight inclination southward, passing behind the south side of Ludgate Hill,—where a small fragment of it is still to be seen forming part of the wall of a butcher's shop in what is now called St. Martin's Court,—till it abutted upon the bank of the Fleet River, which it then accompanied to the Thames.

But it is matter of historical record that a portion of the space thus encompassed was taken into the city at a comparatively recent date. Till the year 1276 the wall proceeded in one straight line from Newgate to the river, as we learn from Matthew Paris, who informs us that the part of it to the south of Ludgate was then pulled down, with the permission of the city, by Robert Kilwarby, Archbishop of Canterbury, to make way for his foundation of a house for the Preaching or Black Friars; upon which Edward I. commanded the city to build a new wall running west from Ludgate to the Fleet, and thence southward to the Thames, so as to enclose the entire precinct of the Black Friars, whose convent here, by the bye, is stated to have been erected on the site and with the stones of the old castle of Montfichet. But as this has not been the last addition made to the city—which has since been extended as far to the westward as Temple Bar—so in all probability it was not the first. The western boundary of Roman London appears to be indicated by the point at which the old wall first deflected from its course to the westward, and by the new direction which it then assumed. There can be little doubt that it proceeded originally in one unbroken line from the angle at Cripplegate Churchyard to the Thames. If a line so drawn would not include the entire city as then existing, there would seem to be no reason why the turn should have been made at the particular point and in the direction actually chosen. If any space beyond such a line was to be taken in, either the wall, we may suppose, would have been carried farther to the west before a change was made in its direction at all, or much more of a westerly inclination would have been given to its new course. If we suppose the Roman wall to have followed the direction it took on first turning round to the south at Cripplegate Churchyard, it would pass to the east of St. Paul's Churchyard, and would leave without the city, in conformity with the Roman custom, the ancient cemetery there. Probably it was a part of the foundation of this original wall which was discovered in sinking a shaft a few years ago opposite Paternoster Row, "where," we are told, "at about eighteen feet deep the operations were checked by a stone wall of intense hardness, running in a direction towards the centre of St. Paul's, and which cost the labourers three or four days to cut through."*

It is not improbable, however, that, even during the Roman occupation, the extension of the city towards the west may have led to an alteration of part of the original line of the wall in that quarter, and to the carrying of it in the direction of Aldersgate, Newgate, and Ludgate, even by such a sharp turn as it made at Noble Street. All that we contend for is, that that is not likely to have been the course in which it proceeded when the portion of it from Cripplegate churchyard to the sudden break off behind Noble Street was first designed and erected. In other directions, as well as in this, there is good ground for inferring that what was at one time considered as country, and without the circuit of the city, was built upon by the Romans in a later age. Sepulchral remains have been found, as we have seen, within at least the more recent line of the wall, not only in St. Paul's Churchyard, but also at Bishopsgate on the north side of the city, and at St. Dunstan's in the East towards its southern or eastern boundary. But it is remarkable that in each of these instances the urns and other evidences of sepulture were found under pavements; thus showing that, although the place had once been a cemetery, it had afterwards come to be built upon. No doubt even the space that was completely covered with houses, and that would therefore naturally be accounted an integral part of the city, must have gradually spread itself out over the country on all sides in the course of the three or four centuries during which London, under the Roman dominion, was, we have every reason to believe, a flourishing town, growing in population, as well as in wealth and general commercial and political importance. And no doubt, also, there were many buildings, villas of opulent merchants and others, scattered over the neighbouring country, along the great roads and up and down among the pleasant fields, that at no time were considered as making part of the city, although some of them might be very near to it, nor were ever included within any artificial circumvallation. Beyond what we have considered to be the most probable line of the original enclosure of Roman London, tesselated pavements or other sure marks of habitation have been discovered not only between St. Paul's and Ludgate—at the London Coffee House and in Creed Lane—but so far to the west as St. Andrew's Hill, in Holborn, to which point nobody has ever supposed that the city wall extended. Nay, for that matter, the clear vestiges of Roman dwelling-houses have been found not only in the adjacent suburban district of Southwark, but here and there along that bank of the river as far east as Deptford. But the evidences of continued building and a compact population are confined to the locality still forming the heart of the city, and to the limits we have assigned to the walled London of the Romans. Almost every excavation that is made to a sufficient depth within these limits brings us among their long-buried relics—to the very streets on which they walked, or the floors of the houses in which they lived. The general level of Roman London ranges from above fifteen to seventeen feet under the present surface,* thus showing an accumulation at the rate of about a foot in a century gradually arising out of the mere occupancy and traffic of a crowded population; for of the whole little more than two feet usually consists of the *débris* of the ancient city. Probably indeed the rate of augmentation has been considerably greater than this in more recent times. In some places, too, what is called the Roman soil descends to a much greater depth than its general level. This is particularly the case along the course of the stream of Walbrook, which formerly, passing through the wall (whence its name), entered the city between Bishopsgate and Moorgate, at the east end of old Bethlehem, and proceeded nearly along the line of the new street called Moorfields, and of the present Walbrook Street, under which, we believe, it still flows as a sewer, discharging itself into the Thames at Dowgate. In Prince's Street, which skirts the west side of the Bank, and connects Moorgate Street with the other magnificent new opening called King William Street, leading to London Bridge, the Roman stratum was found in the course of the late excavations to go down to the depth of not less than thirty feet. Here, too, and along the whole line from Prince's Street to Finsbury, in which also it was of unusual depth, it was, according to Mr. Smith's account, much more moist than usual, "highly impregnated with animal and vegetable matter, and almost of an inky blackness in colour." "Throughout the same line also," Mr. Smith continues, "were at intervals noticed a vast and almost continuous number of wooden piles, which in Prince's Street were particularly frequent, and where also they descended much deeper. The nature of the ground, and the quantity of these piles, tend to strengthen the probability of a channel having flowed in this direction, draining off the water from the adjoining marshes, and that too (from the numerous Roman remains accompanying these indications) at a very remote period."† The same peculiarities mark a considerable portion of the soil that is in course of being turned up while we write under the site of the late Royal Exchange. In seeking a firm foundation for the new building, the workmen in one place have been obliged to make their way through a stratum, at least twelve or fifteen feet in thickness, of moist, black earth, interspersed with shells of fishes, horns, bones, and other animal remains. At the bottom, too, some strong oaken piles had been driven in to support the made earth. It was evidently a place into which rubbish of all kinds had been thrown, to fill up either a deserted gravel-pit, or more probably a natural hollow formed by some stray rivulet from the great fen to the north, over which it was desired to build. The Roman remains found in Prince's Street and near the Bank are described by Mr. Smith as having been more various and of a more interesting kind than had been met with in any other part of London; but we could not learn that anything except a few bits of pottery and some common coins had been picked up here. Over the black rubbish, however, laid on a substratum of gravelly earth about two feet thick, were remains of Roman building, in particular a square-shaped tablet, apparently the basis of a pillar, built of large flat bricks, encrusted with a very hard cement in which the mouldings were formed, exactly as is done in the London architecture of the present day. Nay, over this, and separated from it by some more made earth, were other extensive stone and brick foundations, which had also very much of a Roman look, and yet appeared evidently to have been laid down without any regard to those below, or perhaps even a knowledge of their existence. From this and other appearances of the same kind it would almost seem that, even during the period of the Roman occupation, the original Roman London had been in great part superseded by a new city built over it and out of its ruins.

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* Observations on the Roman Remains found in Various Parts of London in the years 1834, 1835, 1836; by Mr. Charles Roach Smith. In Archæologia, xxvii. pp. 140-153. "In this wall," it is added, "were cemented two large sea-shells, evidently for ornament. Sir William Gell notices this as a common practice in Pompeii." Close to the wall were found several of the second-brass coins of Vespasian and Domitian, and above it a fine Samian dish, with a hammer nearly a foot long, and some other iron tools.

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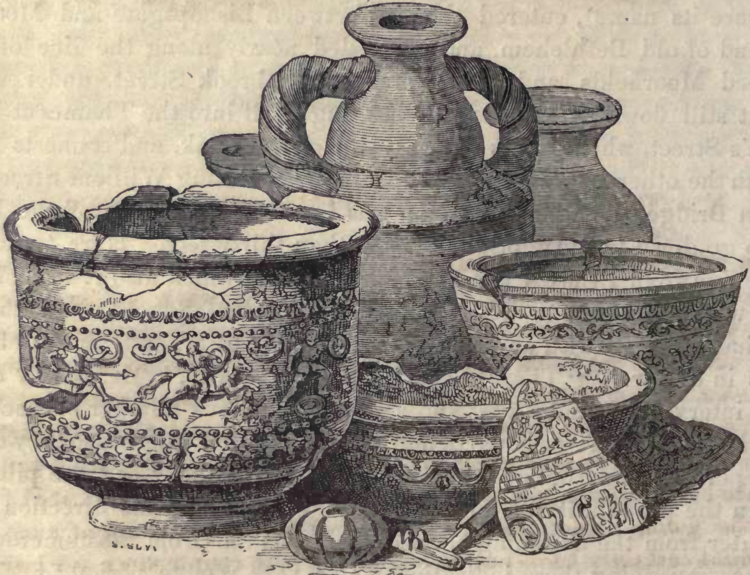
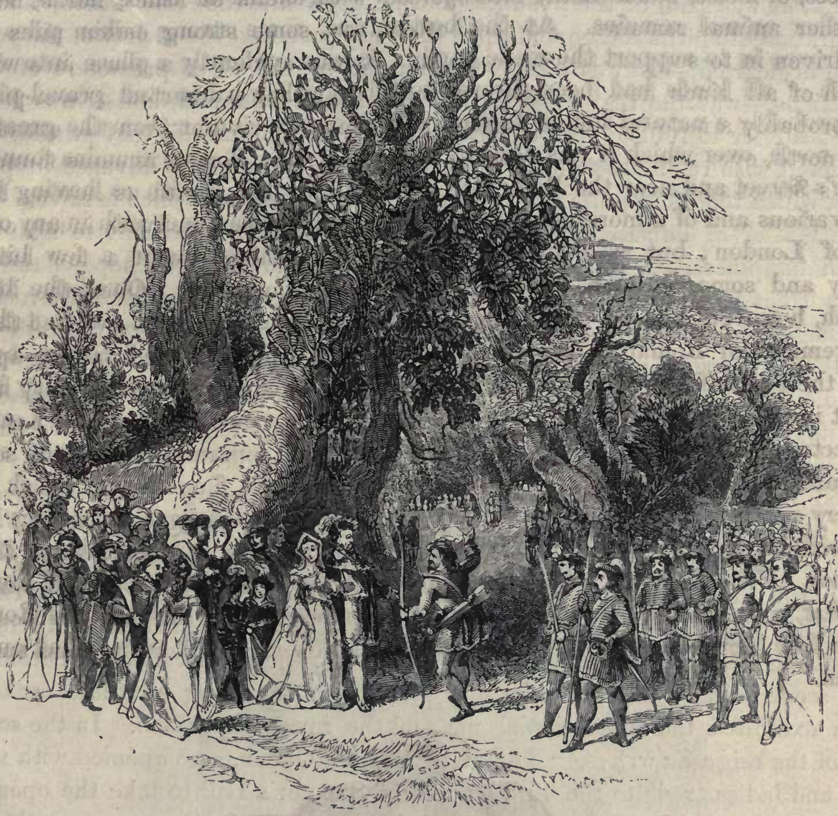
* Account of Various Roman Antiquities, discovered on the site of the Church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane and in East Cheap; by A. J. Kempe, Esq. In Archæologia, xxiv. 190, &c.

† 'Archæologia,' vol. xxvii. pp. 140, &c.



[Urns, Vases, Key, Bead, and Fragment of Pottery, found in Lombard Street, 1785.]



[Henry VIII. Maying at Shooter's Hill.]

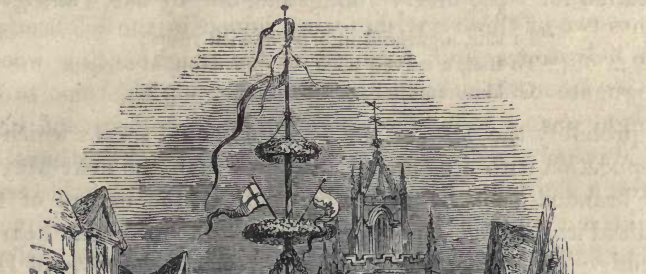
X.—THE OLD SPRING-TIME IN LONDON.

There was an interesting remnant of the habits and feelings of our ancestors, existing down to nearly the close of the last century, when we find it recorded that on the first of May, "according to annual and *superstitious* custom, a number of persons went into the fields and bathed their faces with the dew of the grass, under the idea that it would render them beautiful." And were they very far wrong? We suspect that, if the enlightened writer and the "superstitious" persons had stood side by side to test the value of the custom, the latter would have had much the best of the argument. Their glowing cheeks and animated features, kissed by the young May herself in token of her approbation of such loving votaries, would certainly have put to shame his pale countenance yet heavy with sleep. Pepys, about a century and a quarter earlier, knew better than to call so beautiful a custom by so unworthy a name. He writes in his diary one day, "My wife away: down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little air, and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which

Mrs. Turner has taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with." He emphatically adds, *"I am contented with it."* No doubt. Excellent Mrs. Turner! would there were many such teachers now! What matters it whether the dew, as was said, or the freshness and beauty of the time and season, and the exhilaration of spirits consequent upon their enjoyment in the society of the young and light-hearted,—as was doubtless thought by the chief promoters of such recreations,—was the real cause? The result was obtained, and it was left to wiser posterity to refuse "to be contented with it;" to exhibit that partial, and, considered with reference to itself only, that most unfortunate advance in philosophy, which too often pulls down without building up, and which is so very busy in the matter of human improvement, that it has not a moment to spare for human happiness. A glimpse of better things is, however, we hope, dawning; and as it has been said, in connection with literature, that no great work remains long neglected, let us hope that the statement will prove at least partially true with that greatest of practical poems—an old May-day.

The eve of May-day in London during the reign of Henry VIII. presented an animated scene. The citizens of all classes then met together in every parish, and sometimes two or three parishes were joined in the celebration. They then divided into companies, and repaired to the neighbouring woods and groves, some to Highgate or Hampstead, some to Greenwich, some to Shooter's Hill. There the night was spent in cutting down green boughs and branches, in preparing the May-pole, and in a variety of sports and pastimes. In the earlier part of his reign the King himself made a point of joining in these "Mayings," and with as keen a relish as any of his subjects. The picturesque old chronicler, Hall, seems to have taken a particular pleasure in recording all those occasions which exhibited the more genial part of the royal disposition. In the second year of the reign he writes, "The King and the Queen, accompanied with many lords and ladies, rode to the high ground of Shooter's Hill to take the open air, and as they passed by the way they espied a company of tall yeomen, clothed all in green, with green hoods and bows and arrows, to the number of two hundred. Then one of them, which called himself Robin Hood, came to the King, desiring him to see his men shoot, and the King was content. Then he whistled, and all the two hundred archers shot and loosed at once; and then he whistled again, and they likewise shot again; their arrows whistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and great, and much pleased the King, the Queen, and all the company. All these archers were of the King's guard, and had thus appareled themselves to make solace to the King. Then Robin Hood desired the King and Queen to come into the green wood, and to see how the outlaws live. The King demanded of the Queen and her ladies if they durst adventure to go into the wood with so many outlaws. Then the Queen said, if it pleased him she was content. Then the horns blew till they came to the wood under Shooter's Hill, and there was an arbour made with boughs, with a hall, and a great chamber and an inner chamber, very well made, and covered with flowers and sweet herbs, which the King much praised. Then said Robin Hood, Sir, outlaws' breakfast is venison, and therefore you must be content with such fare as we use. Then the King departed and his company, and Robin Hood and his men them conducted; and as they were returning there met with them two ladies in a rich chariot drawn with five horses, and every horse had his name on his head, and on every horse sat a lady with her name written. On the first courser, called Cawde, sate Humidite, or Humide; on the second courser, called Memeon, rode Lady Vert; on the third, called Pheaton, sate Lady Vegetave; on the fourth, called Rimphon, sate Lady Pleasance; on the fifth, called Lampace, sate Sweet Odour; and in the chair sate the Lady May, accompanied with Lady Flora, richly appareled; and they saluted the King with diverse goodly songs, and so brought him to Greenwich."*

The crowds of people who had witnessed this spectacle, "to their great solace and comfort," now returned to their own shares in the important business of the day. Let us follow one of these companies. First, they adorned the May-pole with flowers and foliage from one end to the other, the pole itself being previously painted with the most brilliantly variegated colours. Forty yoke of oxen were now attached to it, this May-pole being of unusual length; and each ox having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied to the tips of his horns. Men, women, and children, all dressed in their gayest habiliments, and laden with green boughs, completed the procession, which now set forth towards the place where the pole was to be elevated. As they passed through the streets of London, they found



[May-pole before St. Andrew Undershaft.]

"Each street a park,
Made green, and trimm'd with trees;"

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* Hall's Chronicle, p. 582.

the church porches decorated

> "With hawthorn-buds, and sweet eglantine,
> And garlands of roses:"

they heard music sounding from every quarter, and here and there they beheld in their way some May-pole, preserved from the last year, already elevated, and a wide circle of beaming faces dancing round it. They looked, and hurried on to the place of their destination. The church of St. Andrew the Apostle was called St. Andrew *Undershaft,* from the circumstance that from time immemorial a May-pole or shaft had been set up there which towered considerably *above* it. Long streamers or flags were now attached to the pole, which was then finally reared to its proper position amidst the lusty cheers of the multitudes gathered round. Summer-halls, bowers, and arbours were now formed near it; the Lord and Lady of the May were chosen, and decorated with scarfs, ribbons, and other braveries; and then the dances, feastings, and merriment of the day fairly began. When "envious night" approached, and the bonfires were about to be lighted, the Lady of the May, with her attendant female satellites, withdrew; not, however, till she had called for "the merry youngsters, one by one," and given

> "To this, a garland interwove with roses;
> To that, a carved hook, or well-wrought scrip;
> Gracing another with her cherry lip."*

This was probably the last of the many splendid scenes which Cornhill witnessed in connection with its famous May-pole, for the next May-day was that emphatically branded as "Evil May-day," from the nature of the occurrence which signalised it. About this time it appears "a great heart-burning and malicious grudge grew amongst the Englishmen of the City of London against strangers; and namely, the artificers found themselves much aggrieved because such number of strangers were permitted to resort hither with their wares, and to exercise handicrafts, to the great hinderance and impoverishing of the King's liege people."† These feelings were fostered by one John Lincoln, a broker, and Dr. Bell, a canon, who openly preached against the strangers. The latter were consequently insulted, and some of them beaten in the streets; but upon their seeking the protection of the Lord Mayor, several of the most malignant of their assailants were sent to prison. "Then suddenly," says Stow, "rose a secret rumour, and no man could tell how it began, that, on May-day next following, the City would slay all the aliens; insomuch that divers strangers fled out of the City." The rumour reached the ears of the King's council on May-day eve, and the attention of the Mayor and his brethren being immediately called to the circumstance, an assembly was held at the earliest possible hour to devise such measures of precaution as might appear necessary. The famous Sir Thomas More took an active part in these proceedings; which resulted in an order, delivered by each alderman personally to his ward, that no man after nine should stir out of the house, but keep his doors shut and his servants within until nine o'clock in the morning. Probably these precautions would have sufficed, but for the want of prudence in one of the aldermen, who, returning from his ward just after the proclamation had been made, and finding two young men playing at bucklers in Cheap, with many others looking on, commanded them to leave off. One of them asked, why? Upon which the alderman would have sent him to the Compter; but that formidable body, the 'prentices of London, was at this time in full vigour: the cry of 'Prentices! 'Prentices! Clubs! Clubs! resounded through the street, and the alderman found safety only in flight. The mischief was now set on foot. The throng of excited people was swelled from all quarters; serving-men, watermen, and even courtiers, left their houses to join in the fray. The prisoners before mentioned were soon released. At St. Martin's Gate Sir Thomas More met them, and earnestly and kindly exhorted them to go to their respective homes. But at this moment the people within St. Martin's threw out stones and bats, and, among several others, hurt one Nicholas Dennis, a sergeant-at-arms, who cried in a fury, "Down with them!" The doors and windows of the neighbouring houses were forced instantly, and the insides completely gutted. After that they ran into Cornhill, in the neighbourhood of which dwelt a Frenchman, with whom various other foreigners lodged. This man's house they likewise spoiled. Others went to different parts, broke open the strangers' houses, and committed similar excesses. Thus they were engaged till about three in the morning, when they began to withdraw. But the Mayor was on the watch, and at once captured and sent to the Tower and other places of confinement three hundred of their number, including women, and lads not above thirteen or fourteen years old. They were tried in the Guildhall on the 4th, and on the 7th John Lincoln and some twelve others were brought forth for execution. When the former had suffered, a respite arrived for the others. For what followed we must borrow the graphic pen of Hall, who most probably witnessed the scene he describes:—

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* Browne's Pastorals.

† Stow, b. i. p. 253.

"Thursday, the 22nd day of May, the King came into Westminster Hall, for whom at the upper end was set a cloth of estate, and the place hanged with arras: with him went the Cardinal, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, &c. * * * The Mayor and aldermen were there, in their best livery, by nine of the clock. Then the King commanded that all the prisoners should be brought forth. Then came in the poor younglings and old false knaves, bound in ropes, all along, one after another, in their shirts, and every one a halter about his neck, to the number of four hundred men and eleven women. And when all were come before the King's presence, the Cardinal rose, laid to the Mayor and commonalty their negligence, and to the prisoners he declared they had deserved death for their offence. Then all the prisoners together cried, Mercy, gracious lord, mercy! Then the lords all together besought his Grace of mercy, at whose request the King pardoned them all. And then the Cardinal gave unto them a good exhortation, to the great gladness of the hearers. And when the general pardon was pronounced, all the prisoners shouted at once, and all together cast up their halters into the hall roof, so that the King might perceive they were none of the discreetest sort."* Not the least interesting feature of this scene is the conduct of the rioters not apprehended. These sly fellows, keeping among the crowd without till they heard how matters were going, "suddenly stripped them into their shirts, with halters," and with penitent faces took their places among the other offenders just in time to hear the pardon pronounced. The device succeeded, and some who would certainly have otherwise been dealt with hardly, as leaders in the affair, escaped. Thus ended for the present Evil May-day. But the real punishment of the people for this outbreak was the deprivation of their popular sports which they experienced when the 1st of May came round again. The great shaft of St. Andrew's lay for years unused over the doors and below the penthouses of the street. In the third year of the ensuing reign, probably in consequence of some rumours as to its restoration, a fanatic clergyman preached against it at St. Paul's Cross. "I heard his sermon," says Stow, "and I saw the effect that followed. For in the afternoon of that present Sunday the neighbours and tenants * * * over whose doors the shaft had lain, after they had dined to make themselves strong, gathered more help, and with great labour raising the shaft from the hooks whereon it had rested two-and-thirty years, they sawed it in pieces, every man taking for his share so much as had lain over his door and stall. * * * Thus was this *idol*, as he, poor man, termed it, mangled, and after burned." Gradually, we presume, the May-poles resumed their former ascendancy, for in 1644 the Parliamentarians ordered that "all and singular May-poles be taken down." When Charles II. ascended the throne, the famous May-pole of the Strand was restored with great pomp and rejoicing, amidst multitudes of people, whose shouts and acclamations were heard from time to time through the whole day. When this pole had ceased to be any longer the centre of the merry May-day circles, and the interest with which it was originally regarded had faded away, it was given to Sir Isaac Newton, and by his directions removed to Wanstead to support the then largest telescope in the world.

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* Hall, p. 591.

Whilst the May-day games in the early part of Henry's reign existed in all their splendour and popularity, archery also, after a long period of continual decline, suddenly revived. What the edicts of successive monarchs, from the time of the great national victories of Cressy, Agincourt, Poitiers, down almost to the accession of Henry,—now compelling every one to furnish himself with the necessary implements, now prohibiting all other sports, &c.—failed to do, was at once accomplished by the publication, through the novel agency of the press, of the ballads and traditionary stories that told of the great outlaw of Sherwood. Henceforward he and his Maid Marian generally formed companion figures in the May-day dances, and archery again became popular. The King, himself an admirable bowman, encouraged this noble amusement by every means in his power. He founded the establishment of archers, under the title of the Fraternity of St. George, who were authorized to "exercise shooting at all manner of marks and butts, and at the game of the popinjay, and other games, as at fowl and fowls, as well in the City as suburbs, and in all other places." There was a remarkable passage in the charter, to the effect that, in case any one slew another by an arrow shot in these sports, he was not to be sued or apprehended if he had immediately before he shot used the warning cry,—Fast! Scenes like that described in Hall's account of another of the King's Maying excursions must have also wonderfully popularized the revival of the use of the national weapon. On this occasion, "his Grace, being young, and not willing to be idle, rose in the morning very early to fetch May or green boughs, himself fresh and richly appareled, and clothed all his knights, squires, and gentlemen in white satin, and all his guard and yeomen of the crown in white sarcenet. And so went every man with his bow and arrows shooting to the wood, and so repaired again to the court, every man with a green bough in his cap; and at his returning, many hearing of his going a-Maying were desirous to see him shoot; for at that time his Grace shot as strong and as great a length as any of his guard. There came to his Grace a certain man with bow and arrows, and desired his Grace to take the muster of him and to see him shoot. For (as) at that time his Grace was contented, the man put his one foot in his bosom, and so did shoot, and shot a very good shot, and well towards his mark; whereof not only his Grace, but all other, greatly marvelled. So the King gave him a reward for his so doing, which person afterwards of the people and of them in the court was called Foot in Bosom." *

An incident of a somewhat similar nature led to more important results. Whilst keeping his court at Windsor, Henry caused various matches to be made, in which many of the principal archers of the day were engaged. When these had all shot, and some so well that nothing better could have been possibly anticipated, the King noticed one Barlow, a member of his body-guard, who had yet to shoot. "Win them," cried he, "and thou shalt be Duke over all archers." Barlow did "win them," by surpassing the best of the previous shots; and the gratified King, having commended him for his skill, on learning that he resided in Shoreditch, named him Duke of that place. The dukedom was, it appears, hereditary, and an annual show preserved the memory of the event. So late as 1583 we find this show kept up with extraordinary magnificence. On the 17th of September of that year "the citizens set forth at their great charge a shooting-match with much state, the Duke of Shoreditch and all his nobility and officers marching through the City of London to the shooting-place. And first he gave a summons to all his Marquises, Earls, and Barons, with all their trains of archery in and about the City of London, to be in readiness to accompany him into the field, every one with a long bow and four shafts, on the aforesaid day, to meet him in Smithfield. And so they did. The Duke with his company set forth from Merchant Tailors' Hall. There repaired unto him all those that were appointed for conducting of his person to the place of meeting, as true Barons, and a multitude of good archers in their habits, under his own ensign. Who, with sound of trumpet, drums, and other instruments, passed along Broad Street (where the Duke dwelt), through Moorfields, to Finsbury, and from thence to Smithfield. There was also the Marquis Barlo (who presented to his nobleness a wedge of gold, whilst a page flung abroad from a box glistering spangles), and the Marquis of Clerkenwell, with hunters, who wound their horns; and the Earl of Pancridge, and the Marquis of Islington, and the Marquis of Hogsden, and the Marquis of Shakelwell, and other such nobility, with all their trains, making a surprising show. For they marched in very great pomp, oddly habited, through several places and chief streets of London. The number of archers that now shot were three thousand. The number of them that accompanied the archers as whifflers and those that guarded them with bills was four thousand, besides pages and henchmen. Their attire was very gorgeous, a great many wearing chains of

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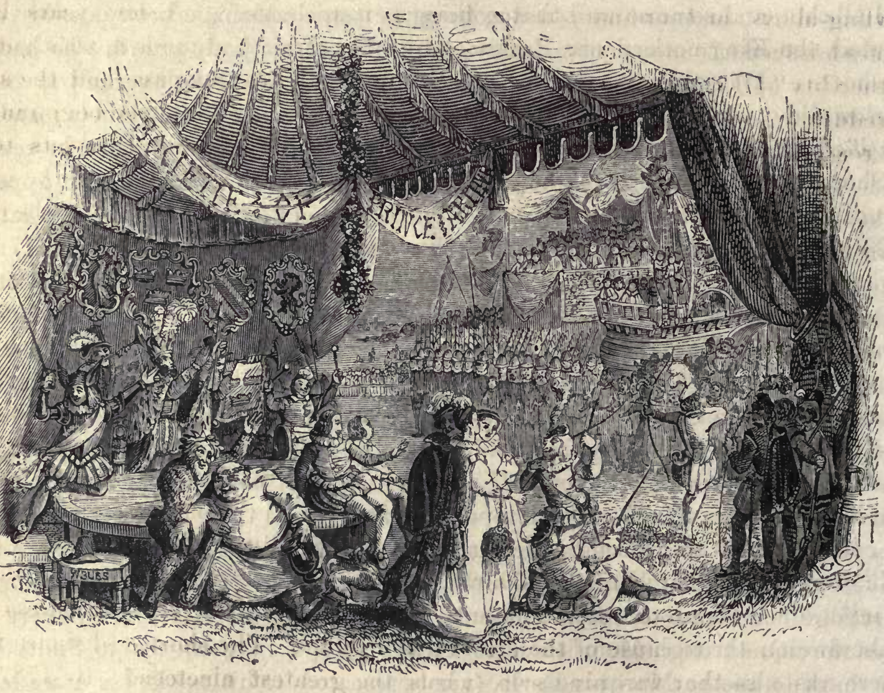
* Hall, p. 515.

gold; the number of these chains were nine hundred and forty-two." The Duke of Shoreditch was not the only member of the aristocracy of archers in London formally recognised by the King. There was a Prince Arthur, at the head of another band, who held their meetings at Mile End. Coming one day to see their performances, the King was so pleased that he took them under his direct patronage, and confirmed by charter their "famous order of Knights of Prince Arthur's Round Table, or Society:" and from that time, whenever he saw a "good archer indeed," he chose him, and ordained such a one for a knight of the same order. It is satisfactory to find that these contemporary, and in some respects rival potentates, and their descendants, were on exceedingly good terms. On one of Prince Arthur's field-days, held in the same year as the Duke of Shoreditch's pageant just described, and with scarcely less magnificence, a deputation from the Duke presented a buck of the season to the Prince, then in his tent at Mile End, to regale him and his illustrious knights after the toils of the day.



[Arthur's Show.]

This was the golden age of archery as an amusement; but it was almost as brief as it was brilliant. As the introduction of gunpowder had already excluded the bow from the field, so now the growth of the City absorbed one after another all the places available for its pursuit as a pastime. Even in Hall and Henry VIII.'s time the system had begun of raising a hedge here, widening a ditch there, in the common fields around, but it was not as yet destined to be successful.

"Before this time the towns about London, as Islington, Hoxton, Shoreditch, and others, had so enclosed the common fields with hedges and ditches, that neither the young men of the City might shoot, nor the ancient persons might walk for their pleasure in the fields, except either their bows and arrows were broken or taken away, or the honest and substantial persons arrested or indicted, saying that no Londoners should go out of the City but in the highways. This saying sore grieved the Londoners, and suddenly this year a great number of the City assembled themselves in a morning, and a turner in a fool's coat came crying through the city, Shovels and spades! and so many people followed, that it was wonder; and within a short space all the hedges about the towns were cast down, and the ditches filled and everything made plain, the workmen were so diligent. The King's Council, hearing of this assembly, came to the Grey Friars and sent for the Mayor and Council of the City to know the cause, which declared to them the nuisance done to the citizens, and their commodities and liberties taken from them. * * * And so after the fields were never hedged."* The Chronicler's "never" applied to scarce half a century. "What should I speak of the ancient daily exercises in the long bow by citizens of the City," exclaims Stow in 1598, "now almost clearly left off and forsaken? I overpass it. For, by the means of closing in of common grounds, our archers, for want of room to shoot abroad, creep into bowling-alleys, and ordinary dicing-houses, near home." A few years later James I. issued a commission to "view and survey on such grounds next adjoining to the City of London and the suburbs within two miles' compass, and the same to reduce in such order and state for the archers as they were in the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII., and to cause the banks, ditches, and quicksets to be made plain and reformed." At this period and for some time previous the great archery-grounds of London were Finsbury Fields. These extended from the open country down to the very wall of the City itself, where stood Moor Gate. The only buildings beyond Moor Gate were those scattered along a kind of avenue, then occupied by bowyers, fletchers, and stringers, but since known to fame as Grub Street, and more recently as Milton Street. Beyond Grub Street the broad meadows were dotted in every direction with the archers' marks, which were pillars of stone or wood supporting a target, the whole being crowned by a representation of a flying bird, a serpent, or a swan, according to the fancy of the individuals by whom they were generally erected. There were no less than one hundred and sixty-four of these marks in 1594, each being distinguished by a name, most commonly of a fanciful kind, exhibiting a strange partiality for alliteration. One was called Daye's Deed, another Dunstan's Darling; others respectively, Pakes his Pillar, Partridge his Primrose. Some more than ordinarily skilful shot doubtless was often the immediate cause of the erection of a pillar. The shortest distance from one mark to another was nine score yards, the greatest nineteen! By 1737 the marks had been reduced to twenty-one only, and the archers had degenerated almost in the same proportion; the greatest distance being now only thirteen, and the least about three score yards. Compare this with the state of things in the reign of Henry VIII., when no man was allowed to shoot at a mark less distant than eleven score yards; or with the almost miraculous shots mentioned in our old ballads, when a slender hazel rod was set up to be shot at four hundred yards distant! This degeneracy afforded a fair mark to another kind of archers—the satirists, with whom Finsbury Fields and their visiters became a continual theme of amusement. One of them writes—

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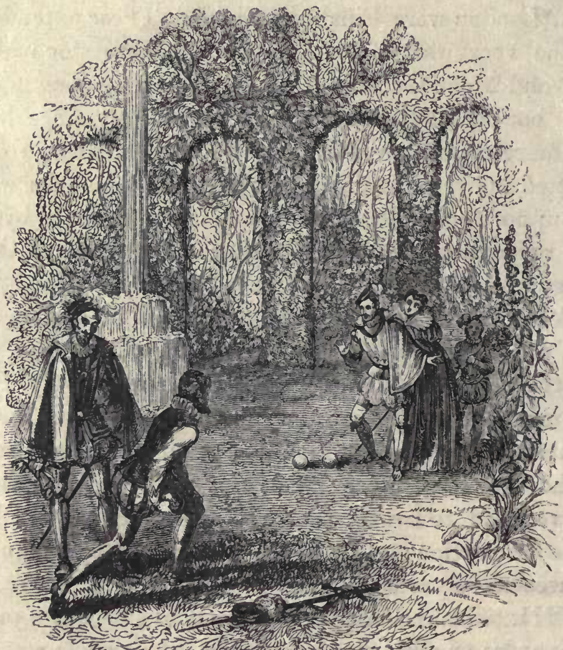
* Hall, p. 568.

"Now lean Attorney, that his cheese
Ne'er par'd, nor verses took for fees;
And aged Proctor, that controls
The feats of punck in court of Paul's;
Do each with solemn oath agree
To meet in Fields of Finsbury:
With loins in canvass bow-case tyed,
Where arrows stick with mickle pride;
With hats pinn'd up, and bow in hand,
All day most fiercely there they stand,
Like ghosts of Adam Bell and Clymme:
Sol sets for fear they'll shoot at him."*

The combination of the wits and their old and untiring enemies, the builders, was too much for the Finsbury archers. Charles I. issued a commission similar to that of his father; but still the work of innovation went on. The archers then once more took the matter in their own hands, and made visits every now and then to level hedges, fill up ditches, and replace marks; but at last they grew tired even of that method. The year 1786 saw the last effort of the kind they made.

The bowling-alleys, to which Stow says the archers were driven, were by no means a novelty in England, although from this period more attention was paid to the game. Stow gives elsewhere a striking proof of the justness of his complaint concerning bowling-alleys and dicing-houses. He says that Northumberland House, in Fenchurch Street, being deserted by its noble owners, the Percy family,



[Bowling-alley.]

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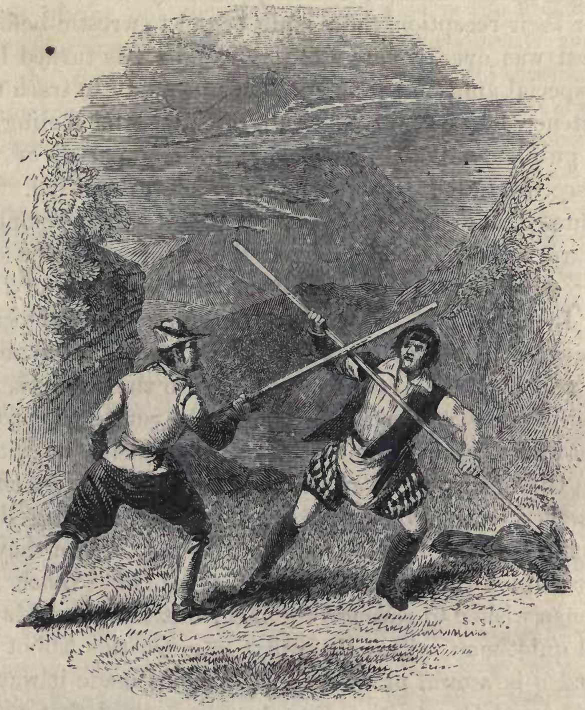
* D'Avenant's Long Vacation. Works, 1673, p. 289.

in the reign of Henry VII., the gardens were converted into bowling-alleys, and the other parts of the estate into dicing-houses. In the following century the bowling-greens of London were the admiration of all foreigners.

Among the other sports contemporaneous with the May-games, and no doubt generally introduced into them, the principal next to archery were quarter-staff, wrestling, and the different varieties of sports with the ball. Mixed with them were the grosser excitements of cock-fighting and bull and bear baiting. All these old English sports remained in the sixteenth century pretty much in the same state as when they were noticed by Fitz-Stephen in the twelfth. Before we say anything of these, however, we must mention an amusement which more than any of them carries us back to the poetical freshness of those olden times. Fitz-Stephen speaks of the youths using their bucklers like fighting-men, and the maidens "dancing and tripping till moonlight;" but Stow gives us the entire picture. "The youths of this city also have used on holidays after evening prayer, at their masters' doors, to exercise their wasters and bucklers; and the maidens, one of them playing on a timbrel in sight of their masters and dames, to dance for garlands hanged athwart the streets."

Stow had a painter's eye and a poet's feeling; let us add, also, that later moralists might have taken home some of his lessons with advantage. Continuing the same subject, he says, "which open pastimes in my youth, being now sup-



[Quarter-staff.]

pressed, worser practices within doors are to be feared." A sport practised till very recently at our country fairs was for many centuries a great favourite. We allude to the manly game of quarter-staff, so often mentioned in the Robin Hood ballads as one of the chief instruments, next to the bow, with which the mighty archer exhibited his versatile prowess; although it is curious enough, by the bye, to notice how often he was beat at it, whilst engaged in enlisting recruits for Sherwood. This truly formidable weapon, which appears to have belonged almost exclusively to our own country, was firmly grasped in the middle by one hand, whilst the other shifted to and fro towards either extremity, according as the one or the other was to be brought suddenly down upon the exposed head or shoulders of the unfortunate antagonist. The great characteristic of the quarter-staff was its large compass both for attack and defence; with a turn of the wrist a wide circle was described, through which it was difficult to enter, but from which it was easy to strike when the slightest inattention of eye or hand invited the blow.

Next to archery, wrestling appears to have engaged the especial favour of the civic authorities. On the feast of St. Bartholomew the Apostle the Lord Mayor went out into the precincts of the City, most probably into Finsbury Fields, with his sceptre, sword, and cap borne before him, and followed by the aldermen in scarlet gowns with golden chains, himself and they all on horseback. A tent being pitched for their reception, the people began to wrestle before them, two at a time. After all was over, a parcel of live rabbits was turned loose among the crowd for their especial amusement. It is a curious study to trace through the old records the existence of what we may call the parochial feeling, which arrayed on these great public festivals the players of one parish or district against another, and to see the ludicrous disputes to which it often led. But sometimes the jealousy assumed a deeper cast, and presented scenes belonging rather to a tragedy than a farce. Stow has preserved the memory of one of these scenes, which is too interesting in itself, as well as too characteristic of the times, to be omitted here. "In 1222, on St. James's-day, the citizens kept games of defence and wrestlings near to the hospital of Matilda, at St. Giles in the Fields, where they challenged and had the mastery of the men in the suburbs, and other commoners. The bailiff of Westminster, devising to be revenged, proclaimed a game to be at Westminster upon Lammas-day; whereunto the citizens willingly repaired. When they had played awhile, the bailiff with the men of the suburbs harnessed themselves treacherously, and fell to such fighting that the citizens (being sore wounded) were forced to run into the city, where they rung the common bell, and assembled the citizens in great numbers. When the matter was declared, every man wished to revenge the fact; but the Lord Mayor of the City, being a wise and quiet man, willed them first to move the Abbot of Westminster in the matter, and if he would promise to see amends made it was sufficient. But a certain citizen, named Constantine Fitz-Arnulit, willed that all the houses of the abbot and bailiff should be pulled down. Which desperate words were no sooner spoken, but the common people (as unadvisedly) issued forth of the City without any order, and fought a cruel battle, Constantine pulling down divers houses; and the people (as praising Constantine) cried '*The Joy of the Mountain,* *the Joy of the Mountain;* God help, and the *Lord Lodowike!*' The abbot, coming to London to complain, hardly escaped with life through the back door of the house where he was. Ultimately, Hubert de Burgh, with a great army of men, came to the Tower, obtained possession of Constantine, whom he hung with two others, and so put an end to the wrestling fray."

The writer who has left us so interesting though brief a description of London in the twelfth century, Fitz-Stephen, says, with reference to the very ancient game of foot-ball,—"After dinner, all the youth of the City goeth to play at the ball in the fields; the scholars of every study have their balls. The practisers also of all the trades have every one their ball in their hands. The ancienter sort, the fathers, and the wealthy citizens, come on horseback to see their youngsters contending at their sport, with whom in a manner they participate by motion; stirring their own natural heat in the view of the active youth, with whose mirth and liberty they seem to communicate." Five centuries later we find the same game played in the Strand.*

Every one will remember the famous passage in Shakspere concerning tennis-balls, where, the Dauphin of France having, in reply to Henry V.'s demand of the sovereignty of France, sent a present of tennis-balls, Henry quietly remarked, "When we have matched our rackets to these balls, we will in France, by God's grace, play a set shall strike his father's crown into the hazard." These are almost the words of the old chroniclers; and this is the first historical English notice of the game, which we find to have been subsequently much favoured by the court from the time of Prince Henry (the son of James I.) to Charles II., who was so ardent a player, that on one occasion, having caused himself to be weighed before and after, he found he had lost during the game four pounds and a half. Charles was also a great patronizer of the game of pall-mall, which consisted in striking a ball through a hoop suspended from a pole. The place where he generally pursued this sport still bears its name—the *Mall* in St. James's Park. With all their vices, and they were neither light nor few, Charles and his courtiers were certainly free from any touch of effeminacy. Their sinews relaxed not in the siren's lap. Rochester himself performed some of the most extraordinary feats in swimming ever witnessed; and two other courtiers one day for a wager, in the presence of Charles, ran down a stout buck in St. James's Park, and held him fast prisoner. It is a pity that the "merry monarch" did not confine his patronage to such innocent sports alone. Bull and bear baiting, and cock-fighting, put down by Cromwell and the Puritans (who went to the very fountain-head of the practical part of the evil by killing all the bears), now again broke forth in all their enormity. Indeed, one still more infamous feature was added—the baiting of a horse. Evelyn was present at one of these exhibitions, when the horse beat off every assailant, and was at last, to gratify the revolting appetites of the spectators, stabbed with knives. One need scarcely wonder, however, that the English character remained so long debased by these brutalities, when we find from Fitz-Stephen that children were positively trained in the twelfth century to the enjoyment of cock-fighting. He says, "Yearly at Shrovetide the boys of every school bring fighting-cocks to their masters, and all the forenoon is spent at school to see those cocks fight together."

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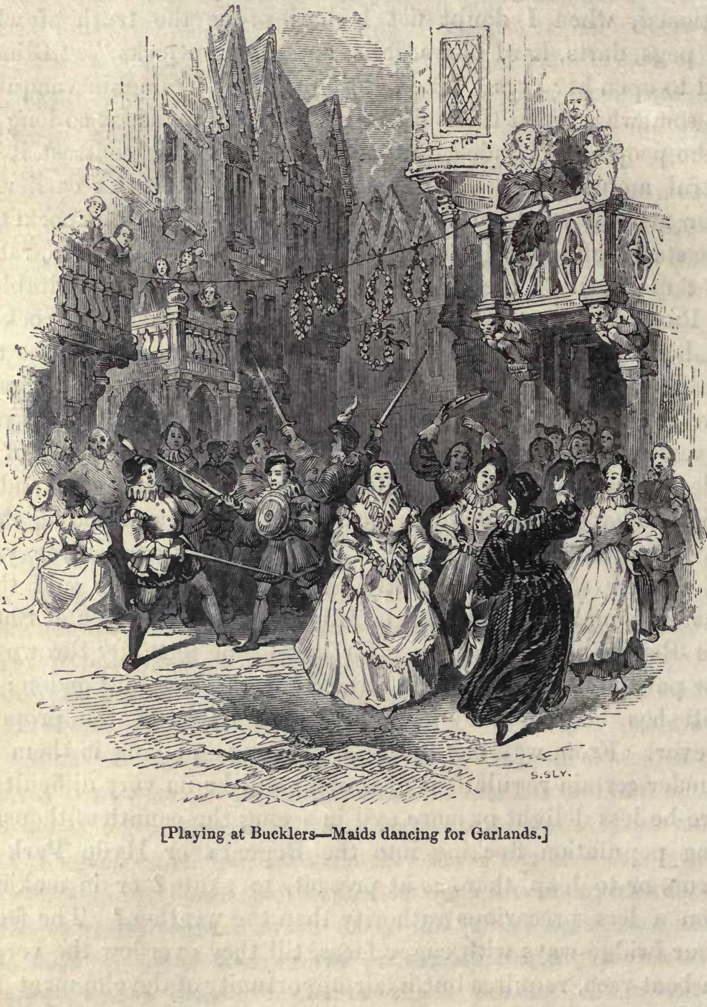
* See 'Clean your Honour's Shoes,' p. 21.

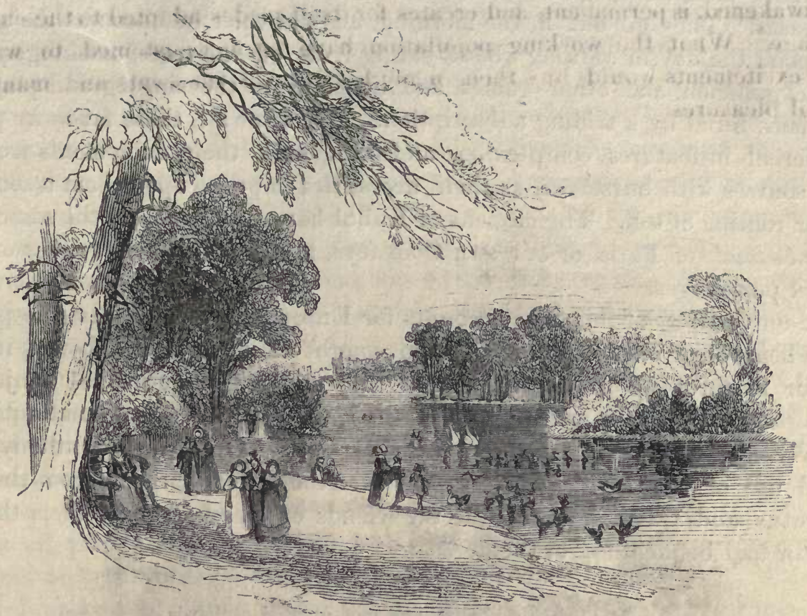
With the close of the seventeenth century may be said to have also departed the old popular sports of England. The May-day amusements had then entirely disappeared, unless we may consider as exceptions the "superstitious" bathers in the dew before mentioned, the milk-maids who danced some time longer with their pails hung round with wreaths of flowers, or the sweeps in all their dusky splendour, who continue dancing still. People now, instead of hurrying forth at sun-rise to Greenwich and Shooter's Hill, repaired at a more fashionable hour to the velvet lawns and shady avenues of Spring Gardens, or went at sun-set to Ranelagh and Vauxhall, to enjoy their music, fire-works, and water-works, their wonderful mechanism, their extraordinary cascades, and their trees with thousands of lamps glowing as resplendently as Aladdin's famous fruit in the cave. The archers' meetings had then given place to shooting-matches, of the kind described in an advertisement of the period: "A stall-fed fat deer to be shot for at the Greyhound in Islington, on Wednesday in Whitsun week, for half a crown a man; forty men to shoot." Then bowls, which had usurped the place of archery in the popular estimation, saw itself in course of being thrust aside by skittles. The ball games had merged into cricket, which was then played by the 'prentices in the porches of Covent Garden. This excellent sport, now the only generally popular one we possess, has one feature deserving especial notice; we allude to that social admixture of all classes, from the nobleman to the ploughman, sometimes exhibited in the array of players of the different clubs, even in places like Hampstead Heath, but much more commonly in the rural districts of England. Lastly, it was about this period that quarter-staff and wrestling changed into single-stick and prize-fights. The principal weapons at this latter amusement were broad-sword, and sword and dagger; and the combatants were persons who engaged in it as a regular trade, supporting themselves by the subscription purses which occasionally rewarded their exertion, and by the more regular fees paid for admission. Many of these men rambled about the country like so many knights-errant, seeking adventures, and making the quiet little country villages resound again with their boasting challenges. Here is a picture of a prize-fight in London:—Seats filled and crowded by two, drums beat, dogs yelp, butchers and foot-soldiers clatter their sticks; at last the two heroes, in their fine-bosomed holland shirts, mount the stage about three; cut large collops out of one another to divert the mob, and make work for the surgeons; smoking, swearing, drinking, thrusting, justling, elbowing, sweating, kicking, cuffing, all the while the company stays. In the early part of the eighteenth century, Figg, the immortalized of Hogarth, who had previously taught the use of the single-stick and small-sword, began to give lessons in boxing, which soon became the great popular amusement of the people of London. It was encouraged by the magistrates, with the idea of its tending to produce a general manliness of character; and patronised by the great on account of its affording a new opportunity of gratifying their taste for gambling. The Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, lost some thousands of pounds by the defeat of Broughton, one of the chief pugilists of the day. The challenges of these gentry were, at this time, regularly published in the daily prints; and a few striking specimens of their flowery eloquence and modesty might be culled from those sources. The following is but a mild specimen:—"Whereas I, William Willis, commonly called by the name of the fighting Quaker, have fought Mr. Smallwood about twelve months since, and held him the tightest to it, and bruised and battered more than any one he ever encountered, though I had the ill fortune to be beat by an accidental fall; the said Smallwood, flushed with the success blind Fortune then gave him, and the weak attempts of a few vain Irishmen and boys, that have of late fought him for a minute or two, makes him think himself unconquerable; to convince him of the falsity of which I invite him to fight me for one hundred pounds, at the time and place above mentioned, when I doubt not I shall prove the truth of what I have asserted by pegs, darts, hard blows, falls, and cross-buttocks." "Blind Fortune" still refused to open her eyes. The fighting Quaker was again vanquished. We have dwelt somewhat upon this subject not merely because it so long and deeply interested the people of London, but also because of the contrast it presents to the delightful amusements of the same people two centuries earlier. Happily it no longer attracts its thousands of spectators. The pickpockets, whether on or off the stages of these disgusting exhibitions, seek elsewhere, rather than in the pleasant meadows of the counties around London, for a profitable sphere of exertion. Pugilism is gone, bull and bear baiting are gone, cock-fighting is gone. We have then nothing to undo, however much there may be to do in the way of establishing sports worthy of the epithet National. The first step *from* the popular sports was the shutting up and building over the old places fitted for their exercise; may not the last *to* them be the re-opening of new ones? A general desire now exists among all classes for open public places and walks, and some individuals have nobly distinguished themselves by providing them. Lord Holland gave the public one place near Ampthill but two or three years since; Mr. Strutt another, still more recently, at Derby; and it is said the Duke of Norfolk has announced his intention of following their example at Sheffield. In London, the Regent's Park has been for some time partially thrown open. An entirely new park is also about to be formed for the East of London; and lastly, Primrose-hill has been already purchased, and rendered the property of the people for ever. From walking in these places to playing in them (at certain times and under certain regulations of course) will be no very difficult transition. Would there be less delight or more evil in seeing the countless thousands of our hard-working population flocking into the Regent's or Hyde Park to play at cricket, to run, or to leap, than, as at present, to skate? or in making holidays depend upon a less precarious authority than the weather? The feeling which chokes up our bridge-ways with eager faces, till they overflow the very parapets, to look at a boat-race, requires but a fair opportunity of development to produce an incalculable amount of innocent enjoyment. Let that opportunity be afforded, and we do not despair of seeing "Merry England" more than ever deserve that name; or that the time shall come when every man will, as of old, "walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice his spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise of birds, praising God in their kind,"*

* Stow.

on each May-day; or when London shall again present some such refreshing glimpses of a happy population as that here shown. The modes in which a spirit of enjoyment develops itself are, of course, transitory; but the spirit itself, when once awakened, is permanent, and creates for itself modes adapted to the character of an age. What the working population have been accustomed to waste in gross excitements would buy them many holidays of innocent, and manly, and tasteful pleasures.



[Playing at Bucklers—Maids dancing for Garlands.]



[The Ornamental Water in St. James's Park.]

XI.—THE PARKS.

1. General View of the Parks.

An account of the Parks of London is an amusing and not unimportant chapter of the history of national manners since the Restoration; and it even affords glimpses of popular and fashionable amusement during the stormy period of the Commonwealth.

Stewart Rose, in his delightful 'Letters from the North of Italy,' playfully alluding to the disregard of salads and pot-herbs shown by the people among whom he was residing, mentions a purpose of migrating for a few weeks to a town somewhat further to the north with the object of procuring "*brouse.*" All healthy stomachs feel a craving for "*brouse*" occasionally, in addition to bread and meat: one can almost fancy an intellectual scurvy being the consequence of too long an abstinence from spinach, greens, and lettuce. This mysterious sympathy between the soul and the principle of vegetation appears also in the universal inclination to take pleasure in looking at green fields. A pleasing example of this universal taste is mentioned in Mountstuart Elphinstone's 'Account of the City of Kabul:'—"The people have a great many amusements, the most considerable of which arise from their passion for what they call *sail* (enjoyment of prospects); every Friday all shops are shut, and every man comes from the bath, dressed in his best clothes, and joins one of the parties which are always made for this day, to some hill or garden near the town; a little subscription procures an ample supply of provisions, sweetmeats, and *fulodeh* (a jelly strained from boiled wheat, and eaten with the expressed juice of fruit, and ice); and for a small sum paid at the garden, each man has the liberty to eat as much fruit as he pleases. They go out in the morning, and eat their luncheon at the garden, and spend the day in walking about, eating fruit off the trees, smoking, playing at backgammon, and other games, and listening to the singing and playing of musicians, hired by a trifling subscription." So, after all, these far-away people, so different in features, complexion, and faith, seek their enjoyments from the same sources with ourselves, as their necessities impress upon them a somewhat similar routine of toil. The citizens of Kabul have pretty nearly the same tastes as the *badauds* of Paris, or our own Cockneys, to say nothing of graver or more genteel personages.

The universality of this taste accounts for European governments (the prudent or the benevolent ones) having so often sought to keep their subjects in good humour by throwing open to them, that they might indulge in the "enjoyment of prospects," the parks and gardens of the sovereign. That eminent antiquary, Mr. William Shakspere, mentions a very early case—Mark Anthony's successful use of this device, when, to win over the Roman citizens from the party of Brutus and Cassius to that of the friends of Cæsar, he told them that the Dictator had bequeathed to them

"All his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On that side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves."

The popularity attending such a measure accounts for the fact that in almost all the capitals of Europe the very names of the open spaces of ornamented ground most frequented by their inhabitants demonstrate them to have been, at an earlier period, places reserved for the private pleasures of the monarch. The *jardins* of the Luxemburg, the *Thier-Garten* of Berlin, and the *Grosser-Garten* of Dresden, and our own royal parks, are examples.

If these remarks are well founded, it necessarily follows that places devoted to a kind of recreation passionately desired by all mankind, and linked at the same time with the peculiar circumstances of a nation's history, must afford a favourable field for the observation of national manners. The public haunts of which we have been speaking are equally fascinating in the reality of present existence, and in the fragmentary notices of them scattered through every national literature worthy of the name.

It has been intimated that, as public haunts, the Parks of London scarcely date from an earlier period than the time of the Commonwealth. It may be added that, in their character of royal demesnes, St. James's, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens are no older than the time of Henry VIII., while even that spruce upstart, the Regent's Park, can claim a connection with royalty, more equivocal and less blazoned, it is true, but equally certain. Their common story will form an appropriate introduction to what may be called the biography of each, and is briefly as follows:—

The fields which now constitute St. James's Park were acquired by Henry VIII.

for some lands in Suffolk. The Hospital of St. James which had previously stood there was pulled down, the sisterhood pensioned off, a "goodly palace" erected on its site, and a park enclosed by a brick wall. Hyde Park came into the possession of the same bluff monarch by a less formal process at the dissolution of the monasteries. It formed part of the Manor of Hyde, the property of the Abbot and Monastery of St. Peter at Westminster. As mention is made of the keeper of the park very soon after its acquisition by the Crown, and no notice taken of its enclosure by Henry, it has been generally assumed that it was enclosed while yet the patrimony of the convent. A number of manors, previously belonging to monasteries, fell into the King's hands at the same time with the Manor of Hyde. Some of these were granted to bishops, and others to secular courtiers; some remained for a time annexed to the Crown. Among the latter seems to have been the Manor of Marylebone; attached to which, in the time of Elizabeth, was a park in which it is recorded that a deer was killed on one occasion for the amusement of the Muscovite ambassador. Some undivided twenty-fourth parts of the Manor of Mary-bourne and of Mary-bourne Park have been retained by the Crown to the present day; and these, with some additional lands, now constitute the Regent's Park.

To the passionate fondness of the early English sovereigns for the chase, we owe, in all probability, the Parks of London. What was a passion with our Williams and Edwards, became in their successors a fashion also. Even the awkward and timid James deemed it a part of king-craft to affect a love of the chase. Hence the formation of St. James's Park by Henry VIII., and the retention of Hyde Park and Mary-bourne Park by that king and his successors, when other lands appropriated by the Crown at the dissolution of the monasteries were squandered away as lavishly as they were covetously grasped in the first instance. There are circumstances which would lead us to attribute to Henry VIII. a more extensive project than that of merely studding the country in the vicinity of the royal residence with deer parks. "A *chase*," says Blackstone, "is the liberty of keeping beasts of chase or royal game in another man's ground as well as in a man's own, with a power of hunting them thereon. A *park* is an enclosed chase, extending only over a man's own grounds. The word *park*, indeed, properly signifies an enclosure;* but yet it is not every field or common which a gentleman pleases to surround with a wall or paling and to stock with a herd of deer that is thereby constituted a legal park; for the King's grant or immemorial prescription is necessary to make it so." A proclamation issued by Henry in July 1546 would have had the effect of converting a considerable extent of country round Westminster into a royal *chase*, within which the parks would have been mere nurseries for the deer. The proclamation announces that—"Forasmuch as the King's Most Royal Majesty is much desirous to have the games of hare, partridge, pheasant, and heron, preserved in and about his Honour of the Palace of Westminster for his own disport and pastime; that is to say, from his said Palace of Westminster to St. Gyles in the Fields, and from thence to Islington, to Our Lady of the Oak, to Highgate, to Hornsey Park, to Hampstead Heath, and from thence to his said Palace of Westminster, to be preserved and kept for his own disport and pleasure and recreation; his Highness, therefore, straightly chargeth and commandeth all and singular his subjects, of what estate, degree, or condition soever they be, that they nor any of them do presume or attempt to hunt or to hawk, or in any means to take or kill any of the said game within the precincts aforesaid, as they tender his favour, and will eschew the imprisonment of their bodies, and further punishment at his Majesty's will and pleasure."

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* With a pretty wide latitude as to the kind of enclosure, the writ *de parco fracto* being directed against those guilty of *pound breach*. Only one name for a royal park and a village pound!

Had this attempt been strenuously insisted upon and carried through by the Crown, it might have proved more effectual than the frequent proclamations issued in subsequent reigns to prevent the extension of the buildings of the metropolis. New houses might have been pulled down, on the plea that they were encroachments upon the royal chase and interfered with the preservation of the game. This belt of royal hunting ground might have kept London cabined in within the liberties, or driven it across the Thames or down into the marshes of Essex. But Henry did not long survive, and in Edward's brief boy reign there were more serious matters to attend to than hunting, and Queen Mary hunted heretics, not hares, and Queen Elizabeth had too many reasons for keeping on good terms with the merchant-princes of London to insist upon a measure always so unpopular in England as an extension of the royal hunting reserves. So the plan, if ever seriously entertained, broke down, and the City Corporation hunted the hare at the head of the Conduit, where Conduit Street now stands, and killed the fox at the end of St. Giles's; and a flood of stone and mortar, leaving the royal parks isolated and far apart, like mountain peaks in the Deluge, rushed from London, covering the meres and brooks along which bluff Harry had sprung the heron and flown his hawk at her, and over the dry uplands where the quick-eared hare had trembled to hear the coming route of "Mayor, Aldermen, and many worshipful persons, the Masters and Wardens of the Twelve Companies, and the Chamberlain."

This forgotten proclamation of Henry VIII. marks the turning of a tide. William the Conqueror made new forests. One of the most bitter causes of quarrel between Charles I. and his subjects was the attempt of that monarch to enclose some new lands within a large park he attempted to erect between Richmond and Hampton Court. William carried his point. Charles's attempt helped to cost him his life. Henry only failed. Henry's attempt was made under the culmination of the star of feudal times. Looking back, we can see that it was impossible that the public should long be kept from sharing with the monarch in the good things he took from the church. The parks are essentially part of our Protestant institutions, and a very pleasant part too.

With these prefatory remarks we proceed to trace the separate adventures of each of the three parks, from the time they came into the possession of the Crown down to the present day. It will appear that each of them has its own peculiar character. St. James's, lying among palaces, and hedged round on all sides from a comparatively early period by the fashionable residences of the "West End," is the courtier. Hyde Park, not yet quite surrounded by the town, long, decidedly extending into a rural neighbourhood, is the "fine old country gentleman," essentially stately and noble, and a courtier too on occasions, yet with a dash of rusticity. The Regent's Park is a more equivocal character, more difficult to describe: not a *parvenu* exactly, for its connection with royalty is as ancient as either of the others;

not so unequivocally *bon ton*, for it has at times associated with curious society, and been kept in the back-ground; a sort of Falconbridge, perhaps, whose connection with royalty is rather irregular, but when once admitted within the circle can ruffle it with the best. But this is anticipating.

2. St. James's Park.

In this we include the Green Park, a good quiet soul with a separate name, but without separate adventures or history. There are also some neighbouring patches of ground now detached which must be included in an account of St. James's Park, ancient and modern.

It is impossible to saunter about St. James's Park without being struck by its beauties. If, however, any person wishes to enjoy them like a true epicure—to take as much of the beautiful and exclude as much of the commonplace as possible—to heighten the pleasure of each succeeding morsel by a judicious regard to harmony in the order in which they succeed each other,—it will be advisable to enter through the Green Park by the gate recently opened opposite Hamilton Place, at the west end of Piccadilly. Lounging (quick, business-like walking is only for those unamiable localities one wishes to get out of) onwards by the walk that descends close behind the Ranger's lodge, the eye passes along a vista between trees, at this moment covered with the first delicate verdure of spring, to rest upon a beautiful line of wood in the middle distance, out of which rise the towers of Westminster Abbey. Looking to the right as we advance, the royal standard of England—the most chastely gorgeous banner in the world—is floating at the foot of Constitution Hill. Immediately afterwards a massive corner of the Palace is seen between the trees nearer at hand. The walk here parts into two—that on the left hand descending into what has all the appearance from this point of a woody dell; the other carrying us into an open space, where we have a view of the white marble arch in front of the Palace, surmounted by the standard on one side, the unobtrusively wealthy mansions of Piccadilly on the other, and the more decorated line of buildings which form the eastern boundary of the Green Park in front. The pictures on every hand are at this point perfect in regard to composition: the arrangement of trees, lawn, and architecture is simply elegant. Turning to the right hand, at the mansion of the Duke of Sutherland we come into St. James's Park, and crossing the mall enter the ornamented enclosure in front of the Palace. Once here, it is a matter of perfect indifference what way the loiterer turns—only, if it be possible, he ought to get upon the grass as soon as he can. From the side at which we have supposed him to enter, he catches through the trees as he moves along such partial glances of the Palace, or of the Government offices at the opposite end of the Park, as make pretty pictures out of very questionable architecture. Opposite him he has the majestic receptacle of the dead royalty of old England. If he prefer the opposite side of the central sheet of water, the most eligible point of view is on the rising near the angle at Buckingham Gate, affording a fine view, closed by the dome of St. Paul's. To return to our *gourmand* metaphor: after he has discussed these *pièces de résistance* he may fill up the interstices of his appetite by discussing, as *hors d'œuvres*, the pretty vignettes of wood and water which present themselves to a saunterer round the canal.

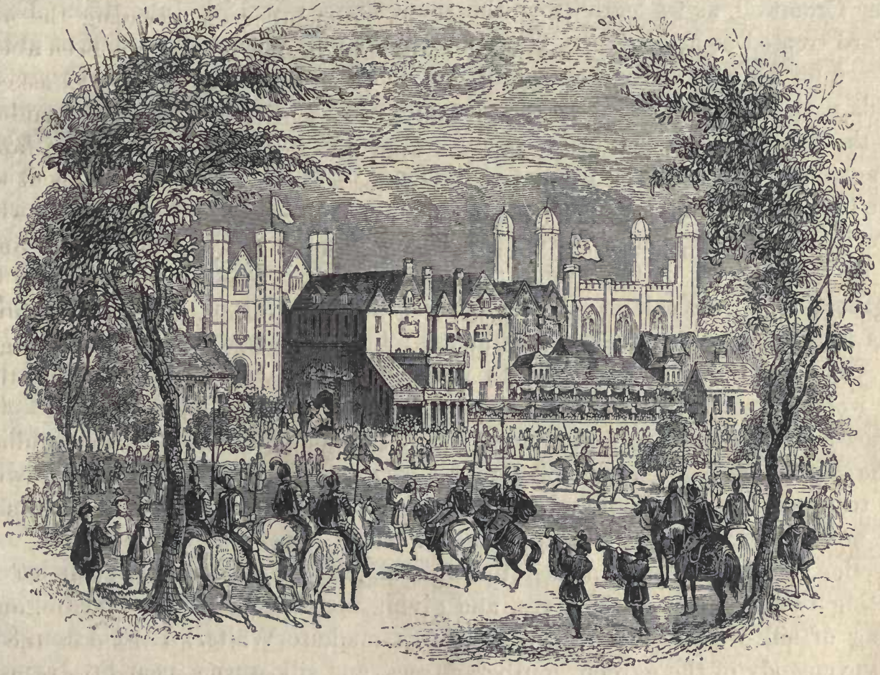
This is the still life, but in the "enjoyment of prospects" the shifting of the human and other figures is the most material source of pleasure to the spectator. Along the track which we have been pursuing in imagination, there is rich variety: from the glance and dash of equipages along Piccadilly to the pedestrians of the Green Park; thence to the stately, noiseless, sweep of the privileged vehicles of the nobility along the mall, enlivened by the occasional passage of a horseman, who rides as if the fate of empires depended on his keeping the appointment to which he is bound; and thence again into the ornamented enclosure, where, in the absence of other company, we are sure of the birds. There are worse companions than birds. We remember once hearing the most sparkling writer in the 'Northern Review' complain that he had not been able to sleep the whole of the preceding night. "What did you do, then?" asked a gentleman at his elbow, in a tone of intense sympathy. "I got up," said the invalid, with an air of languid pleasure, "went into the dressing-room, and talked with the parrot." And many an hour of pleasant intercourse may be spent with the water-fowl in St. James's Park, whether they be showing the ease with which habit has taught them to mingle in crowded society; or with their heads under their wings sleeping on the smooth water at eight o'clock in the morning—for like other inhabitants of the pleasure-seeking world of London, they have acquired bad habits of late rising; or in the intoxication of returning spring, wheeling in pursuit of each other in long circles over-head, then rushing down into their native elements, and ploughing long furrows in it on St. Valentine's Day.

St. James's Park, with its exquisite finish, surrounded on all sides by buildings, scarcely disturbed by vehicles or horsemen, always wears in our eyes a drawing-room character: it is a sort of in-doors rurality, and such it has been ever since we have records of it as a public haunt.

Its history falls naturally into three epochs:—from the first enclosure of the Park by Henry VIII. to its reformation under the auspices of Le Notre, under Charles II.; from the time of the merry monarch till the abolition of the old formal canal by George IV. and Nash; and the era in which we have the pleasure to exist.

The history of the first of these periods ought to be written by an author like Niebuhr, who feels himself put out by facts and contemporary narratives, and builds up a story more true than truth out of hints in old fragments of laws, treaties, and charters. At least the materials are too scanty to admit of treating it in any other fashion.

During the reigns of Elizabeth and the first two Stuarts, St. James's Park can only be considered as a nursery for deer and an appendage to the tilt-yard. The frequent allusions to it as a place of rendezvous by the dramatists of the age of Charles II. are sought for in vain in Shakspere and his contemporaries, with whom St. Paul's occupies its place. It could not well be otherwise. A visit to the Palace at Westminster was then going out of London, and to have gone out of the Palace into the Park would have been in the way of pleasure-hunting a work of supererogation—gilding refined gold. A passage occurs in Pepys's 'Diary' which enables us to form an idea of the comparative seclusion of the Park in these days. The date of the entry is not much earlier than that of the notice of the alterations made by Charles II., which ushered in the second period of the Park's history: "1660, July 22nd. Went to walk in the *inward park,* but could not get in; one man was basted by the keeper for carrying some people over on his back through the water." If the reader will consult one of the earlier maps of London, he will find a long, narrow, four-cornered piece of water introduced behind the tilt-yard, extending nearly from side to side of the Park, at right angles to the direction of the canal constructed in the time of Charles II. This apparently is the piece of water across which the crowd attempted to get themselves smuggled on the occasion referred to by Pepys into "the inward park."



[The Tilt-yard.]

So long as the tilt-yard maintained its interest, the space beyond it would have few attractions for the gazing public. On either side of the park there was a place of resort preferred by the loungers of the times anterior to the Restoration—Spring Garden and the Mulberry Garden.

The period at which Spring Garden was enclosed and laid out is uncertain. The clump of houses which still bears the name, indicates its limits with tolerable exactness. A servant of the Court was allowed in the time of Charles I. to keep an ordinary and bowling-green in it. An idea of the aspect of the garden at that time may be gathered from a letter of Mr. Garrard to the Earl of Stafford in 1634:—"The bowling-green in the Spring Gardens was put down one day by the King's command; but by the intercession of the Queen it was reprieved for this year; but hereafter it shall be no common bowling place. There was kept an ordinary of six shillings a meal (where the King's proclamation allows but two elsewhere), continual bibbing and drinking wine under all trees; two or three quarrels every week. It was grown scandalous and insufferable; besides, my Lord Digby being reprehended for striking in the King's Garden, he said he took it for a common bowling place." The King carried his point, for in a subsequent letter Mr. Garrard says:—"Since the Spring Garden was put down, we have, by a servant of the Lord Chamberlain's, a new Spring Garden erected in the fields behind the Meuse, where is built a fair house and two bowling-greens, made to entertain gamesters and bowlers to an excessive rate; for I believe it has cost him 400*l.*; a dear undertaking for a gentleman barber." The gardens must, however, have been re-opened at a later period, for Evelyn has this entry in his diary, 13th June, 1649:—"Dined with Sir John Owen: and afterwards I treated divers ladies of my relations in Spring Gardens." They were again shut up under Oliver Cromwell, as we learn from the same source:—"13th June, 1649. Lady Gerrard treated us at Mulberry Garden, now the only place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at; Cromwell and his partisans having shut up and seized on Spring Gardens, which till now had been the usual rendezvous for ladies and gallants at this season." The Restoration again gave them to the public, in evidence of which a passage from a writer of the 17th century* may be cited, which bears more properly upon a later period of Park history, but being introduced here will prevent the necessity of recurring to this branch of the subject:—"The inclosure (Spring Gardens) is not disagreeable, for the solemness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and as it opens into the spacious walk at St. James's; but the company walk in at such a rate, you would think all the ladies were so many Atalantas contending with their wooers; but as they run, they stay so long as if they wanted time to finish the race: for it is usual to find some of the young company here till midnight."

The Mulberry Garden was planted by order of James I., who attempted in 1608 to produce silk in England, and to that end imported many hundred thousand mulberry-trees from France, some of which were planted under his own inspection, and the rest dispersed through all the counties with circular letters directing the planting of the trees, and giving instructions for the breeding and feeding of silk-worms. In 1629 a grant was made to Walter, Lord Aston, &c., of "the custody of the garden, mulberry-trees, and silk-worms, near St. James's, in the county of Middlesex." How soon after this the silk-worms disappeared, and the gardens were opened to the gay world in the manner indicated by the above quotation from Evelyn, does not appear. He does not speak of the opening of the Mulberry Gardens as any thing new. A passage in Pepys's 'Diary,' not long after the Restoration, mentions a visit to these gardens, but speaks rather disparagingly of their attractions. Buckingham House, which stood where the central part of the palace now stands, was erected by John Duke of Buckingham in 1703, and the Mulberry Garden attached to the house as private property. Previously Arlington House, and a building to which the name of Tart-hall is given in some old plans, occupied the same site. These buildings seem to indicate the period at which the Mulberry Gardens ceased to be a place of public resort.

Some indications exist of St. James's having become to a certain extent a favourite lounge during or immediately previous to the civil war. Dr. King observes,—

"The fate of things lies always in the dark:
What cavalier would know St. James's Park?

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* Quoted, but not named, in Brayley's 'Middlesex.'

> For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring,
> And wild ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing;
> A princely palace on that space does rise
> Where Sudley's noble muse found mulberries."

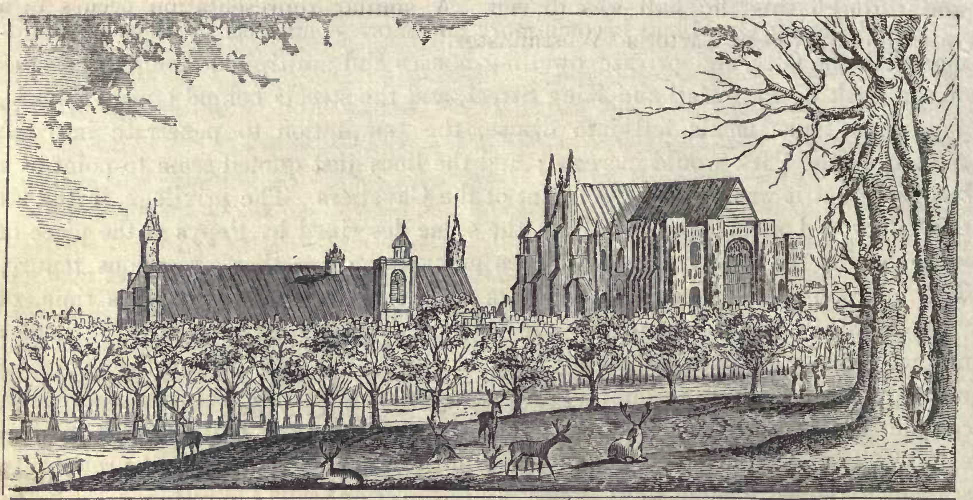
After Charing Cross had become more and more connected by lines of buildings with the City, and private dwelling-houses had multiplied along three sides of the Park by Pall-Mall and King Street, and the streets behind Queen Square, and when tournaments fell into disuse, the temptation to penetrate into the recesses of the Park would increase; and the lines just quoted seem to point at a tradition that it was a favourite haunt of the Cavaliers. The privilege, if it at all existed, would seem, however, from the scene described by Pepys at the piece of water behind the tilt-yard, to have been enjoyed on a rather precarious tenure. The mention which occasionally occurs in the records of Cromwell's time, of "the Lord Protector taking the air in St. James's Park in a sedan," makes neither for nor against its accessibility to the public; but is worthy of being noticed in passing on account of the ludicrous association between the rough conqueror at Worcester and a conveyance identified, in our notions, with the less robust wits of a later generation. The admission of the public in all probability scarcely extended beyond what Pepys, by implication, calls the outward Park. In the time of Charles I. a sort of royal menagerie had begun to take the place of the deer with which the "inward Park" was stocked in the days of Henry and Elizabeth.

So far our history has been based upon a very slender foundation. With the restoration of Charles II. begins the era of the Park's existence as a public haunt, and materials for its history become accessible.

The design according to which the Park was laid out has been generally attributed to Le Notre. Charles seems to have set to work with its adornment immediately on his return. The original disposition of the grounds under Henry VIII., it may easily be conceived, presented little that was striking, and neglect during the civil wars must have dilapidated that little. A taste for ornamental gardening seems to have grown upon the King during his residence on the Continent, which along with his fondness for walking would naturally make him desirous to have the grounds in the immediate vicinity of his residence made more sightly than he found them. At all events, he commenced his improvements very soon after his return. We can trace the progress of the operations in Pepys's 'Diary:'—

"1660. Sept. 16. * * * To the Park, where I saw how far they had proceeded in the Pall-Mall, and in making a river through the Park which I had never seen before since it was begun. * * * October 11. To walk in St. James's Park, where we observed the several engines at work to draw up water, with which sight I was very much pleased. Above all the rest I liked that which Mr. Greatorex brought, which do carry up the water with a great deal of ease. * * * 1661. August 4. * * * Walked into St. James's Park (where I had not been a great while), and there found great and very noble alterations. * * * 1662. July 27. I went to walk in the Park, which is now every day more and more pleasant by the new works upon it."

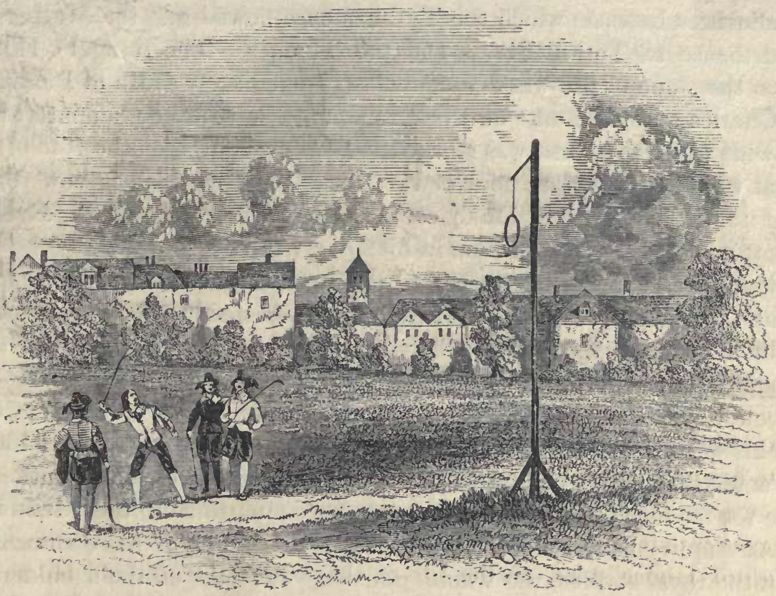
All the future representations of the Park during the reign of Charles II. exhibit to us his long rows of young elm and lime-trees, fenced round with palings to protect them from injury. We have such a row in front of the old Horse Guards, and another such following the line of the canals. These are occasionally relieved by some fine old trees, as in Tempest's view below.



We are able from various sources, plans, engravings, and incidental notices in books, to form a tolerably accurate notion of the aspect which the Park assumed in the course of these operations. At the end nearest Whitehall was a line of buildings occupying nearly the site of the present range of Government offices. Wallingford House stood on the site of the Admiralty; the old Horse Guards, the Tennis-yard, Cock-pit, and other appendages of Whitehall, on the sites of the present Horse Guards, Treasury, and offices of the Secretaries of State. The buildings then occupied by the Admiralty stood where the gate entering from Great George Street now is. From Wallingford House towards Pall-Mall were the Spring Gardens, opening as we have seen into the Park.

The south wall of the King's Garden extended in a line with the part of it which still remains behind the Palace of St. James's, at least as far as the west end of Carlton Terrace. Marlborough House was built on a part of the garden at a subsequent period. This wall, and its continuation at the back of Carlton Gardens, formed the north boundary of the Park between Spring Gardens and the west end of St. James's Palace. The Duke of Buckingham in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in which he describes this part of the Park as serving the purpose of an avenue to his newly erected mansion, gives us a notion of its appearance in the beginning of the 18th century:—"The avenues to this house are along St. James's Park, through rows of goodly elms on one hand and gay flourishing limes on the other; that for coaches, this for walking, with the Mall lying betwixt them." The Mall itself, a vista half a mile in length, received its name from a game at ball, for which was formed a hollow smooth walk, enclosed on each side by a border of wood, and having an iron hoop at one extremity. The curiously inquiring Mr. Pepys records:—"1663. May 15. I walked in the Park, discoursing with the keeper of the Pall-Mall, who was sweeping of it; who told me that the earth is mixed that do floor the Mall, and that over all there is cockle-shells powdered and spread to keep it fast; which, however, in dry weather turns to dust and deads the ball."

The game was, however, played somewhat differently, even in the Park. In a drawing of the time of Charles II., engraved in Smith's 'Antiquities of Westminster,' we observe a high pole, with a hoop suspended from an arm at its top, and through this the ball was driven. A similar representation occurs in a picture engraved in Carter's 'Westminster.'



[The Game of Pall-Mall.]

Immediately to the south of the east end of the Mall and in front of the Horse Guards was the great parade. The rest of the Park was an enclosure of grass-plots intersected by walks, planted, and having a broad canal running from the parade to the end next Buckingham House. On the south of this canal, near its east end, was the decoy, a triangular nexus of smaller canals, where water-fowl were kept. The ground contained within the channels of the decoy was called Duck Island; of which Sir John Flock and St. Evremond were in succession appointed governors (with a salary) by Charles II. Westward from the decoy, on the same side of the canal and connected with it by a sluice, was Rosamond's Pond. What fancy first suggested this name it might be difficult to conjecture; but this serio-comic description, at the bottom of an engraving of it in Pennant's Collection, tempts to the remark that it was prophetic of the use which was afterwards to be made of it:—"The south-west corner of St. James's Park was enriched with this romantic scene. The irregularity of the trees, the rise of the ground, and the venerable Abbey, afforded great entertainment to the contemplative eye. This spot was often the receptacle of many unhappy persons, who in the stillness of an evening plunged themselves into eternity."

The Bird-cage Walk, leading along the south side of the decoy and Rosamond's Pond, nearly in the same line as the road which still retains the name, was so named from the cages of an aviary disposed among the trees which bordered it.

A road entered the Park at the west end, near where Buckingham Gate now stands, crossing it between the Mulberry Garden and the termination of Bird-cage

Walk, the Canal and the Mall. On reaching the last-mentioned it turned off to the west, and wound up Constitution Hill towards Hyde Park Corner. Out of some fields which Charles is said to have added to the Park, arose in all probability the Green Park, enclosed between this road, the Mall, the houses west of St. James's Street, and Piccadilly, or as it was then called to the west of Devonshire House, Portugal Street. The Green Park consisted and consists of the declivity of two eminences between which the Ty-burn once flowed into the Mulberry Gardens, and thence to Tothill Fields and the Thames. The Ranger's House was erected on the slope of the western eminence, immediately south of Piccadilly.

Both Charles and the Duke of York appear to have taken an interest in the animals with which the Park was stocked. Pepys remarks, on the 16th of March, 1662, that while spending an hour or two in the Park, "which is now very pleasant," he "saw the King and Duke come to see their fowle play." Evelyn has left a short account of the collection in his Diary, 1664-5, Feb. 9.

The elegance of the Park transformed into a garden, with the attractions of the rare animals for the curious and the Mall for the gamesters, rendered it immediately the favourite haunt of the court. Charles, whose walking propensities seem to have rendered him a sort of perpetual motion, spent much of his leisure—that is of his whole time—there. Cibber tells us that "his indolent amusement of playing with his dogs and feeding his ducks in St. James's Park (which I have seen him do) made the common people adore him." It deserves to be mentioned that this taste for feeding the ducks once stood the peculators of the Mews in good stead. An inquiry having been instituted into the causes of the enormous waste of corn in the royal stables, the whole pilfering was laid on the shoulders of the King—he took it for his water-fowl. He was an early riser, which was sorely complained of by his attendants, who did not sleep off their debauches so lightly. Burnet complained that the King walked so fast, it was a trouble to keep up with him. When Prince George of Denmark complained on one occasion that he was growing fat, "Walk with me," said Charles, "and hunt with my brother, and you will not long be distressed with growing fat." Dr. King, on the authority of Lord Cromarty, has enabled us to accompany the merry monarch in one of his walks. The King, accompanied by the Duke of Leeds and Lord Cromarty, had taken two or three turns in St. James's Park, and after proceeding up Constitution Hill, which was then quite in the country, he encountered the Duke of York returning from hunting as he was about to cross into Hyde Park. The Duke alighted to pay his respects, and expressed his uneasiness at seeing his brother with so small an attendance: "No kind of danger, James," said Charles, "for I am sure no man in England would kill me to make you King." Another of the merry monarch's strolls in the Park is characteristic, and rendered more piquant by the decorous character of the narrator, Evelyn, in whose company he was at the time:—"1671. March 1. * * * I thence walked with him (King Charles) through St. James's Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between Mrs. Nellie, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and *** **** (*sic in orig.*) standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the King walked to the Duchess of Cleveland, another lady of pleasure and curse of our nation." During this interview with "Mrs. Nellie" the King was standing in the royal garden already mentioned as constituting the northern boundary of the Park—the same garden in which we find Master Pepys in his 'Diary' stealing apples like a school-boy. "Mrs. Nellie" looked down upon him from the wall of a small garden behind her house (near 79, Pall Mall)—the scene presents a curious *pendant* to the garden-scene in Romeo and Juliet. Nearly on the same spot was subsequently erected the stately mansion in which old Sarah of Marlborough indulged her spleen. All the associations which gather round this simple adventure are most grotesquely contrasted. Perhaps, however, a little incident related by Coke is even more characteristic of Charles, from its contrasting his loitering, gossiping habits with public and private suffering. Coke was one day in attendance on the King, who, having finished feeding his favourites, was proceeding towards St. James's, and was overtaken at the further end of the Mall by Prince Rupert. "The King told the Prince how he had shot a duck, and such a dog fetched it; and so they walked on till the King came to St. James's House: and there the King said to the Prince, 'Let's go and see Cambridge and Kendal,' the Duke of York's two sons, who then lay a-dying. But upon his return to Whitehall he found all in an uproar, the Countess Castlemaine, as it was said, bewailing above all others that she should be the first torn in pieces." The news of the arrival of the Dutch fleet in the river had just been received. Pepys gives in his 'Diary' a fine picture of a court cavalcade in the Park, all flaunting with feathers, in which the same Castlemaine takes a prominent part, while the King appears between her and his lawful wife and Mrs. Stuart (with reverence be it spoken) not unlike Macheath "with his doxies around:"—"1663. July 13. * * * I met the Queen-mother walking in the Pall Mall led by my Lord St. Albans; and finding many coaches at the gate, I found upon inquiry that the Duchess is brought to bed of a boy; and hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the ladies of honour to the Park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid, walking up and down. By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*) mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took no notice of her, nor when she light did anybody press (as she seemed to expect and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentlemen. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's heads and laughing. But it was the finest sight to see, considering their great beauties and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But above all Mrs. Stuart in this dress with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille,* is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life, and if ever woman do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress; nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I really believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine."

It would have been in vain to rebuke Charles while alive, and would be still more vain now. We must take him as he was, a fine healthy animal, restless to the last degree, but without any purpose in his activity. His brother James seems to have indulged more in the human propensity to load care on his shoulders—to attempt to do something, instead of letting things take their own way, like his wise brother. We know from Pepys that the Duke had a taste, and even a talent for business, and we know from history that he lost his crown because he would be meddling and altering the institutions of his kingdom. We never meet him idling in the park like Charles; he is always doing something. We have already seen him returning from hunting (contrasting with his lounging brother, like Industry and Idleness in Hogarth's prints), and heard Charles's allusion to his indefatigable pursuit of the chase. Pepys often encounters him in the park, but always actively engaged:—" 1661. April 2. To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at pall-mall, the first time that ever I saw the sport." And—" 1662. Dec. 15. To the Duke, and followed him into the park, where, though the ice was broken, he would go slide upon his skaits, which I did not like, but he slides very well." This, by the way, is as good a place as any to mention that at the time of the entry just quoted skaiting was a novelty in England. A little earlier we read in Pepys:—" 1662. Dec. 1. * * Over the park, where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skaits, which is a very pretty art." Evelyn was also present, for we find in his 'Diary:'—" 1662. Dec. 1. Having seen the strange and wonderful dexterity of the sliders on the new canal in St. James's Park performed before their Majesties by divers gentlemen and others with scheets, after the manner of the Hollanders, with what a swiftness they pause, how suddenly they stop in full career upon the ice, went home." It is probable that some of the exiled Cavaliers had acquired the art, seeking to while away the tedium of a Dutch winter, and that but for the temporary overthrow of the monarchy we never should have had skaiting in England. At least Pepys speaks of it as something new, and Evelyn as Dutch; and we know of no other notices to form a link between this full-blown art of skaiting (the word "scheets" used by Evelyn is Dutch), and the rude beginnings of it recorded by Fitzstephen.* What a source of additional interest to the winter landscape of our parks would have been lost but for the temporary ascendancy of the Long Parliament and Cromwell! Even so late as the days of Swift, skaiting seems to have been little known or practised out of London. In the Journal to Stella, he says (January 1711):—" Delicate walking weather, and the canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble, sliding, and with skaits, if you know what that is."

Where such gay doings were going on on the canal in winter, and in the Mall all the year round, crowds were attracted by curiosity. The game itself attracted to the latter many who were fond of exercise, and many who liked to display their figures. " To St. James's Park," wrote Pepys on the 1st of January, 1664,

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* "Others there are who are still more expert in their amusements on the ice: they place certain bones, the leg-bones of some animal, under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried along with a velocity equal to that of a bird, or a ball discharged from a cross-bow. Sometimes two of them thus furnished agree to stand opposite to one another, at a great distance; they meet—elevate their poles—attack and strike each other, when one or both of them fall, and not without some bodily hurt; and even after their fall they shall be carried a good distance from each other by the rapidity of the motion." A tournament on the ice, not unlike the water-quintain. In Holland the immense extent of frozen canals in winter led to the employment of skaits in that season, and consequently to the perfection of the implement: in England, where skaiting never can be anything but an amusement, the art seems to have remained in its primitive rudeness till the Dutch taught it to the Cavaliers.

"seeing many people play at pall-mall, where it pleased me mightily to hear a gallant, lately come from France, swear at one of his companions for suffering his man (a spruce blade) to be so saucy as strike a ball while his master was playing on the Mall." But more contemplative personages enjoyed a walk in the park. The Diaries of Pepys and Evelyn bear witness how often they visited it. And in a letter addressed to Sir Christopher Wren (one of the earliest members of the Royal Society along with Pepys and Evelyn) in 1663, Bishop Sprat says:—"You may recollect we went lately from Axe-yard to walk in St. James's Park, &c." But for the gay flutterers of the park in "Charles's easy reign," we must draw upon the poets who painted from life. Keeping in remembrance a passage formerly quoted, which tells us that Spring Gardens opened upon the Mall, the Duke of Buckingham's description of the Mall, with its lindens and elms, and the way for foot passengers on one side and that for carriages on the other, and that there was then as now an entry to the park from Pall-Mall at the west end of St. James's Palace, the reader will find no difficulty in filling up the outlines of this sketch by Etherege:—

"Enter *Sir Fopling Flutter and his equipage.*

"*Sir Fop.* Hey! bid the coachman send home four of his horses, and bring the coach to Whitehall; I'll walk over the park. Madam, the honour of kissing your fair hands is a happiness I missed this afternoon at my Lady Townly's.

"*Lev.* You were very obliging, Sir Fopling, the last time I saw you there.

"*Sir Fop.* The preference was due to your wit and beauty. Madam, your servant. There never was so sweet an evening.

"*Bellinda.* 'T has drawn all the rabble of the town hither.

"*Sir Fop.* 'Tis pity there's not an order made that none but the *beau monde* should walk here.

"*Lev.* 'Twould add much to the beauty of the place. See what a set of nasty fellows are coming.

"Enter *four ill-fashioned fellows, singing—'* '*Tis not for kisses alone,' &c.*

"*Lev.* Fo! Their perriwigs are scented with tobacco so strong—

"*Sir Fop.* It overcomes my pulvilio.—Methinks I smell the coffee-house they come from.

"1. *Man.* Dorimant's convenient, Madam Loveit.

"2. *Man.* I like the Oylie-buttock that's with her.

"3. *Man.* What spruce prig is that?

"1. *Man.* A Caravan lately come from Paris.

"2. *Man.* Peace, they smoak—(*sings*)

"*There's something else to be done,*" *&c.*

"(*All of them coughing—exeunt singing.*)"

After the death of Charles II., St. James's Park ceased to be the favourite haunt of the sovereign. The burning of Whitehall, by occasioning the removal of the Court, may in part account for this—in part, the less gossiping turn of succeeding sovereigns. But the love of their subjects for this pleasing lounge was more lasting. Swift was a great frequenter of the Park. On the 8th of February, 1711, he wrote to Stella—"I walked in the Park to-day, in spite of the weather, as I do every day when it does not actually rain;" and on the 21st of the same month—"The days are now long enough to walk in the Park after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a strange remedy: Mr. Prior walks to make himself fat; and I, to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold: we often walk round the Park together." It was a family taste with Prior. Swift, expressing astonishment at so young a man standing so high in office, dilates upon the youthfulness of his father:—"His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St. James's Coffee-house and the chocolate-houses, and the young son is Secretary of State." The Dean, giving an account of his evening walks to his lodgings in Chelsea, incidentally lets us know that the ladies too continued their patronage of the Park:—"1711. May 15. My way is this: I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall Mall, out at Buckingham House, and so to Chelsea, a little beyond the church. I set out about sunset and get there in something less than an hour: it is two good miles, and just 5748 steps. * * When I pass the Mall in the evening it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry shame at the ladies of Ireland, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no use but to be laid aside." His taste for evening walks experienced an interruption during the brief reign of the Mohocks: he had been frightened by some of his friends, who told him that these worthies had an especial malice against his person.—"March 9, 1712. * * I walked in the Park this evening, and came home early, to avoid the Mohocks." Again, on the 16th, "Lord Winchelsea told me to-day at court that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old Lady Winchelsea's, at the door of their house in the Park, with a candle, who had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face and beat her, without any provocation."

Making allowance, however, for this brief ague fit, the years during which Swift was writing his 'Journal to Stella' were probably the happiest of his life. The tone of the Journal is triumphant, sanguine of the future, dictatorial. In his imagination he is the arm that alone upholds the ministry, and he is wreaking old grudges against Whigs whom he disliked, and against Whigs (Steele and Addison) with whom he had no quarrel, except that they would not turn with him. He is petulant as a schoolboy, and quite as happy. The best of his playful hits of malice belong to this period. And yet, with the page of his after life now lying open before us, there is something painful in the intoxication of his gratified vanity. We are aware of its momentary duration, and of the long years of repining in a narrower sphere, wasting his strength upon trifles through sheer horror of repose, paying a heavy penalty for his arrogance during his short exaltation, that are to ensue. Even the paralysis of his intellect which closed the fretful scene seems almost to be at work already in the giddiness of which he so often complains. Swift would not have felt much flattered by the remark, and yet it is true, that there is a strong analogy between him at this period of his life and the political upholsterer immortalised in the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.—also a great haunter of the Park. The reader must consult the 'Tatler' for the "high argument" of this sage politician; and also for the profound dissertations of the "three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench at the upper end of the Mall"—all of them "curiosities in their kind"—"politicians who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time."

Horace Walpole enjoyed and appreciated St. James's Park. It requires an indolent or a good-natured man to do the latter. Walpole, who was indolent, and Goldsmith (see the old philosopher leading his equally antiquated cousin along the Mall in his miscellaneous essays), who was good-natured, both appreciated it. Swift, who certainly was not good-natured, walked in it for his health; and Samuel Johnson, who was troubled with thick coming fancies in an incessantly working brain, sought to drown them in the roar of Fleet Street. To Horace Walpole's power of appreciating the Park we are indebted for a picture of a party of pleasure in the Mall, quite equal to Etherege's half a century before:—

"1750. June 23. I had a card from Lady Caroline Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house, and found her with the little Ashe, or the Pollard Ashe as they call her. They had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. * * * We issued into the Mall to assemble our company, which was all the town, if we could get it; for just as many had been summoned, except Harry Vane, whom we met by chance. We mustered the Duke of Kingston, whom Lady Caroline says she has been trying for these seven years; but alas! his beauty is at the fall of the leaf; Lord March, Mr. Whithead, a pretty Miss Beauclerc, and a very foolish Miss Sparre. These two damsels were trusted by their mothers for the first time to the matronly care of Lady Caroline. As we sailed up the Mall, with all our colours flying, Lord Petersham, with his hose and legs twisted to every point of crossness, strode by us at the outside, and re-passed again on the return. At the end of the Mall she called him: he would not answer; she gave a familiar spring, and between laugh and confusion ran up to him, 'My lord, my lord, why you don't see us!' We advanced at a little distance, not a little awkward, in expectation how all this would end, for my lord never stirred his hat, or took the least notice of anybody; she said 'Do you go with us, or are you going *anywhere else?*' 'I don't go with you—I am going *somewhere* else;' and away he stalked, as sulky as a ghost that nobody will speak to first. We got into the best order we could, and marched to our barge with a boat of French horns attending and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Whitehall."

A remarkable feature in the Park, and the feelings of its habitual visitants, from the time of Pepys to that of Horace Walpole, is the nonchalance with which the gay world considered the other classes of society as something the presence of which ought in no way to interfere with their amusements. The beaux and belles looked upon the wearers of fustian jackets as a kind of dogs and parrots, who might be there without breaking in on the strict privacy of the place. The tobacco-scented periwigs which disturbed the equanimity of Loveit and Sir Fopling, were worn by the rude fellows of their own rank: the upholsterer and his fellows were silent and submissive. But this equanimity was not to last. Only nine years after the free and easy scene described by Horace Walpole, we find him writing—and by a curious coincidence on the same day of the same month—"My Lady Coventry and my niece Waldegrave have been mobbed in the Park: I am sorry the people of England take all their liberty out in insulting pretty women." Additional light is thrown upon this passage by an anecdote inserted in the chronicle department of the 'Annual Register' for 1759:—

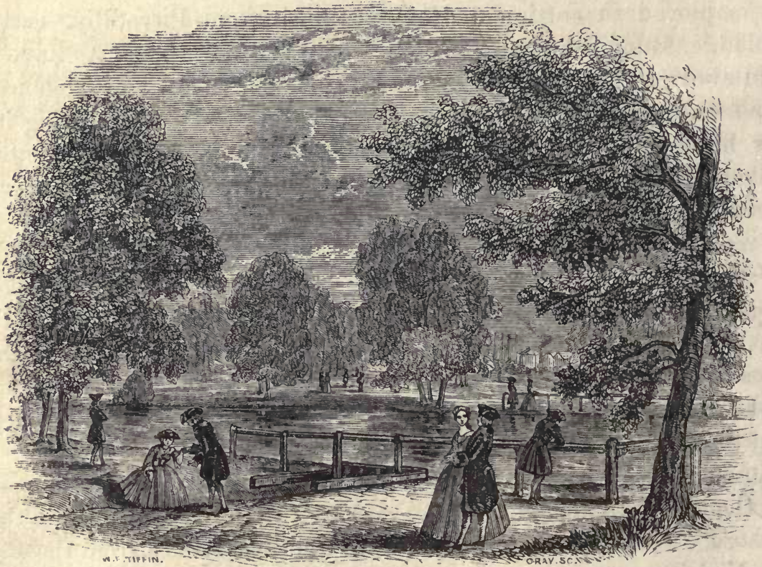
"20th June. A person was taken into custody on Sunday evening by some gentlemen in St. James's Park, and delivered to the guard, for joining with and encouraging a mob to follow and grossly insult some ladies of fashion that were walking there, by which means they were put in great danger of their lives. He was yesterday brought before John Fielding and Theodore Sydenham, Esqrs., and this day the following submission appeared in the 'Daily Advertiser.' (The apology, which is humble enough, is then given.) Insults of this kind have, notwithstanding this advertisement, been since repeated, and several persons have been apprehended for the like offence, who, it is to be hoped, will be punished with the utmost severity, in order to put a stop to such outrageous behaviour on the verge of the Royal Palace."

A paragraph in the volume of the same publication for 1761 shows how the toe of the peasant continued to gall the kibe of the courtier:—"June 24th. Last Sunday some young gentlemen belonging to a merchant's counting-house, who were a little disgusted at the too frequent use of the bag-wig made by apprentices to the meanest mechanics, took the following method to burlesque that elegant piece of French furniture. Having a porter just come out of the country, they dressed him in a bag wig, laced ruffles, and Frenchified him up in the new mode, telling him that if he intended to make his fortune in town, he must dress himself like a gentleman on Sunday, go into the Mall in St. James's Park, and mix with people of the first rank. They went with him to the scene of action, and drove him in among his betters, where he behaved as he was directed, in a manner the most likely to render him conspicuous. All the company saw by the turning of his toes that the dancing-master had not done his duty; and by the swing of his arms, and his continually looking at his laced ruffles and silk stockings, they had reason to conclude it was the first time he had appeared in such a dress. The company gathered round him, which he at first took for applause, and held up his head a little higher than ordinary; but at last some gentlemen joining in conversation with him, by his dialect detected him and laughed him out of company. Several, however, seemed dissatisfied at the scoffs he received from a parcel of 'prentice boys, monkified in the same manner, who appeared like so many little curs round a mastiff, and snapped as he went along, without being sensible at the same time of their own weakness."

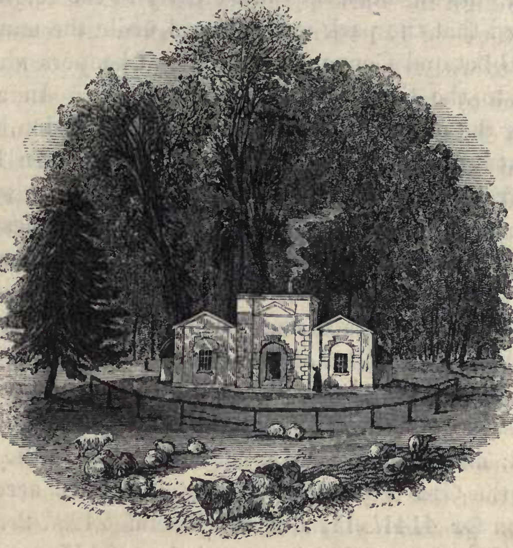
The disappearance of those distinctive marks in dress, which formerly told at once to what class an individual belonged, the gradual rise in refinement among all orders of society, and the restriction on the part of the aristocracy of what may be termed their undress amusements within the seclusion of their domestic privacy, at last put an end to these unseemly and unpleasant scenes. St. James's Park is more crowded now than ever with those who really have a taste for its beauties, or who enjoy finding themselves private in a crowd. All classes now mingle there, but in the progress of civil refinement they have all been toned down to an uniformity of appearance. This may be less picturesque, and less calculated to afford materials for scenic display than the old system, but it is on the whole much more comfortable—to use the exclusively English phrase. As the transition from the antediluvian state of Parkhood before the Restoration to the state of a stage for the gay world to flutter on, subsequent to that event, was marked by a change in the disposition of the grounds, so has the comparatively recent euthanasia of the age of beaux and belles. Nash, under the auspices of George IV., effected another transformation in the appearance of St. James's Park. It was high time that something should be done. Rosamond's Pond had long passed away from this sublunary scene, having been filled up about 1770; the decoy had vanished; the tenants of the Bird-cage Walk were nowhere to be seen. The line of the Mall, and the formal length of the central canal, alone remained—formal and neglected in their formality. Enclosure of the central space, a judicious deviation from the straight line on the banks of the canal, and the planting of some new trees and shrubs, were all that was required to produce the present pleasing scene.

The "silent sister" (to borrow an epithet applied by Oxford and Cambridge to the Irish University) of the Green Park has only had the hand of judicious ornament extended to it within the present year. Its history is in a great measure like Viola's imaginary sister—"a blank." It was not fenced in by royal residences like St. James's Park, on the verge of which the monarchy of England has built its bower—first at Whitehall, then at St. James's, and now at Buckingham Palace—for three hundred years, unable to tear itself away. St. James's Park is, in some sort, an out-of-door vestibule or ante-chamber to the Palace—frequented at times, it must be confessed, by courtiers of sufficiently uncouth appearance. But the Green Park was, until a recent period, away from the abodes of royalty and out of town. Looking from Constitution Hill to the west, south, and east, the eye rested upon fields and meadows interspersed with villages. Piccadilly was not the street of palaces it has since become—many mean buildings being to be found in it. The Green Park too (compared with its neighbours) was left bare of adornment, more resembling a village green than an appendage of royalty. During the last century it was occasionally a haunt for duellists, and at times the scene of outrages, such as Swift mentions being perpetrated at the door of Lord Winchelsea's house by the Mohocks. About the middle of the century some labourers employed in cutting a drain across it from Piccadilly, east of the Ranger's lodge, found a human skeleton, which did not appear to have been in the ground above thirty or forty years, and which bore traces of violence on the skull. Under the auspices of the new police, the Green Park, retaining its homeliness, has hitherto been a place for hand-ball and such amusements. The adornments of its neighbour are now extending to this neglected corner: it too has been set apart for the "enjoying of prospects."

It only remains to be mentioned, before we turn our attention to Hyde Park, that St. James's, although the seat where amusement seems to have taken up its favourite abode, has witnessed incidents of a more exciting character, in the same manner as the quiet of a domestic residence is sometimes invaded by the tragic occurrences of the restless world without. We read in the annals of the reign of Charles II., that the Duchess of Cleveland, walking one dark night across the Park from St. James's to Whitehall, was accosted and followed by three men in masks, who offered her no violence, but continued to denounce her as one of the causes of the national misery, and to prophesy that she would yet die the death of Jane Shore. It was at the entry to St. James's Palace from the Park that Margaret Nicholson attempted the life of George III. In the Park the same monarch received at one time the almost idolatrous homage of his subjects, and at another was with difficulty rescued from the violence of the assembled multitude. Charles I. walked across the Park, guarded by a regiment of foot armed with partizans, to his execution at Whitehall. His son, James II., walked across the Park from St. James's, where he had slept, to Whitehall, on the morning of his coronation. When the Dutch guards of the Prince of Orange were by his orders marching through the Park to relieve the English guards of James posted at Whitehall, the stout old Lord Craven made show of resistance, but received his master's orders to withdraw, and marched off with sullen dignity. This was the nearest approach to the actual intrusion of war into the Park, except when Wyatt, in the reign of Mary, marched his troops along the outside of its northern wall, and the royal artillery playing upon them from the heights sent its balls into the Park. But the mimic show of war has often appeared there. George Colman the younger (who by the bye was a native of the Park—born in a house the property of the Crown, which stood near the south-east corner of Rosamond's Pond), referring to 1780, wrote :—" Although all scenery, except the scenery of a playhouse, was at that time lost upon me, I have thought since of the picturesque view which St. James's Park then presented: the encampment which had been formed in consequence of the recent riots (Lord George Gordon's) was breaking up, but many tents remained; and seeming to be scattered, from the removal of others, out of the formal line which they originally exhibited, the effect they produced under the trees and near the canal was uncommonly gay and pleasing." Such of the present generation as witnessed the tents of the artillery pitched in the Park the evening before the coronation of her present Majesty, can form a pretty accurate conception of the scene witnessed by Colman. To these reminiscences belong the childish splendour of the Temple of Concord, and fire-works in the Green Park, in 1749; and the Chinese Bridge and Pagoda, and fire-works in St. James's Park, in 1814.


W.F. TIFFIN.
GRAY. SC.

[Rosamond's Pond.—1752.]



[The Lodge in Kensington Gardens.]

XII.—THE PARKS.

3. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens.

Kensington Gardens are properly part of Hyde Park. William III., not long after his accession to the throne, purchased from Daniel, second Earl of Nottingham, his house and gardens at Kensington. The extent of the gardens was about twenty-six acres, and with this William seems to have been perfectly satisfied. Even in this small space a part of the original Hyde Park was already included; for not long after 1661, Sir Heneage Finch, then Solicitor-General, obtained a grant of "All that ditch and fence which divide Hyde Park from the lands, grounds, and possessions of the said Sir Heneage Finch, adjacent to the said park, and all wood, underwood, and timber trees, growing and being within, upon, or about the said ditch and fence, containing in breadth ten feet, and in length one hundred and fifty roods, beginning from the south highway leading to the top of Kensington, and from thence crossing to the north highway leading to the town of Acton, which said piece of ground is by this grant disparked for ever." Queen Anne enclosed nearly thirty acres of the park (lying north of her conservatory) about 1705, and added them to the gardens. Caroline, Queen of George II., appropriated no less than three hundred acres of it, about 1730; and it is only since her time that the great enclosure of Kensington Gardens, and the curtailed Hyde Park, have a separate history.

In the survey of church lands made in pursuance of an Act of Parliament of the 26th of Henry VIII., and returned into the Court of First Fruits, the "Manerium de Hyde," belonging to the "Monasterium Sanct. Petr. Westm.," is valued at "xiiij*l.*" No notice having been preserved of the original enclosure of this park, and the first keeper on record (George Roper, who had a grant of 6*d.* per diem for his service) having been appointed early in the reign of Edward VI., it has been conjectured that the park was enclosed while the manor was still in the possession of the Abbot and Convent. The list of keepers who succeeded Roper is unbroken down to the time of the Commonwealth. In a patent of 16th of Elizabeth, granting the office to Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, mention is made of "the herbage, pannage, and browse-wood for the deer." In 1596 the custody of Hyde Park was granted to Sir Edmund Cary, Knight, "with all the lodges, houses, and edifices in the same," reserving to Anne Baroness Hunsdon, during her life, "the lodge and mansion in the park, with the herbage and pannage of the same." The resolutions adopted by the House of Commons in 1652 relative to the sale of the Crown lands contain some curious details regarding Hyde Park.

The House resolved on the 21st of December, 1652, that Hyde Park should be sold for ready money; and in consequence of this resolution it was exposed for sale in parts, and sold to Richard Wilcox, of Kensington, Esq.; John Tracy, of London, merchant; and Anthony Deane, of St. Martin in the Fields, Esq. The first parcel, called the Gravel-pit division, containing 112 acres, 3 roods, 3 poles, was sold to Wilcox for 4141*l.* 11*s.*, of which sum 2428*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* was the price of the wood. The Kensington division, consisting of 147 acres, 3 roods, 16 poles, was purchased by Tracy, who paid 3906*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, of which only 261*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* was for the wood. The other three divisions—the Middle, Banqueting-house, and Old Lodge divisions—were sold to Deane, and cost him 9020*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*, of which 2210*l.* was for the wood. At the south-west corner of the Banqueting-house division stood "that building intended at its first erection for a Banqueting-house:" its materials were valued at 125*l.* 12*s.* On the Old Lodge division stood the Old Lodge, with its barn and stable, and several tenements near Knightsbridge: the materials of the Lodge were valued at 120*l.* "The deer of several sorts within the said park" were valued at 765*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* The ground and wood of Hyde Park were sold for 17,069*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; the wood on it being (exclusive of the deer and building materials) valued at 5099*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* The yearly rental of the park was assumed to be 894*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.*

The specifications in the indentures of sale enable us to trace with accuracy the boundaries of the park at that time, and also to form some idea of its state and appearance. It was bounded by "the great road to Acton" on the north; by "the way leading from Brentford great road to Acton great road" on the east; by the road designated, in one part of its course, the "Knightsbridge highway," and in another, "the highway leading from Knightsbridge to Kensington," evidently the "Brentford great road" mentioned above, on the south; and by "part of the house and ground usually taken to belong to Mr. Finch of Kensington," and "the ground lying near the Gravel-pits," on the west. About three of these boundaries there is little difficulty: they are clearly the two great lines of road which pass along the north and south edges of the park at the present day, and what is now called Park Lane. The whole of the ground within these three boundaries was within Hyde Park; for, in the description of Old Lodge division, especial mention is made of "that small parcel of ground formerly taken out of the park, and used as a fortification, being at the corner of this division called Park Corner." The fortification here alluded to was the large fort with four bastions thrown up by the citizens in 1642, on the ground now occupied by Hamilton Place. On this several houses were subsequently erected during the Protectorate, which were after the Restoration granted on lease to James Hamilton, Esq., the Ranger. Upon his death, the lease was renewed for ninety-nine years to Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton in 1692. Apsley House stands on the site of the Old Lodge, and is held under the Crown: the original Apsley House was built by Lord Bathurst, when chancellor. By these grants the triangular piece of ground between the present gate and Park Lane came to be cut off from the park, the south-east corner of which, in 1652, extended along the north side of the highway, quite up to the end of Park Lane. The gradual encroachments made upon the park at its west end render it more difficult to ascertain its extent in that direction. The following indications may assist:—When King William purchased his mansion of the Earl of Nottingham at Kensington, there were only twenty-six acres of garden-ground attached to it. The Palace Green, on the west of the palace, was part of these twenty-six acres. We know that the old conduit of Henry VIII., on the west side of Palace Green, was built by that monarch on a piece of waste ground, called "the Moor," outside of the park. The mansion of the Earl of Nottingham must therefore have stood pretty close upon the eastern limits of his twenty-six acres. This view is corroborated by two circumstances. The first is, that the grounds acquired by Sir Heneage Finch, Recorder of London, ancestor of the Earl of Nottingham, between 1630 and 1640, are described in old charters as lying within the parishes of Kensington, St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Paddington. These three parishes meet at a point to the west of Kensington Palace, nearly equidistant from its outer gate in the town of Kensington, the circular pond in Kensington Gardens, and the junction of Bayswater and Kensington Gravel-pits on the western descent of Bayswater Hill. The second circumstance alluded to is, that the grounds purchased by King William from the Earl of Nottingham contained a small part of the original Hyde Park; Sir Heneage Finch, son of the Recorder, having obtained from Charles II. a grant of a "ditch and fence which divide Hyde Park from the lands, grounds, and possessions of the said Sir Heneage Finch;" "the said ditch containing in breadth ten feet, and in length one hundred and fifty roods, beginning from the south highway leading to the town of Kensington, and from thence crossing to the north highway leading to the town of Acton, which said piece of ground is by this grant disparked for ever." All these considerations seem to warrant the assumption that Hyde Park originally extended at its western extremity almost up to the east front of Kensington Palace.

But the indentures of sale enable us also to form some kind of idea of the appearance of the ground within these boundaries at the time the park was sold by order of Parliament. Great care seems to have been taken, in dividing the park into five lots or parcels, to divide the "pools" in the park equally between them. Two are attached to the Gravel-pits, two to the Kensington, three to the Middle, and four to the Old Lodge division. The relative positions and extent of these divisions, and the manner in which the "pools" are described, show that they must have formed a chain extending in a waving line from "Bayard's watering" to "the Spittle mead" at Knightsbridge—the exact course of the Serpentine River, and the stream sent off from its lower extremity. No pools are allotted to the Banqueting-house division, the reason of which seems to have been that it contained "a parcel of enclosed ground lying on the north-east corner of this division, formerly used as a meadow, commonly called Tyburn Meadow," the north-east corner being the angle formed by the great road to Acton and the road now called Park Lane. From this corner a depression of the ground can still be traced extending to the Serpentine between the heights on which the farm-house and the powder-magazine stand. These facts lead us to infer that Hyde Park was then intersected by a chain of "pools," (which old muniments of the manor of Paddington and the manor of Knightsbridge show must have been expansions in the bed of a stream,) tracing the same line as the Serpentine of the present day, and a shallow water-course running down to it from an enclosed meadow where Cumberland Gate now stands. The indentures of sale moreover enable us to make a pretty near guess as to the appearance of the ground intersected by these water-courses. The wood on the north-west or Gravel-pit division was valued at 2428*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; that on the south-west or Kensington division only at 261*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; and yet the Gravel-pit division contained not much more than 112 acres, while the Kensington division contained about 177 acres. Again, the Middle division, which lay on the north side of the park between the Gravel-pit division on the west and the Banqueting-house division on the east, contained only 83 acres, 2 roods, 38 poles, and the Banqueting-house and Old Lodge divisions contained between them 247 acres, 3 roods, 16 poles; yet the wood on the Middle division was valued at 1225*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*, while that on the other two was not valued at more than 1184*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.* From these facts we infer that the north-western parts of the park and the banks of the "pools" were thickly wooded; that its north-east corner had fewer trees; and that the part which lay towards Kensington Gore and the town of Kensington was almost entirely denuded of wood. To complete the picture we must bear in mind that in the south-west part of the Kensington division there was "a parcel of meadow-ground enclosed for the deer;" that in the Banqueting-house division there was the enclosed Tyburn meadow on its north-east corner, and "that building intended at the first erection thereof for a banqueting-house, situate near the south-west corner of this division,"—from its position the house afterwards called Cake House or Mince-pie House, where the farm now stands; that where Apsley House is now was "the Old Lodge with the barn and stable belonging," and immediately east of it the remains of the temporary fortification thrown up in 1642. The park was enclosed—it is described in the indentures as "that impaled ground called Hide Park"—but with the exception of Tyburn meadow, the enclosure for the deer, the Old Lodge, and the Banqueting-house, it seems to have been left entirely in a state of nature. Grammont alludes to the park as presenting the ungainly appearance of a bare field in the time of Charles II. The value put upon the materials of the Old Lodge and Banqueting-house does not excite any very inordinate ideas of their splendour; it is probable, however, that the Ring, which we find a fashionable place of resort early in the reign of Charles II., without any mention being made of its origin, was originally the ornamental ground attached to the latter.

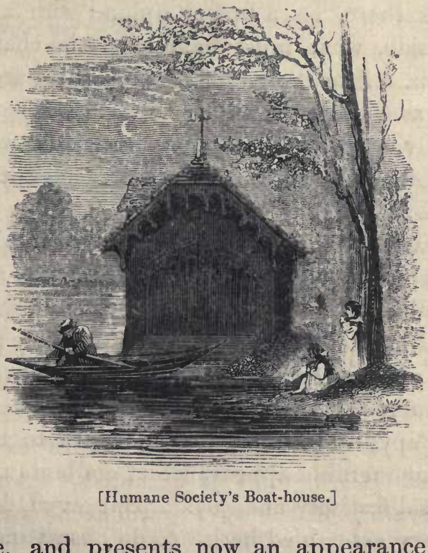
In this state Hyde Park seems to have continued with little alteration till the year 1730, and even then the improvements were almost exclusively confined to the part enclosed under the name of Kensington Gardens, to the history of which we must now turn our attention.

It has already been stated that the gardens attached to Kensington Palace when purchased by King William did not exceed twenty-six acres. Evelyn alludes to them on the 25th of February, 1690-1, in these words:—"I went to Kensington, which King William had bought of Lord Nottingham, and altered, but was yet a patched building; but with the gardens, however, it is a very neat villa, having to it the park and a strait new way through this park." In a view of the gardens near London in December, 1691, communicated to the Society of Antiquaries by Dr. Hamilton from a MS. in his possession, and printed in the twelfth volume of the 'Archæologia,' the gardens are thus described:—"Kensington Gardens are not great, nor abounding with fine plants. The orange, lemon, myrtle, and what other trees they had there in summer, were all removed to Mr. Loudon's or Mr. Wise's green-house at Brompton Park, a little mile from them. But the walks and grass were very fine, and they were digging up a plot of four or five acres to enlarge their garden."

Bowack, who wrote in 1705, has given an account of the improvements then carrying on by order of Queen Anne:—"But whatever is deficient in the house, is and will be made up in the gardens, which want not any advantages of nature to render them entertaining, and are beautified with all the elegancies of art (statues and fountains excepted). There is a noble collection of foreign plants, and fine neat greens, which makes it pleasant all the year, and the contrivance, variety, and disposition of the whole is extremely pleasing; and so frugal have they been of the room they had, that there is not an inch but what is well improved, the whole with the house not being above twenty-six acres. Her Majesty has been pleased lately to plant near thirty acres more towards the north, separated from the rest only by a stately green-house, not yet finished; upon this spot is near one hundred men daily at work, and so great is the progress they have made, that in less than nine months the whole is levelled, laid out and planted, and when finished will be very fine. Her Majesty's gardener has the management of this work." It appears from this passage that previous to 1705, Kensington Gardens did not extend farther to the north than the Conservatory, originally designed for a banqueting-house, and frequently used as such by Queen Anne. The eastern boundary of the gardens would seem to have been at this time nearly in the line of the broad walk which crosses them before the east front of the palace. Palace Green seems at that time to have been considered a part of the private pleasure-grounds attached to the palace, for the low circular stone building now used as an engine-house for supplying the palace with water was erected by order of Queen Anne, facing an avenue of elms, for a summer recess. The town of Kensington for some years later did not extend so far to the east as it now does. The kitchen gardens which extend north of the palace towards the Gravel-pits, and the thirty acres north of the Conservatory, added by Anne to the pleasure gardens, may have been the fifty-five acres "detached and severed from the park, lying in the north-west corner thereof," granted in the 16th of Charles II. to Hamilton, ranger of the park, and Birch, auditor of excise, to be walled and planted with "pippins and red-streaks," on condition of their furnishing apples or cider for the King's use. The alcove at the end of the avenue leading from the south front of the palace to the wall on the Kensington road was also built by Anne's orders. So that Kensington Palace in her reign seems to have stood in the midst of fruit and pleasure gardens, with pleasant alcoves on the west and south, and a stately banqueting-house on the east—the whole confined between the Kensington and Uxbridge roads, the west side of Palace Green, and the line of the broad walk before the east front of the palace. Tickell has perpetrated a dreary mythological poem on Kensington Gardens, which we have ransacked in vain for some descriptive touches of their appearance in Queen Anne's time, and have therefore been obliged to have recourse to Addison's prose in the 477th Number of the 'Spectator:'—"I think there are as many kinds of gardening as poetry: your makers of pastures and flower gardens are epigrammatists and sonnetteers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grottoes, treillages and cascades, are romance writers. Wise and Loudon are our heroic poets; and if as a critic I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel-pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast; for as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its several little plantations lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees one higher than another as they approach the centre. A spectator who has not heard of this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space, which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who had walked in this garden who was not struck with that part of it which I have mentioned."

In reference to the operations of Queen Caroline, Daines Barrington remarks, in his 'Essay on the Progress of Gardening:'—"It is believed that George I. rather improved the gardens at Herrnhausen than those of any of his English palaces. In the succeeding reign, Queen Caroline threw a string of ponds in Hyde Park into one, so as to form what is called the Serpentine River, from its being not exactly straight, as all ponds and canals were before. She is likewise well known to have planted and laid out the gardens of Richmond and Kensington upon a larger scale, and in better taste, than we have any instances before that period. She seems also to have been the first introducer of expensive buildings in gardens, if one at Lord Barrington's is excepted." And yet Queen Anne's Green-house or Conservatory in the very gardens he was writing about must have cost something. Nearly 300 acres were added by Queen Caroline to Kensington Gardens. Opposite the Ring in Hyde Park a mound was thrown across the valley to dam up the streams connecting the chain of "pools" already mentioned. All the waters and conduits in the park, granted in 1663 to Thomas Haines on a lease of ninety-nine years, were re-purchased by the Crown. Along the line of the ponds a canal was begun to be dug. The excavation was four hundred yards in length and forty feet deep, and cost 6000*l.* At the south-east end of the gardens a mount was raised of the soil dug out of the canal. On the north and south the grounds, of which these works formed the characteristic features, were bounded by high parallel walls. On the north-east a fosse and low wall, reaching from the Uxbridge road to the Serpentine, at once shut in the gardens, and conducted the eye along their central vista, over the Serpentine to its extremity, and across the park. To the east of Queen Anne's gardens, immediately below the principal windows of the east front of the palace, a reservoir was formed into a circular pond, and thence long vistas were carried through the woods that circled it round, to the head of the Serpentine; to the fosse and low wall, affording a view of the park (this sort of fence was an invention of Bridgeman, "an attempt then deemed so astonishing, that the common people called them Ha-has, to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unperceived check to their walk"), and to the mount constructed out of the soil dug from the canal. This mount was planted with evergreens, and on the summit was erected a small temple, made to turn at pleasure, to afford shelter from the wind. The three principal vistas were crossed at right angles, by others at regular intervals—an arrangement which has been complained of as disagreeably formal, with great injustice, for the formality is only in the ground plot, not in any view of the garden that can meet the eye of the spectator at one time. Queen Anne's gardens underwent no further alteration than was necessary to make them harmonise with the extended grounds, of which they had now become a part.

Since the death of George II. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens have undergone no changes of consequence. The Ring, in the former, has been deserted for the drive, and presents now an appearance which any Jonathan Oldbuck might pardonably mistake for the vestiges of a Roman encampment. New plantations have been laid out to compensate for the gradual decay of the old wood. That part of the south wall of Kensington Gardens which served to intercept between it and the Kensington road a narrow strip of the park where the cavalry barracks have been erected, has been thrown down. Queen Caroline's



[Humane Society's Boat-house.]

artificial mound had previously been levelled. A new bridge has been thrown across the Serpentine, and more ornamental buildings been erected on its bank to serve for a powder-magazine and the house of the Humane Society, (beautiful antithesis!) and infantry barracks have been erected within the precincts of the park near Knightsbridge.

Kensington Gardens now occupy the Gravel-pit division and the larger portions of the Kensington and Middle divisions of the time of Oliver Cromwell. Farther along the Serpentine, and below the waterless waterfall, at its termination, the appearance of the park has been wonderfully changed since the time of the Protectorate. The remainder is characterised, perhaps, by a more careful surface-dressing, but in other respects it has, if anything, retrograded in internal ornament. Of the Ring, once the seat of gaiety and splendour, we may say with Wordsworth, that—

"Dying insensibly away
From human thoughts and purposes,"

it seems

"To yield to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees."

We sometimes feel tempted to regret its decay, and also the throwing down of part of the south wall of the gardens, which seems to have let in too much sunlight upon them (to say nothing of east winds), and spoiled their umbrageous character. On the whole, however, the recent changes in Hyde Park are more striking in regard to its immediate vicinity, to the setting of the jewel as it were, than to the ground itself. Any one who enters the park from Grosvenor Gate (opened in 1724) and advances to the site of the Ring, will at once feel this change in its full force. Hemmed in though the park now is on all sides by long rows of buildings, one feels there, on a breezy upland with a wide space of empty atmosphere on every side, what must have been the charm of this place when the eye, looking from it, fell in every direction on rural scenes. For Hyde Park until very recently was entirely in the country. And this remark naturally conducts us to those adventures and incidents associated with Hyde Park which contribute even more than its rural position to render it less exclusively of the court, courtly, than St. James's.

Hyde Park was a favourite place of resort for those who brought in the 1st of May with the reverence once paid to it. Pepys breathes a sigh in his 'Diary' on the evening of the 30th April, 1661, (he was then on a pleasure jaunt,) to this effect:—"I am sorry I am not at London to be at Hide Park to-morrow morning, among the great gallants and ladies, which will be very fine." It was very fine, for Evelyn has entered in his 'Diary,' under the date of the identical 1st of May referred to by Pepys:—"I went to Hide Park to take the air, where was his Majesty and an innumerable appearance of gallants and rich coaches, being now at time of universal festivity and joy." But even during the sway of the Puritans, the Londoners assembled here "to do observance to May," as we learn from 'Several Proceedings of State Affairs, 27th April to 4th May, 1654.'—"Monday, 1st May. This day was more observed by people going a maying than for divers years past, and indeed much sin committed by wicked meetings with fiddlers, drunkenness, ribaldry, and the like; great resort came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of coaches and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered hair men, and painted and spotted women. Some men played with a silver ball, and some took other recreation. But his Highness the Lord Protector went not thither, nor any of the Lords of the Commonwealth, but were busy about the great affairs of the Commonwealth." We would give a trifle to know whether one John Milton, a Secretary of the Lord Protector, were equally self-denying. In 1654 the morning view from the Ring in Hyde Park must have been not unlike this description of what had met a poet's eyes in his early rambles—

"Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms on hillock green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land;
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

And one of the poet's earlier compositions had afforded a strong suspicion of his idolatrous tendencies—

"Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and brings with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail! beauteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Meads and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

To all which circumstances may be added that the said John Milton is affirmed (perhaps with a view to be near the scene of his official duties) to have resided for some time in a house on the south side of St. James's Park, at no immeasurable distance from the place where the enormities of May worship were perpetrated in 1654, under the very noses of a puritanical government.

Be this as it may, the sports affected by the habitual frequenters of Hyde Park at all times of the year had a manly character about them, harmonizing with its country situation. For example, although the Lord Protector felt it inconsistent with his dignity to sanction by his presence the profane mummery of the 1st of May, he made himself amends for his self-denial a few days afterwards, as we learn from the 'Moderate Intelligencer:'—"Hyde Park, May 1st, 1654. This day there was a hurling of a great ball by fifty Cornish gentlemen of one side, and fifty on the other; one party played in red caps, and the other in white. There was present his Highness the Lord Protector, many of his Privy Council, and divers eminent gentlemen, to whose view was presented great agility of body, and most neat and exquisite wrestling, at every meeting of one with the other, which was ordered with such dexterity, that it was to show more the strength, vigour, and nimbleness of their bodies than to endanger their persons. The ball they played withal was silver, and designed for that party which did win the goal." Evelyn mentions in May 1658, "I went to see a coach-race in Hide

Park, and collationed in Spring Gardens." Pepys mentions in August, 1660:—"To Hide Parke by coach, and saw a fine foot-race three times round the park (*Qu.* Ring?) between an Irishman and Crow that was once my Lord Claypole's footman." Evelyn's coach-race (by which we must not understand such a race as might take place now-a-days between two professional or amateur coach-drivers, but more probably some imaginative emulation of classical chariot-races, for such was the tone of that age) recalls an accident which happened to Cromwell in Hyde Park in 1654. We learn from the 'Weekly Post,'—"His Highness the Lord Protector went lately in his coach from Whitehall to take the ayr in Hide Park; and the horses being exceedingly affrighted, set a running, insomuch that the postilion fell, whereby his Highness was in some danger; but (blessed be God) he was little hurt." Ludlow's version of this story is:—"The Duke of Holstein made him (Cromwell) a present of a set of grey Friesland coach-horses; with which taking the air in the park, attended only with his secretary Thurloe, and a guard of Janizaries, he would needs take the place of the coachman, not doubting but the three pair of horses he was about to drive would prove as tame as the three nations which were ridden by him; and therefore, not content with their ordinary pace, he lashed them very furiously. But they, unaccustomed to such a rough driver, ran away in a rage, and stopped not till they had thrown him out of the box, with which fall his pistol fired in his pocket, though without any hurt to himself: by which he might have been instructed how dangerous it was to meddle with those things wherein he had no experience." There may be some truth in this, although Ludlow was a small man, virulent in his vindictiveness, and a *gobemouche;* for the cautious journalist admits that the Protector was hurt; and Bates, Cromwell's physician, mentions that, from an idea that violent motion was calculated to alleviate some disorders to which he was subject, it was his custom when taking the air in his coach to seat himself on the driving-box, in order to procure a rougher shake. Cromwell—since we have got him in hand we may as well despatch him at once—seems to have been partial to Hyde Park and its environs. The 'Weekly Post,' enumerating the occasions on which Syndercombe and Cecill had lain in wait to assassinate him in Hyde Park ("the hinges of Hide Park gate were filed off in order to their escape") enumerates some of his airings all in this neighbourhood:—"when he rode to Kensington and thence the back way to London;" "when he went to Hide Park in his coach;" "when he went to Turnham Green and so by Acton home;" and "when he rode in Hide Park." One could fancy him influenced by some attractive sympathy between his affections and the spot of earth in which he was destined to repose from his stirring and harassing career. The unmanly indignities offered to his dead body harmed not him, and they who degraded themselves by insulting the dead were but a sort of sextons more hardened and brutal than are ordinarily to be met with. Cromwell sleeps as sound at Tyburn, in the vicinity of his favourite haunts, as the rest of our English monarchs sleep at Westminster or Windsor.

The fashionable part of Hyde Park was long confined within very narrow limits; the Ring being, from all time previous to the Restoration till far in the reigns of the Georges, the exclusive haunt of the *beau monde.* Subsequently Kensington Gardens, at the opposite extremity of the park, was appropriated by the race that lives for enjoyment; but even after that event a considerable space within the park remained allotted to the rougher business of life. During the time of the Commonwealth, as we have seen, it became private property. Evelyn (11th April, 1653) complains feelingly of the change:—"I went to take the aire in Hide Park, where every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by *the sordid fellow* (poor Anthony Deane, of St. Martin's in the Fields, Esq.) who had purchased it of the state, as they are called." The courtly Evelyn had no words of reprobation for Mr. Hamilton, the ranger appointed at the Restoration, who continued for ten good years to let the park in farms; it not having been enclosed with a wall and re-stocked with deer till 1670.

Hyde Park has from an early period down to our own times been a favourite locality for reviews. "*Mercurius Publicus*" announced to the public on the 26th of April, 1660, that the Commissioners of the Militia of London were to "rendezvous their regiments of trained bands and auxiliaries" at Hyde Park; that Major Cox, "Quartermaster-general of the City," had been to view the ground; and that the Lord Mayor intended to appear at the review "with his collar of *esses*," and all the Aldermen "in scarlet robes, attended with the mace and cap of maintenance, as is usual at great solemnities." An 'Exact Account' of the pageant, published not long after, informs us that in Hyde Park "was erected a spacious fabric, in which the Lord Mayor in his collar of SS, and the Aldermen in their scarlet gowns, with many persons of quality, sate, by which the respective regiments in a complete order marched, giving many volleys of shot as they passed by;" that "in the White regiment of Auxiliaries in the first rank Major-General Mysse trailed a pike, who was followed with a numerous company of people with great acclamations;" that "the like hath hardly been seen, it being conceived that there could hardly be lesse than twenty thousand men in arms, besides the Yellow regiment which came out of Southwark, and also that complete regiment of horse commanded by Major-General Brown, where was likewise present so great a multitude of people, that few persons hath seen the like;" that "they marched out of the field in the same handsome manner, to the great honour and repute of the City of London, and satisfaction and content of all spectators;" and lastly, "which is observable, that in the height of this show the Lord Mayor received notice that Colonel John Lambert was carried by the park a prisoner unto Whitehall." Evelyn records a more courtly spectacle of the kind that took place on the same ground in July 1664:—"I saw his Majesty's Guards, being of horse and foote 4000, led by the General the Duke of Albemarle in extraordinary equipage and gallantry, consisting of gentlemen of quality and veteran souldiers, excellently clad, marched, and ordered, drawn up in battalia before their Ma^ties^ in Hide Park, where the old Earle of Cleveland trailed a pike, and led the right-hand file commanded by the Viscount Wentworth his son, a worthy spectacle and example, being both of them old and valiant souldiers. This was to show y^e^ French ambassador, Monsieur Comminges; there being a great assembly of coaches, &c., in the park." The prejudices of education might predispose one to imagine that the titled heroes celebrated by Evelyn "trailed the puissant pike" more gallantly than Major-General Mysse; but the observations of Pepys, who slipped into the park to see the review described by Evelyn, after cherishing his little body at an ordinary, induce us to suspend our judgment:—"From the King's Head ordinary with Creed to hire a coach to carry us to Hide Park, to-day there being a general muster of the king's guards, horse and foot; but they demand so high, that I spying Mr. Cutler the merchant did take notice of him, and he going into his coach and telling me he was going to the muster, I asked and went along with him; when a goodly sight to see—so many fine horses and officers, and the King, Duke, and others—came by a-horseback, and the two Queenes in the Queen-mother's coach (my lady Castlemaine not being there). And after long being there I light, and walked to the place where the King, Duke, &c., did stand, to see the horse and foot march by and discharge their guns, to show a Frenche Marquisse (for whom this muster was caused) the goodnesse of our firemen; which indeed was very good, though not without a slip now and then; and one broadside close to our coach as we had going out of the parke, even to the nearnesse to be ready to burn our hairs. *Yet methought all these gay men are not the soldiers that must do the king's business, it being such as these that lost the old king all he had, and were beat by the most ordinary fellows that could be.*" Horace Walpole's account of a somewhat similar scene, 1759, may serve as a pendant to these remarks:—"I should weary you with what everybody wearies me—the militia. The crowds in Hyde Park when the King reviewed them were inimaginable. My Lord Orford, their colonel, I hear looked ferociously martial and genteel, and I believe it; his person and air have a noble wildness in them; the regimentals too are very becoming, scarlet faced with black, buff waistcoat and gold buttons. How knights of the shire, who have never shot anything but woodcocks, like this warfare I don't know; but the towns through which they pass adore them, everywhere they are treated and regaled." The Brobdignaggian scale of the reviews of the Volunteers in the days of George III. are beyond the compass of our narrow page. The encampment of the troops in Hyde Park in 1780 after Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the Volunteers in 1799, must be passed over in silence; as also the warlike doings of the Fleet in the Serpentine in 1814, when a Lilliputian British frigate blew a Lilliputian American frigate out of the water, in commemoration of—the founders of the feast confessed themselves at a loss to say what.

But Hyde Park, unlike St. James's, has witnessed the mustering of real as well as of holiday warriors. It was the frequent rendezvous of the Commonwealth troops during the civil war. Essex and Lambert encamped their forces here, and here Cromwell reviewed his terrible Ironsides. And though Butler's muse, which, as the bee finds honey in every flower, elaborates the ludicrous from all events, has sneered at the labours of the citizens of London who threw up the fort in Hyde Park, the jest at which royalists could laugh under Charles II. was no joke to the Cavaliers of Charles I. The very women shared the enthusiasm, and, as the irreverend bard alluded to sings—

> "March'd rank and file with drum and ensign,
> T' entrench the city for defence in;
> Raised rampions with their own soft hands,
> And put the enemy to stands.
> From ladies down to oyster wenches,
> Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
> Fall'n to their pick-axes and tools,
> And help'd the men to dig like moles."

One circumstance that tends to impress us with the idea of the solitary character of Hyde Park and its environs when compared with St. James's Park during the reigns of the last Stuarts and the first sovereigns of the present dynasty is its being frequently selected, in common with the then lonely fields behind Montague House, now the British Museum, as the scene of the more inveterate class of duels. In the days when men wore swords there were many off-hand duels—*impromptu* exertions of that species of lively humour. Horace Walpole, sen., quarrelled with a gentleman in the House of Commons, and they fought at the stair-foot. Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth stepped out of a dining-parlour in the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall, and fought by the light of a bed-room candle in an adjoining apartment. More than one duel occurred in Pall Mall itself. But there were also more ceremonious duels, to which men were formally invited some time beforehand, and in which more guests than two participated. The pistol-duel in which Wilkes was severely wounded occurred in Hyde Park. Here too the fatal duel in which the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mahon (November, 1712) fell, and their seconds were wounded, took place. Swift enables us to fix with precision the locality of this last event: he says in his 'Journal to Stella,' "The Duke was helped towards the Cake-house by the Ring in Hyde Park, where they fought, and died on the grass before he could reach the house." Its loneliness is also vouched for by the frequency of highway robberies in its immediate vicinity: pocket-picking is the branch of industry characteristic of town places like St. James's Park; highway robbery and fox-hunting are rural occupations. The narrative of the principal witness in the trial of William Belchier, sentenced to death for highway robbery in 1752, shows the state in which the roads which bound Hyde Park were at that time, and also presents us with a picture of the substitutes then used instead of a good police:—"*William Norton:* The chaise to the Devizes having been robbed two or three times, as I was informed, I was desired to go in it, to see if I could take the thief, which I did on the 3rd of June, about half an hour after one in the morning. I got into the post-chaise; the post-boy told me the place where he had been stopped was near the Half-way House between Knightsbridge and Kensington. As we came near the house the prisoner came to us on foot and said, 'Driver, stop!' He held a pistol tinder-box to the chaise and said, 'Your money directly: you must not stay, this minute your money.' I said, 'Don't frighten us; I have but a trifle; you shall have it.' Then I said to the gentlemen (there were three in the chaise), 'Give your money.' I took out a pistol from my coat-pocket, and from my breeches-pocket a five-shilling piece and a dollar. I held the pistol concealed in one hand and the money in the other. I held the money pretty hard: he said, 'Put it in my hat.' I let him take the five-shilling piece out of my hand: as soon as he had taken it I snapped my pistol at him; it did not go off: he staggered back, and held up his hands and said, 'Oh Lord! oh Lord!' I jumped out of the chaise: he ran away, and I after him about six or seven hundred yards, and there took him. I hit him a blow on his back; he begged for mercy on his knees; I took his neckcloth off and tied his hands with it, and brought him back to the chaise: then I told the gentlemen in the chaise that was the errand I came upon, and wished them a good journey, and brought the prisoner to London. *Question by the prisoner:* Ask him how he lives. *Norton:* I keep a shop in Wych Street, and sometimes I take a thief." The post-boy stated on the trial that he had told Norton if they did not meet the highwayman between Knightsbridge and

Kensington, they should not meet him at all—a proof of the frequency of these occurrences in that neighbourhood. Truly while such tricks were played in the park by noblemen and gentlemen in the daytime, and by foot-pads at night, the propinquity of the place of execution at Tyburn to the place of gaiety in the Ring was quite as desirable as it seems upon first thought anomalous.

The Ring we have already observed was the first part of the park taken possession of by the gay world. Evelyn's complaint of the exaction of the "sordid fellow who had purchased it of the state, as they are called," seems to imply that it had been a resort for horsemen and people in carriages previous to 1653. He more than once notes a visit to Hyde Park, "where was his Majesty and abundance of gallantry." The sight-seeing Pepys, too, appears from his journal, as might have been anticipated, to have been a frequent visitant. We have already seen how dexterously he "did take notice of Mr. Cutler, the merchant," to save himself the expense of coach-hire; and heard the melodious sigh he breathed on account of his inability to be there on May-day. His Paul Pry disposition has led him to leave on record that on the 4th of April, 1663, he went "after dinner to Hide Parke; at the parke was the King, and in another coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every turn." Nor must we pass over in silence his own equestrian feats, worthy of his tailor-sire:—"1662, December 22. [Followed the Duke and Mr. Coventry into St. James's Park], and in the park Mr. Coventry's people having a horse ready for me (so fine a one that I was almost afraid to get upon him, but I did, and found myself more feared than hurt), and followed the Duke and some of his people to Hide Parke." The grave Etherege thought a ride in Hyde Park on the whole more conducive to morality than a walk in the Mall:—

"*Young Bellair*. Most people prefer Hyde Park to this place.

"*Harriet*. It has the better reputation, I confess; but I abominate the dull diversions there: the formal bows, the affected smiles, the silly by-words, and amorous tweers in passing. Here one meets with a little conversation now and then.

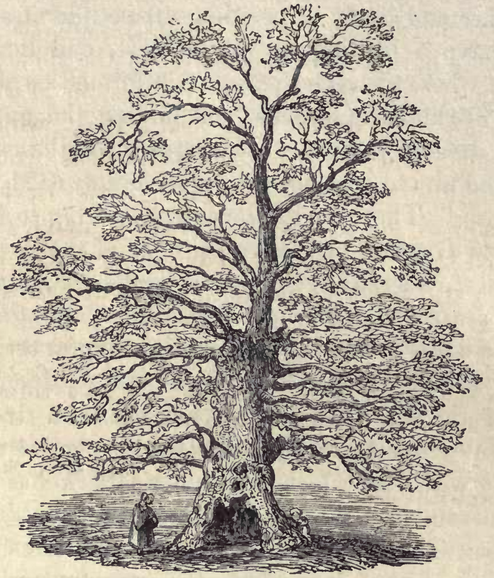
"*Y. Bell*. These conversations have been fatal to some of your sex, madam.

"*Har*. It may be so: because some who want temper have been undone by gaming, must others who have it wholly deny themselves the pleasure of play?"

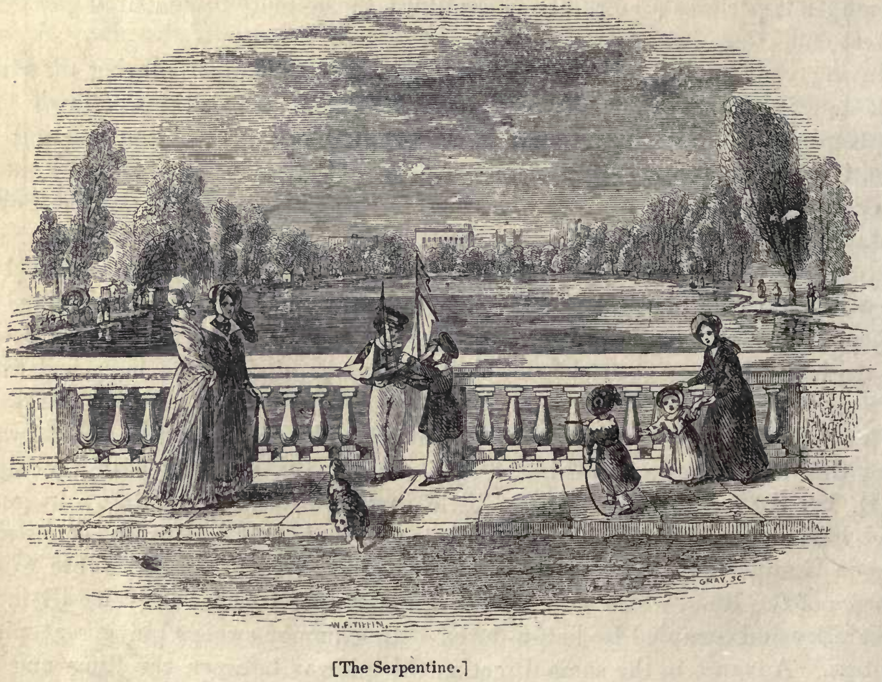
After King William took up his abode in Kensington palace, a court end of the town gathered around it. The praises of Kensington Gardens, as they appeared in the days of Queen Anne, by Tickell and Addison, have already been alluded to. The large gardens laid out by Queen Caroline were opened to the public on Saturdays, when the king and court went to Richmond. All visitors, however, were required to appear in full dress, which must have lent a stately and *recherché* character to the scene. These occasional glimpses into the seclusion of sovereigns who were foreigners in the land they reigned over, contrast characteristically with the publicity-courting manners of the time of Charles II. The formal solitudes of Kensington, remote from the brilliant gaiety of the Ring and Mall, mark a new and widely different era. St. James's Park was the appropriate locality of a court in which Etherege, Suckling, Sedley, and Buckingham dangled. The umbrageous shades of Kensington, into which the clatter of the gaudy equipages at the further end of the park penetrated "like notes by distance made more sweet," was the equally appropriate retirement of a court, the type of whose literary characters was Sir Richard Blackmore, and from which the light graces of Pope kept at a distance. They were, however, not an unamiable race; these German sovereigns, as they could tell who were admitted to their society. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu knew that George I. could appreciate in his own quiet way a pretty face and lively disposition. A couple of anecdotes somewhere told of George II. have a bearing on our subject, and leave a favourable impression of a King of whose character ostentation formed no part:—"His Majesty came one day to the Richmond Gardens, and finding the gates of them locked, while some decently dressed persons were standing on the outside, called for the head gardener and told him to open the door immediately: 'My subjects,' added he, 'walk where they please.' The same gardener complaining to him one day that the company in Richmond Gardens had taken up some of the flower roots and shrubs that were planted there, his only reply was, 'Plant more, you blockhead.'"

When the court ceased to reside at Kensington, the gardens were thrown entirely open. They still, however, retain so much of their original secluded character that they are impervious to horses and equipages. Between their influence and that of the drive, the whole park has been drawn into the vortex of gaiety. Its eastern extremity, except along the Serpentine, still retains a homely character, contrasting with that which St. James's Park has long worn, and the Green Park is now assuming. It is questionable whether any attempt to make it finer would improve it. The effect produced by the swift crossing and re-crossing of equipages, and the passage of horsemen—the opportunity of mingling with the crowd of Sunday loungers and country cousins congregated to catch a glimpse of the leading characters of the day, or determine the fashionable shade for *demi-saison* trousers, constitute the attraction of the park. The living contents throw the scenery amid which they move into the shade. The plainness of the park, too, makes it perhaps a more fitting vestibule to the more ornamented gardens at its west end.

Having ventured to point out the most eligible method of entering the Green Park and St. James's, we may do the same office for the visitants of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. Enter from Grosvenor Gate. After crossing the drive, if your object is to see the company, walk first along the footpath, in the direction of Hyde Park Corner, where Apsley House now stands and the Parliamentary fort once stood; then returning, extend your lounge on the other side till you reach Cumberland Gate, near where the elms of Tyburn witnessed the execution of the "gentle Mortimer;" and where, in after days, terminated the walk prescribed by way of penance to the Queen of Charles I. by her Confessor, and the less voluntary excursions of many offenders against the law; and where an iron plate, bearing the inscription "Here stood Tyburn turnpike," marks the last earthly resting-place of Oliver Cromwell. Walk backwards and forwards along this beat, like a wild beast in its cage, till satiated with the sight. [N. B. Do not forget to admire the little carriages for children, drawn by goats, which have a stand near Cumberland Gate, as donkeys for juvenile equestrians have on Hampstead Heath.] Next cross the park from Grosvenor Gate to the vestiges of the Ring, which scene of the gallantry of Charles II. you will in all probability find occupied by half-a-dozen little chimney-sweeps playing at pitch-and-toss. Advance in the same direction till midway between the Ring and the farm-house, and you stand on the spot which witnessed the tragedy described by Swift in the passage quoted above from his 'Journal to Stella.' Here turn down towards the Serpentine, and in passing admire the old elm—old amid an aged brotherhood, of which a representation is here inserted; it served for many years as the stall of a humorous cobbler. Then passing along the edge of the Serpentine, hasten to reach the centre of the bridge which crosses it, and there



[Old Elm.]



[The Serpentine.]

allow your eyes to wander across the water to the gateways admitting to Hyde Park and Constitution Hill, and behind them to the towers of Westminster Abbey. This is also a favourable spot for a morning or mid-day peep into Kensington Gardens. It is a curious feeling with which one amid the freshness of a spring or summer's morning watches the boatman of the Humane Society slowly oaring his way across the "river," sparkling in the early sun, as if in quest of those who may have availed themselves of the silence of night to terminate their earthly sufferings in the water. It reminds one of the horrible grotesque of the inscription below a plate of Rosamond's Pond, which we quoted when talking of that scene. Once in Kensington Gardens, you cannot go wrong. Ramble deviously on along the vistas and through the thickets, now surrounded by nibbling sheep, now eyeing the gambols of the squirrel, till you come into the airy space surrounded by the palace, the banqueting-house of Queen Anne, and stately trees, where a still pond lies mirroring the soft blue sky.*

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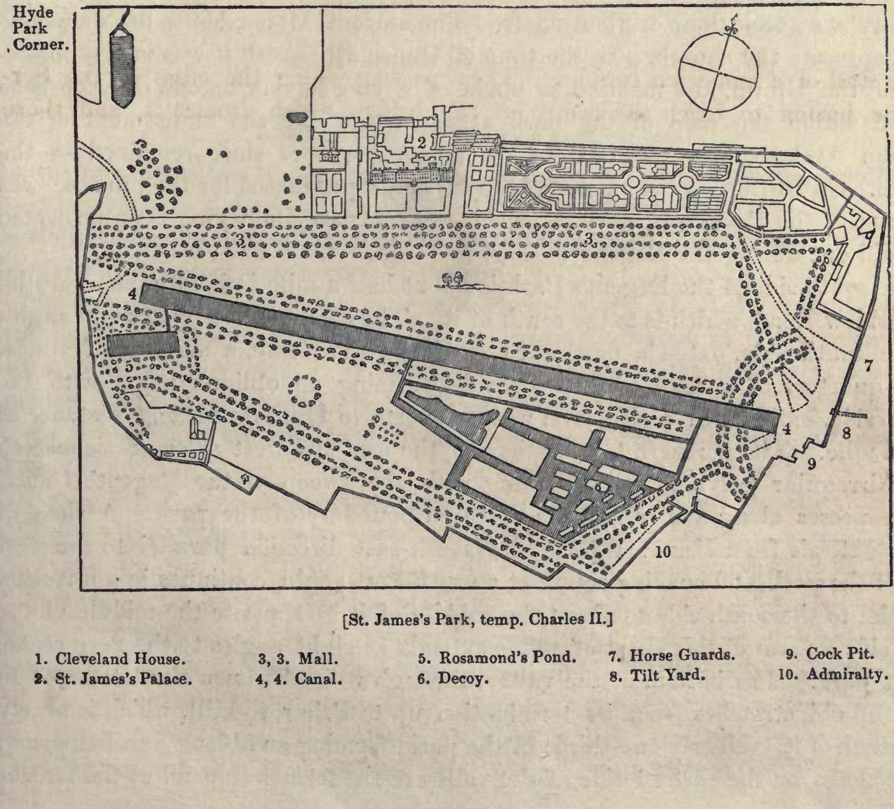
* Hyde Park, the Green and St. James's Parks, may be regarded as forming part of an uninterrupted space of open pleasure-ground. This is not so apparent now that they only touch with their angles, but it was otherwise before the ground on which Apsley House and Hamilton Place stand was filched from Hyde Park. Even yet the isthmus which connects them, where Hyde Park Gate and the gate at the top of Constitution Hill front each other, is only attenuated, not intersected. They have moreover since the Revolution been invariably intrusted to the care of the same ranger. To remind the reader of their continuity, a plan of old St. James's Park, in which the position of Hyde Park Corner is indicated, is subjoined.



[St. James's Park, temp. Charles II.]

1. Cleveland House.
2. St. James's Palace.
3, 3. Mall.
4, 4. Canal.
5. Rosamond's Pond.
6. Decoy.
7. Horse Guards.
8. Tilt Yard.
9. Cock Pit.
10. Admiralty.

4. The Regent's Park.

The Regent's Park lies at the south foot of the conical eminence called Primrose Hill, which is connected by a ridge somewhat lower than its summit with the higher eminence of Hampstead to the north. On the west side of Primrose Hill a small stream is formed from the drainings of several springs, nearly at the same elevation as the connecting ridge, which originally flowed in a southern direction across what is now the Regent's Park, to the west side of Marybone workhouse; thence in a direction slightly to the east of south between Manchester Square and the High Street of Marybone, Grosvenor Square, and Hanover Square, to the mews between Bond Street and Berkeley Square; thence turning to the west of south, it crossed the lower part of Berkeley Square, and entering the Green Park a little to the east of the Ranger's house, crossed what was once the site of the Mulberry Garden, now the Garden of Buckingham Palace, and Tothill Fields, to the Thames. This is the celebrated rivulet Ay-bourne or Tybourne, from which, what has been called in later days the parish and manor of Mary-le-bone, or Marybone, took their original name. The ancient Manor-house of Marybone stood opposite the church. In the time of Queen Elizabeth it was in the possession of the Crown, and mention is made of a stag having on one occasion been hunted within the pale of the park attached to it for the amusement of the Russian Ambassadors. A part of the manor has ever since remained in the Crown. Out of this and some neighbouring fields, purchased for the purpose, was constructed the Park, which, by its name, reminds us of its having been projected and laid out during the Regency.

The south side of the Regent's Park is about half a mile in length, and parallel to the New Road, which is to the south of it. The east side, nearly at right angles to the south side, extends northward to Gloucester Gate, a distance of almost three-quarters of a mile. The west side, forming an oblique angle with the south side, extends in a direction west of north to Hanover Gate, a distance of half a mile. The northern terminations of the east and west sides are connected by an irregular curve nearly coinciding with the sweep of the Regent's Canal, which passes along and within the northern boundary of the park. A sheet of water extends from Hanover Gate in a south-east direction parallel to the west side of the park, and curving round at a south-west angle, continues in a direction parallel to the south side to about the middle of it. Opposite the middle of the west side an arm of this sheet of water extends at right angles to the very centre of the park. The bottom of the valley, through which Tyburn rivulet flowed in days of old, stretches from its termination up to Primrose Hill, which is nearly due north of it. Nearly two-thirds of the park, forming an oblong parallelogram, slope down on the eastern side of the valley to the former channel of the stream and the north-east and south arms of the artificial lake which is formed by its collected waters, and which resemble, to use a simile more accurate than dignified, the arrangement of the three legs on an Isle-of-Man halfpenny. Within the houses of the Crescent formed by its north-east and south arms is the Ring, the interior of which is occupied by the Garden of the Botanical Society. On the eastern slope, at the north end of the park, is the Garden of the Zoological Society. On the east side of the park, a little south of Gloucester Gate, are the enclosed villa and grounds of the late Sir Herbert Taylor; on the west side, a little north of Hanover Gate, those of the Marquis of Hertford. Along the east, south, and west sides of the park are continuous ranges of buildings, the architecture of which is in some cases sufficiently florid, in others more than sufficiently grotesque. The open north side allows the eye to range over the beautiful uplands, Primrose Hill, Highgate, Hampstead, and the range extending westward in the direction of Harrow.

The history of the Park, as a park, is a brief one. An anonymous writer speaks of it in 1812 as "already one of the greatest, if not absolutely one of the most fashionable, Sunday promenades about town;" adding, however, that it "does not appear to be in a progress likely to promise a speedy completion." It is now perhaps as far advanced towards completion as human aid can bring it; time and the vegetative power of nature alone can give those dimensions to its trees that will reveal, to its full extent, the taste with which the grounds are laid out. Even in their immature state, however, the grounds have much of beauty in them, and the view to the north is an advantage possessed by none of the other parks. When Primrose Hill has been included within the *enceinte,* its managers may say,

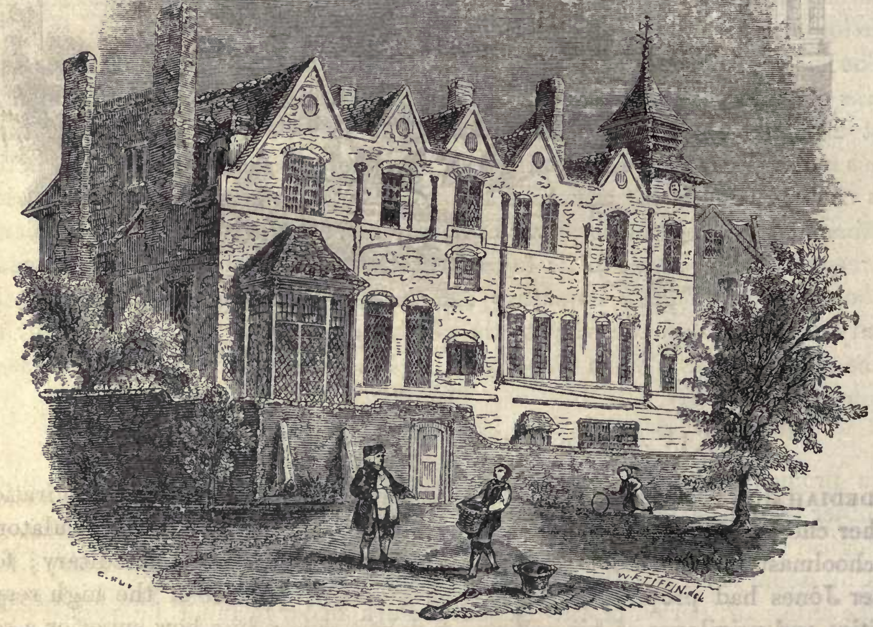
> "And now laborious man hath done his part."

As a promenade, the Regent's Park seems quite as much in vogue as either of the other two; as a drive, Hyde Park retains its uncontested supremacy. The Zoological Gardens are a source of interest not possessed by the other parks, and the Colosseum is a rare attraction to sight-seers.

The ante-park period of the Regent's Park history cannot be passed over in utter silence. The ancient Manor-house, already alluded to more than once, had a bowling-green, which, at the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, was frequented by persons of rank, but afterwards fell into disrepute. The amusements of the place are alluded to by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who, in the line—

> "Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away"—

points at John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who was constant in his visits, and gave here the annual feast to his *pendables,* at which his standing parting toast was—"May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring meet here again." Previous to 1737 Marybone Gardens were open to the public; after that year, according to Malcolm, "the company resorting to them becoming more respectable, Mr. Gough, the keeper, determined to demand a shilling as entrance-money"—the only instance in which we have heard of a fine imposed upon people for becoming respectable. In 1777 the gardens were finally closed. Their memory will be preserved by Peachum's regret that Captain Macheath should lose his money playing with lords at Marybone, and his wife's advice to Filch to resort thither in order to acquire sufficient valour to encounter the dangers of his profession with credit to himself and his patrons.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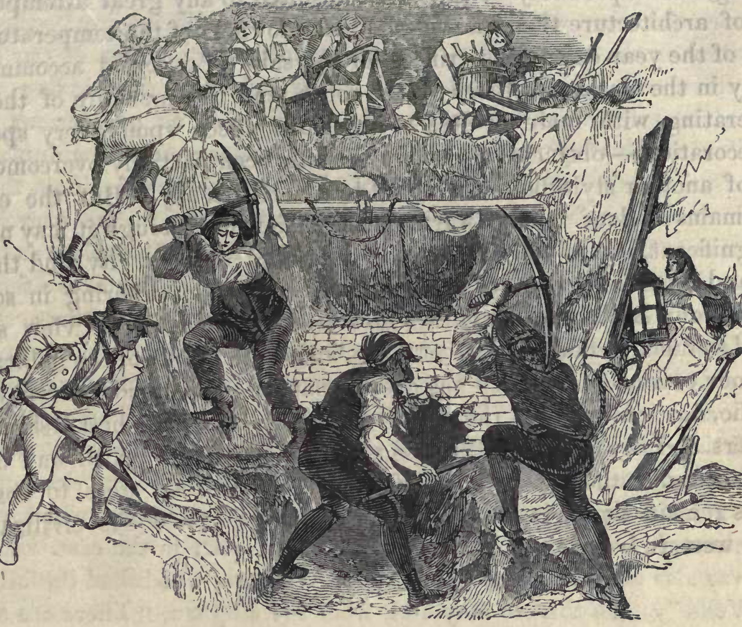
[Marylebone House.]



[Opening a Sewer by Night.]

XIII.—UNDERGROUND.

Could we imagine any calamity to occur to London which should utterly sweep away all those outward evidences of her greatness which more particularly excite the wonder and admiration of the world, and reduce her to as dread a ruin as that which the author of the 'Fairy Queen' describes—

> "High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
> Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
> Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
> Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
> Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries;
> All these, oh pity! now are turn'd to dust,
> And overgrown with black oblivion's rust;"—

could we imagine that this great capital of capitals should ever be what Babylon is,—its very site forgotten,—one could not but almost envy the delight with which the antiquaries of that future time would hear of some discovery of a *London below the soil* still remaining. We can fancy we see the progress of the excavators from one part to another of the mighty, but for a while inexplicable, labyrinth, till the whole was cleared open to the daylight, and the vast system lay bare before them, revealing in the clearest language the magnitude and splendour of the place to which it had belonged, the skill and enterprise of the people. Let us reflect for a moment upon what this system accomplishes. Do we want water in our houses?—we turn a small instrument, and the limpid stream from the springs of Hertfordshire, or of Hampstead Heath, or from the river Thames, comes flowing, as it were by magic, into our vessels. Do we wish to get rid of it when no longer serviceable?—the trouble is no greater; in an instant it is on its way through the silent depths. Do we wish for an artificial day?—through that same mysterious channel comes streaming up into every corner of our chambers, counting-houses, or shops, the subtle air which waits but our bidding to become —light! The tales which amuse our childhood have no greater marvels than these. Yet, as the very nature of a system of underground communication precludes it from being one of the shows of the metropolis, we seldom think of it, except when some such picturesque scene as that shown in the engraving calls our attention to those gloomy regions, or when we hear of people wandering into them from the Thames till they find Cheapside or Temple Bar above their heads.* It is principally to the growth of this system in its two chief features, the sewage and supply of water, that we now propose to request our readers' attention.

"Anciently, until the time of the Conqueror, and two hundred years later, this City of London was watered (besides the famous river of Thames on the south part) with the river of the Wells, as it was then called, on the west; with a water called Walbrook running through the midst of the City into the river of Thames, severing the heart thereof; and with a fourth water, or bourn, which ran within the City through Langbourn Ward, watering that part in the east. In the west suburbs was also another great water, called Oldborn, which had its fall into the river of Wells."† To this we may add, from Fitzstephen, "There are also about London, on the north of the suburbs, choice fountains of water, sweet, wholesome, and clear, streaming forth among the glistening pebble-stones. In this number Holywell, Clerkenwell, and Saint Clement's Well are of most note, and frequented above the rest when scholars and the youth of the City take the air abroad in the summer evenings." We fancy the worthy ancient who describes this scene, amidst which, no doubt, he had himself often sauntered, now stopping to admire the "glistening pebble-stones," now reclining beneath the shade of some of the trees that bordered the stream, would be puzzled could he see Clerkenwell now. This part took its name "from the parish clerks in London; who, of old time, were accustomed there yearly to assemble, and to play some large history of Holy Scripture. For example, of later time,—to wit, in the year 1390, the fourteenth of Richard II.,—I read that the parish clerks of London, on the 18th of July, played interludes at Skinner's Well, near unto Clerks' Well, which play continued three days together; the King, the Queen, and nobles, being present. Also in the year 1409, the tenth of Henry IV., they played a play at the Skinner's Well which lasted eight days, and was of matter from the creation of the world. There were to see the same the most part of the nobles and gentles in England."‡

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* It appeared, from an inquest held on the remains of a man discovered beneath Shire Lane, Temple Bar, in September, 1839, that there were persons who actually made a livelihood by going up these sewers in search of any stray articles that might be left by the stream. We have ourselves been told by one of them that he has been in the sewers for eighteen hours together, and that he has gone from the Thames not merely to Holborn, or Clerkenwell, but to Camden Town. They carry a lantern with them to scare away the rats. A stout heart must indeed be necessary for so frightful an occupation. The gases evolved are sometimes so powerful as to blow up the masonry; and even in lesser explosions those within may be stifled in the sudden flame. Such cases, we are told, have occurred.

† Stow, b. i. p. 23.

‡ Ib. b. i. p. 24.

All the streams which Fitzstephen mentions flowed into the river of Wells, and, in fact, gave that name to it; although it appears to have been also known from a very early period as the Fleet. As this river forms an important illustration of our subject generally, we may as well first notice such other running streams that originally watered and drained London as had no connection with the Fleet. The Wall-brook came from the north (probably Moor) fields, and, entering the City wall between Moorgate and Bishopsgate, divided the City into two parts. "From the wall it passed to St. Margaret's Church in Lothbury; from thence beneath the lower part of the Grocers' Hall, about the east part of their kitchen; under St. Mildred's Church, somewhat west from the Stocks Market; from thence through Bucklersbury, by one great house builded of stone and timber, called the 'Old Barge,' because *barges out of the river of Thames were rowed up so far into this brook;* on the back side of the houses in Walbrook Street (which taketh name from the said brook); by the west end of St. John's Church upon Walbrook; under Horseshoe Bridge; by the west side of Tallow Chandlers' Hall, and of the Skinners' Hall; and so behind the other houses to Elbow Lane, and by a part thereof down Greenwich Lane into the river of Thames."*

As the City increased in wealth and importance, and became the centre towards which the wealthiest merchants and men of business pressed, every inch of ground grew valuable. Bridges here and there were thrown over the Walbrook, and houses erected upon them; the example became generally followed; until at last the whole was arched over as it remains to this day. Some interesting traces of this once "fair brook of sweet water" were recently discovered. In making the excavations for the new line of streets north of the Mansion House, the soil at the depth of thirty feet below the present surface was found to be moist, highly impregnated with animal and vegetable matter, and almost of inky blackness in colour. Throughout the same line were at intervals noticed a vast and almost continuous number of piles, which in Princes Street were particularly frequent, and where also they descended much deeper. From this we may perceive at what an early period the Walbrook had been embanked, and how important its stream must have been thought when such extensive labours were bestowed upon it. The Langbourn, which gave name to the ward, and was so called from the length of its winding stream, has disappeared in the same way as the Walbrook. This welled out of the ground in Fenchurch Street, and ran through Lombard and other streets to Share-bourn Lane, which received that name on account of the *bourn* here *sharing* or dividing into several rills, taking each a separate way to the Thames.

The source of that river which Pope has immortalized as

> "The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
> With deeper sable blots the silver flood,"

is in a spot somewhat different from the place where one might look for it who knew it only by Pope's famous allusions. The Fleet has its origin in the high grounds of that most beautiful of heaths, Hampstead; nor did its waters for some centuries belie the place of their birth. From Hampstead it passed by Kentish Town, Camden Town, and the old church of St. Pancras, towards Battle Bridge,

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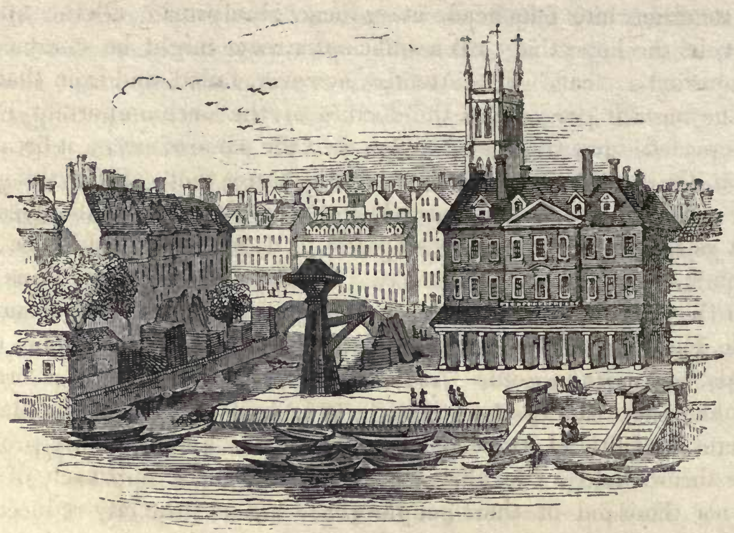
* Stow, b. ii. p. 2.



[Fleet Ditch, 1749.]

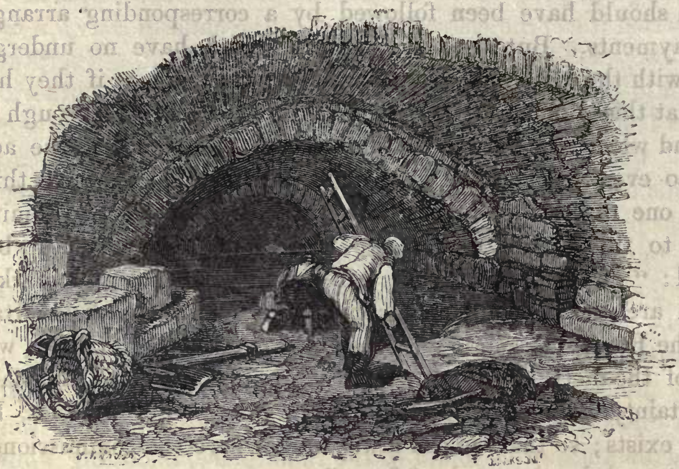
in the neighbourhood of which place an anchor is said to have been found, from which it is inferred that vessels must have anciently passed from the Thames so far up the river. It next directed its course past Bagnigge Wells and the House of Correction, towards the valley at the back of Mount Pleasant, Warner Street, and Saffron Hill, and so to the bottom of Holborn. Here it received the waters of the Old Bourne (whence the name Holborn), which rose near Middle Row, and the channel of which forms the sewer of Holborn Hill to this day. We have Stow's express testimony to the ancient sweetness and freshness of the Fleet; but it did not long retain its original character when a busy population had gathered upon its banks. So early as 1290 the monks of White Friars complained to the King and Parliament that the putrid exhalations arising from it were so powerful as to overcome all the *frankincense* burnt at their altars during divine service, and even occasioned the deaths of many of the brethren. The monks of the Black Friars, and the Bishop of Salisbury, whose house was in Salisbury Court, joined in the complaint. The state of the river appears to have been as injurious to the commerce, also, as to the health of the metropolis. At a Parliament held at Carlisle in 1307, Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, complained that, whereas, in times past, the course of water running at London, under Old Borne Bridge and Fleet Bridge, into the Thames, had been of such breadth and depth that ten or twelve ships, navies at once with merchandizes, were wont to come to the foresaid bridge of Fleet, and some of them unto Old Borne Bridge; now the same course (by filth of the tanners and such others) was sore decayed; also by raising of wharfs, but especially by "diversion of the water made by them of the New Temple, for their mills standing without Baynard's Castle." The river was accordingly cleansed, and the mills, which for a time gave to it the name of Turnmill Brook, removed; but it did not recover its former depth or breadth. From that time down to the last century numerous were the occasions on which it was found necessary to scour the whole channel through; and towards the close of the sixteenth century a great endeavour was made to accomplish a still more important measure—that was the bringing together into one head, at or near Hampstead, all the springs that supplied it, in the hope that thus a sufficient stream might be obtained to keep the river constantly clean. The attempt, however, failed, and from that time may be dated the regular progress of the decline of the once important Fleet river. About this period it lost the charm attached to the name of *river;* it became known as the *Fleet Dyke.* The river never looked up after that. Everything was done for it that could be done. The Lord Mayor and the civic authorities, in 1606, cleansed it as before, and caused floodgates to be made in "Holborn Ditch and Fleet Ditch," with some little benefit. Several interesting remains were discovered on this occasion. At the depth of fifteen feet were found Roman utensils, and a little deeper a great quantity of Roman coins, in silver, copper, brass, and other metals, but more in gold. At Holborn Bridge were found two brazen lares, or household gods of that people, about four inches long—the one a Bacchus, the other a Ceres. Maitland and Pennant concur in thinking it highly probable that these were thrown in by the affrighted Romans at the approach of Boadicea, when seventy thousand of their people were slain and the city reduced to ashes. Some similar circumstance appears to have occurred in a later time, from the number of Saxon antiquities found in the same place, including spurs, weapons, keys, seals, medals, crosses, and crucifixes. After the fire of London, the Fleet was again cleansed, deepened, and enlarged, and various other improvements made. The sides were built of stone and brick, with warehouses on each side, which ran under the street, and were designed to be used for the laying in of coals and other commodities. It had now five feet water at the lowest tide at Holborn Bridge; the wharfs on each side of the channel were thirty feet broad, and were rendered secure from danger in the night by rails of oak being placed along it. Over the ditch were four stone bridges—viz. at Bridewell (close to the Thames), Fleet Street, Fleet Lane, and Holborn. The old river once more bore the broad barges of the merchants up even to Holborn Bridge. Unfortunately, however, but a few years elapsed before it was as muddy, noisome, and useless as ever. The wits now began to let fly their merciless shafts at it. One notorious offender in particular had the impudence to summon the heroes of his 'Dunciad' to

> "—Where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
> Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,"—

with the invitation—

> "Here strip, my children; here at once leap in,
> And prove who best can dash through thick and thin."

This was too much. Within the next ten years the unfortunate river ceased to trouble its enemies any longer. In 1732 a petition was presented to Parliament, in which we find the petitioners stating that "a part of the said channel, from Fleet Bridge to Holborn Bridge, instead of being useful to trade, as was intended, is not only filled up with mud and become useless, but is now, and for some years past hath been, a common nuisance; and that several persons have lately lost their lives by falling into the same." To remedy this state of things the petitioners prayed for power to fill up the channel of the Fleet from Holborn Bridge to Fleet Bridge; and next year a bill was brought in to accomplish their desire. The late Fleet Market soon occupied the site of the river from Holborn to Fleet Bridge; and, somewhat later (in 1764), the present Chatham Place the remainder of its course to the Thames, including its mouth, where the "navies" were formerly wont to ride. Henceforward the history of the Fleet merges into the general history of the sewers of the metropolis.



[Fleet Ditch, 1841.—Back of Field Lane.]

It is not easy to form an adequate conception of the inconvenience and annoyance which the inhabitants of London must have experienced before the formation of underground communications for carrying off the drainage of private houses. Soil had to be carried from the houses to places appointed by the City authorities, and there were no means of avoiding those domestic inconveniences which were experienced until within a recent period in Edinburgh, and are still so annoying to the inhabitants of many towns on the Continent. In 1670 the public laystalls and dunghills were at Mile End, Dowgate Dock, Puddle Dock, and Whitefriars. The consequences were, that Pestilence and Disease marked the city as their own. "One time with another," says Sir William Petty, writing towards the close of the seventeenth century, "a plague happeneth in London every twenty years." In short, London generally must have been then almost as bad as St. Giles's is now! The first attempt of any importance in the way of remedy was an act passed in 1531, appointing a commission, the members of which were authorised "to survey the walls, streams, ditches, banks, gutters, sewers, gotes, calcies, bridges, trenches, mills, milldams, floodgates, ponds, locks, and hebbing wears." Under this very act, passed in the reign of Henry VIII., two of the seven existing boards of commissioners still exercise their powers. From the passing of that act down to the present time the progress of improvement has been slow but steady; and although much still remains to be done, enough has been accomplished to make London in all these matters an example to most of her sister capitals throughout the world. We must notice a few of the chief features of the system. The metropolitan district of sewers includes an area of ten miles round the General Post Office, which is subdivided, and placed under the management of the seven "boards" we have mentioned. The commissioners assess the inhabitants in their respective districts to the sewer-rate, which is expended in the repair of old sewers or in the forming of new. When the older commissions were instituted, surface drainage alone was thought of; and as all the houses on the line were considered to be benefited by it, all were taxed for its support. The covering in of these ancient drains has, however, given an advantage to all those persons whose houses have a direct communication with them, which should have been followed by a corresponding arrangement with regard to payments. But at present houses which have no underground communication with the main sewers pay precisely the same as if they had. It is to be hoped that this difficulty will be ultimately got rid of through the facilities afforded (and which are continually increasing) of extending the advantages of the system to every part of the metropolis. In all that concerns this subject we have every one of us the deepest interest. Dr. Southwood Smith's striking observation to the Committee on the Health of Towns should be constantly remembered: "If," he says, "you were to take a map and mark out the districts which are the constant seats of fever in London, as ascertained by the records of the Fever Hospital, and at the same time compare it with a map of the sewers of the metropolis, you would be able to mark out invariably and with absolute certainty where the sewers are and where they are not, by observing where fever exists; so that we can always tell where the commissioners of sewers have been at work by the track of fever."

The progress of the sewage in London is now, however, very rapid, and but a few years more will elapse before the system must become essentially complete. At present the aggregate length of the sewers of the metropolis is enormous; and there is, perhaps, no other instance to be found where the expenditure of the requisite capital has been attended with such beneficial results. From 1756 to 1834 the number of sewers either built wholly or in part in the City district was one hundred and fourteen, some of them of very large dimensions; and one-third of the sewers had been made in the ten years preceding 1834. But a few facts relating to the Holborn and Finsbury Division will most strikingly illustrate the extent and rate of progress of the London Sewage. In this, the length of main covered sewers is 83 miles; the length of smaller sewers to carry off the surface water from the streets and roads, 16 miles; the length of drains leading from houses to the main sewers, 254 miles; and the length of main sewers constructed within the *last* TWENTY years, 40 miles. From July, 1830, to December, 1837 (a period of six years and a half), there was constructed of the above, 12½ miles; and from January, 1838, to December, 1840 (a period of three years), the length of main covered sewers constructed was 10¾ miles. The very poorest parts of London now alone remain to be intersected with an underground communication; and, looking at what has been already done, we cannot despair of the accomplishment of the rest. Indeed, the bill at present before Parliament, with every probability of being passed, will effect whatever is necessary. It provides that no future houses shall be built without sufficient drainage, and that the occupants of those already erected shall construct drains where requisite.

The works of the Metropolitan Sewage are as large as their objects are extensive. The general rule of the Commissioners of Sewers appears to be, not to make any public sewers which workmen cannot enter for the purpose of effecting repairs. The great drain which once formed the channel of the Fleet from

Holborn Bridge is now divided into two branches, which are carried along each side of Farringdon Street. Its commencement is from springs on the south of the ridge of Hampstead and Highgate Hills; and in its course it receives the drainage of parts of Hampstead and Highgate,—all Kentish Town, Camden Town, and Somers Town,—parts of Islington, Clerkenwell, St. Sepulchre,—and nearly all that part of the Holborn Division south of the New Road from Paddington to the City. The total surface draining into it in the Holborn and Finsbury Division is about 4444 acres. When Mr. Roque made his survey of London, in 1746, there was of this surface about 400 acres covered with streets and buildings: the surface now covered with streets and buildings is about 1788 acres. There has consequently since then been much less absorption through all those parts, and the waters to be carried off by the Fleet sewer have increased in proportion; so that it became necessary to enlarge the whole line from the City near Holborn Bridge to Grafton Place, Kentish Town. The length was 15,990 feet, the estimated cost 46,682*l.* Of this length, 11,510 feet has been completed since 1826, at a cost of 30,556*l.*; and a further length of 1450 feet is in progress, estimated at 4016*l.*; leaving only 3130 feet to complete the line—the greater part of which will be carried along in the direction of the new street leading from Farringdon Street towards Clerkenwell Green. The portion now remaining open will then be arched over. The size of the sewer as enlarged varies, according to the locality, from 12 feet high by 12 feet wide to 9 feet high by 10 feet wide; then 8 feet 6 inches wide by 8 feet 3 inches high; and at the upper or northern portion it is 6 feet 6 inches high by 6 feet 6 inches in width. The size of the old sewer at the northern portion was 4 feet 1 inch wide by 4 feet high, with a superficial area of 12 feet 1 inch: the enlarged sewer at that point has a superficial area of 34 feet. Before reaching the Thames the dimensions of this great sewer are 14 feet wide and 6 feet 6 inches high, and at its mouth it is 18 feet by 12 feet. In the sudden thaw of last winter the superficial area occupied by the water at the northern portion of the sewer was 18 feet, so that, had the sewer remained in its original capacity, a great part of Kentish Town and other parts must have been flooded to a considerable depth. To prevent the contents of the sewer from being deposited on the bank of the river at low water, they are carried some distance into the Thames by an iron culvert, and thus are swept away by the tide. The water in this important drain sometimes rises five feet almost instantly after heavy showers—the surface waters collected in its upper course and by its hundred tributaries rolling in a dark and turbid volume to the Thames. The ordinary movement of the current from Bagnigge Wells is three miles an hour. The sewer from Holborn Bars to Holborn Bridge (formerly the channel of the Old Bourne) is one of the most considerable feeders of the Fleet. It is 5½ feet high and 4½ feet in width. The smaller public sewers are from 4¼ feet high by 2¼ feet wide to 5¼ feet high and 3 feet in width, the average size being 4½ feet by 2½ feet. The private drains from each house enter the main sewer in all cases about two feet from its level, and have a descent of one inch in thirty-six, their diameter being nine inches. These drains carry off every description of refuse, with the exception of such as is conveyed away by the dustmen, a remarkable class of London characters, who seem indigenous to the soil. Mr. Roe, the surveyor of the divisions, has made a series of scientific experiments, with a view of ascertaining the best and most economical mode of cleansing the sewers, the deposit at the bottom of which averages 1½ inch yearly; and he has invented an ingenious apparatus for using water in flushes, by which the sewers are effectually scoured. The water used for forming a head is contracted for with the water-companies, and amounts to about 20,000 hogsheads yearly. When a sewer is to be cleansed the water is backed up, and when let off cleanses the sewer to an extent proportionate to the quantity of head-water, the fall of the sewer, and the depth of the deposit. By providing heads of water at suitable distances from each other, and "flushing" them periodically, perhaps three or four times a-year, the deposit of sediment might be prevented from accumulating at all, which is surely a most important improvement to the health of so densely crowded a population as that of London. The saving effected is very considerable; but the great benefit to the public consists in sweeping off the foul deposit which would otherwise remain for years, and at particular periods, when in a state of fermentation, creates that noxious effluvia which is at once disagreeable and dangerous. The breaking up of streets to cleanse the sewers, when their contents are deposited on the surface, is avoided by means of Mr. Roe's flushing apparatus. Under the old system the deposit accumulated at the bottom of sewers until the private drains leading into it became choked; and it was only from the complaints arising from this circumstance that the officers of the Commission of Sewers became aware of the state of the main drain; so that not only the main sewer, but the smaller drains connected with it, were generally choked at the same time.

Any one who has seen London at night, from some elevation in the neighbourhood, will readily understand how minute, as well as extensive, must be the network of pipes overspreading its soil a few feet below the surface, to afford an unfailing supply to that glorious illumination. The history of gas we have already referred to in "Midsummer Eve;"* we need therefore only add to that account the following very striking summary of the statistics of the system:—"For lighting London and its suburbs with gas, there are eighteen public gas-works; twelve public gas-work companies; 2,800,000*l.* capital employed in works, pipes, tanks, gas-holders, apparatus; 450,000*l.* yearly revenue derived; 180,000 tons of coals used in the year for making gas; 1,460,000,000 cubic feet of gas made in the year; 134,300 private burners supplied to about 400,000 customers; 30,400 public or street consumers (about 2650 of these are in the city of London); 380 lamplighters employed; 176 gas-holders, several of which are double ones, capable of storing 5,500,000 cubic feet; 890 tons of coals used in the retorts, in the shortest day, in twenty-four hours; 7,120,000 cubic feet of gas used in the longest night, say 24th December; about 2500 persons employed in the metropolis alone in this branch of manufacture: between 1822 and 1827 the consumption was nearly doubled; and between 1827 and 1837 it was again nearly doubled."†

In looking back from the position we have attained in science, art, manufacture, or in social or political economy, it must surprise any one to see how much we owe to the efforts of single individuals. It is often asked as an excuse for indolence,—what can one man do? It should rather be said, what *cannot* one man do? Passing by the cases which naturally rise to the memory on the first thoughts of the subject, we may observe that the history of the metropolitan system of water supply affords an additional name to that long and illustrious list of men who stand out in our common history as the landmarks of Progress. Sir Hugh Middleton bears some such relation to that magnificent system as Watt does to the steam-engine. He may rank less as regards the amount or value of his services as a discoverer; but as regards the sagacity which saw what could be done, and the strength of mind which determined to do it, and fulfilled that determination, he never had a superior. This praise will not we think appear to be more than justly belongs to him, after reading over the comparatively slight sketch that we shall be here able to give of his labours. As these will be better understood when we have seen the state of things in London before his interference, we will now first follow the previous history of the supply of water to the citizens of London from the time when the "sweet and fresh" running streams before mentioned formed their only but sufficient resource.

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* Page 97.

† Mr. Hedley, Engineer of the Alliance Gas Works, Dublin.

"The said river of the Wells, the running water of Walbrook, the bourns aforenamed, and other the fresh waters that were in and about this city, being in process of time, by encroachment for buildings, and otherwise heightening of grounds, utterly decayed, and the number of the citizens mightily increased, they were forced to seek sweet waters abroad; whereof some, at the request of King Henry III., in the twenty-first year of this reign, were (for the profit of the city and good of the whole realm thither repairing; to wit, for the poor to drink and the rich to dress their meat) granted to the citizens and their successors by one Gilbert Sanford, with liberty to convey water from the town of Tyburn, by pipes of lead, into the City."* These pipes were of six-inch bore. They conveyed the water to Cheapside, where the first of those characteristic features of old London, a conduit, was built. Its site was near Bow Church. It consisted of a leaden cistern castellated with stone; and, being repaired from time to time, remained down to the latter part of the seventeenth century, when it was removed in the course of the improvements that were made after the great fire. Other conduits were built immediately after this, and some of them supplied from it. A great one was erected in 1401 on Cornhill, called the Tonne. Among the other principal conduits were the Standard and the Little Conduit, both situated in Cheapside, and one that stood at the south end of Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, which is thus described: "On the same was a fair tower of stone, garnished with images of St. Christopher on the top, and angels round about lower down, with sweet-sounding bells before them, whereupon, by an engine placed in the tower, they, divers hours of the day, with hammers chimed such an hymn as was appointed." "Bosses" of water were also provided in different parts, which, like the conduits, in some cases drew their supply from the Thames. These conduits, it appears, used to be regularly visited in former times; and "particularly on the 18th of September, 1562, the Lord Mayor (Harper), aldermen, and many worshipful persons, and divers of the masters and wardens of the twelve companies, rid to the conduit heads for to see them after the old custom. And afore dinner they hunted the hare, and killed her, and thence to dinner at the head of the conduit. There was a good number entertained with good cheer by the Chamberlain. And after dinner they went to hunting the fox. There was a great cry for a mile; and at length the hounds killed him at the end of St. Giles'. Great hallooing at his death, and blowing of horns."* One of the "conduit heads" here referred to is shown in the following engraving.

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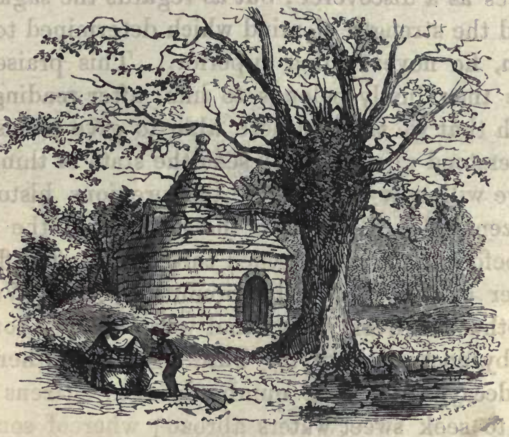
* Stow, b. i. p. 24.



[Bayswater Conduit.]

On some very festive occasions the conduits flowed forth a more potent fluid than would delight the Naiads of the springs. At the coronation of Anne Bullen, for instance, claret flowed from the mouths of the lesser conduit in Cheapside during the time the Queen was being welcomed by Pallas, Juno, and Venus; those deities having condescendingly alighted there to meet her. Mercury also was present as spokesman. He presented the Queen, in the name of the goddesses, with a ball of gold divided into three parts, signifying the three gifts bestowed on her by the Olympian triune, namely, Wisdom, Riches, and Felicity. Poor Anne Bullen! what a bitter mockery of the fate that awaited her!

Great as was the improvement consequent upon the introduction of conduits, they had inherent evils which showed plainly enough that they were fitted only for a transition state from a comparatively inartificial and not very thickly peopled society to one presenting exactly opposite characteristics. Water had to be fetched by hand—a circumstance of itself productive of continual annoyance, were it only for the mere trouble and loss of time. But there were more serious evils. Of all the articles necessary for domestic comfort, there can be none *so* necessary as a plentiful, lavish, even supply of water. Cleanliness without it is impossible.—Health, whether of the individual or the society to which he belongs, without it is impossible. Yet let us ask ourselves, habituated as we are to the use of an unlimited supply, whether, even under those circumstances, we should not be apt to lose some considerable portion of the advantages that supply affords if it could only be obtained in the old way? An inconvenience of a less serious and more amusing nature attached to the conduits is illustrated to this day, by the collection of men, women, and children, one sees gathered round a plug in the winter when the pipes are frozen up.

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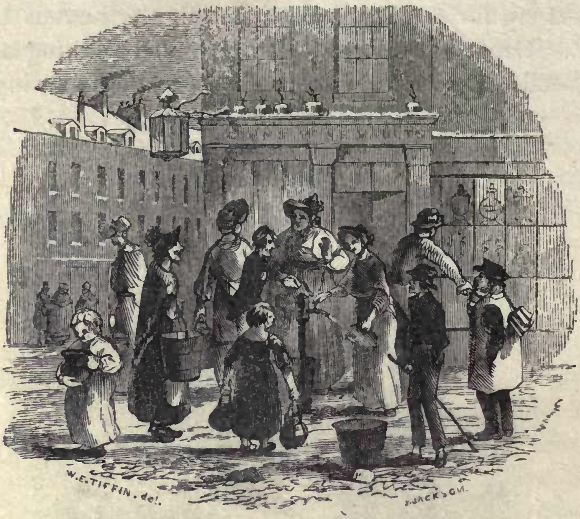
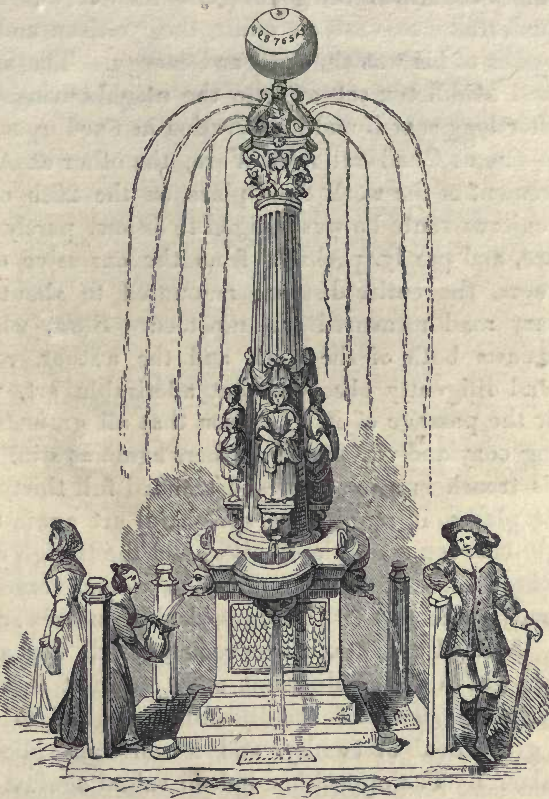
* Stow, b. i. p. 25.


W. E. TIFFIN. del.
J. JACKSON.

[Plug in a Frost.]

In the Print-room of the British Museum there is a very curious sheet engraving—a woodcut, partly coloured or daubed over; a copy, apparently, of a print of the seventeenth century. It is headed, "Tittle Tattle, or the Several Branches of Gossiping;" and has for its object a little good-humoured satire against what the author appears to have thought the prevailing female vice of the age. Accordingly, he has here represented groups of ladies at market—at the bake-house—at the ale-house, where they are taking their "noggins" of beer—at the hot-house, apparently a bathing-house, where, in one compartment, they appear to have just left, or are about to enter the bath, and in another are refreshing themselves with some kind of collation—at the river, where some of the washers are beating the clothes with a small flat instrument like a mallet (the batler)—at the church, where the men and women are standing divided into separate bodies, the last all eagerly talking—and, above all, at the conduit, where two of the ladies, being unable to agree as to the right of precedence, are endeavouring to settle the matter by a summary but not very gentle or graceful process; in short, they are fighting, and with good old English earnestness. There is still one other inconvenience connected with the conduits which must be mentioned; and that is, the great interruption they caused to the streams of business constantly flowing through the great thoroughfares of the metropolis, increased by the occasional throngs of people collected to witness squabbles of the kind just mentioned. It was this consideration that ultimately caused the removal of the chief ones after the fire, when Sir Hugh Middleton, and his predecessor, the Dutchman, at London Bridge, had deprived them of their original claim to respect and preservation—their utility. One feature of London which co-existed with the conduits we own we regret the loss of—fountains. What a graceful ornament would a structure like that which formerly stood in Leadenhall Street be opposite the Mansion

House, in the room of the mere gas-pillar and posts placed there for the defence of persons crossing the road of that crowded thoroughfare!



[Conduit at Leadenhall, erected 1655.]

It was not until 1582 that any great mechanical power or skill was applied in providing London with water; but in that year Peter Morris, a Dutchman, made "a most artificial forcier," by which water was conveyed into the houses. On the Lord Mayor and aldermen going to view the works in operation, Morris, to show the efficiency of his machine, caused the water to be thrown over St. Magnus' Church. The City granted him a lease for the use of the Thames water and one of the arches of London Bridge for five hundred years; and two years afterwards he obtained the use of another arch for a similar period. These were the water-works famous for so long a period as one of the sights of London. The original works supplied the neighbourhood "as far as Gracechurch Street"—no great distance, and the fact does not speak much for their efficiency. In 1594 water-works of a similar kind were erected near Broken Wharf, which supplied the houses in West Cheap and around St. Paul's as far as Fleet Street. And this was all that was done in the way of supplying the populous "and still increasing London" up to the time of the appearance of Hugh Middleton, "citizen and goldsmith," upon the scene. It appears that power had been granted by Elizabeth for cutting and conveying a river from any part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire to the city of London, with a limitation of ten years' time for the accomplishment of the work. The man, however, was more difficult to obtain. Elizabeth died without having witnessed the slightest progress made in the matter. King James confirmed the grant; and then it was that, after all else had refused to undertake so vast an affair, the "citizen and goldsmith" came forward with the offer of his wealth, skill, and energy. The arrangements were soon concluded, and Middleton set off into the neighbouring counties to find a fitting steam. After long search and deliberation he fixed upon two springs rising in Hertfordshire—one at Chadwell near Ware, the other at Amwell. The first positive commencement of the work took place on the 20th of February, 1608. Owing to the circuitous route he was obliged to follow, partly from the inequalities of the surface, and partly, perhaps, from the excessive opposition he met with from the owners, the entire distance amounted to about thirty-nine miles, whilst the ordinary road measured but nineteen. Stow, who writes with an honourable enthusiasm both of the work and the author, rode down "divers times to see it; and diligently observed that admirable art, pains, or industry were bestowed for the passage of it, by reason that all grounds are not of a like nature, some being oozy and very muddy, others again as stiff, craggy, and stony. The depth of this trench in some places descended full thirty feet, if not more; whereas, in other places, it required a sprightful art again to mount it over a valley in a trough, between a couple of hills, and the trough all the while borne up by wooden arches—some of them fixed in the ground very deep, and rising in height above twenty-three feet."* Bridges, drains, and sewers innumerable had also to be made. And all this, it must be remembered, was accomplished when engineering science was in a very different state to what it is at present. But, after all, these were the least of the difficulties he had to encounter. Little friendship, but a great deal of enmity, and a world of ridicule, attended him through all his labours. The opposition, indeed, raised against him was so serious, that he was unable to complete the work within the allotted time. The Corporation, however, set his mind at rest upon this point. But a more appalling danger was behind—want of funds. He had already sunk a splendid fortune in the undertaking; he had, in all probability, also used to the utmost whatever resources he could command among his friends and connexions. He applied to the City of London for assistance, and *was refused.* And now he must have been utterly ruined but for the assistance of the King. James did many foolish things, and some that deserve a much harsher epithet; let this, however, always be remembered to his honour—he was wise enough to appreciate a great work and a great man; he was generous enough to risk something for their safety when no one else would. On the 2nd of May, 1612, James covenanted with Middleton to bear an equal share of the expense, past and future, in consideration of being entitled to half the property. In a twelvemonth from that time the *New River* was in existence. The cistern by Islington was built to receive its waters; and splendid was the ceremony attending their first admission into it. This was a proud day for Middleton; it was rendered more gratifying by the presence of his brother, elected on that same day Lord Mayor. The procession was begun by "a troop of labourers, to the number of sixty or more, well appareled, and wearing green Monmouth caps, all alike, who carried spades, shovels, pickaxes, and such-like instruments of laborious employment, and marching, after drums, twice or thrice about the cistern, presented themselves before the mount where the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and a worthy company beside, stood to behold them; and one man, in behalf of all the rest, delivered a poetical address, more clever and more true than such compositions generally are:—

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* Stow, b. i. p. 24.

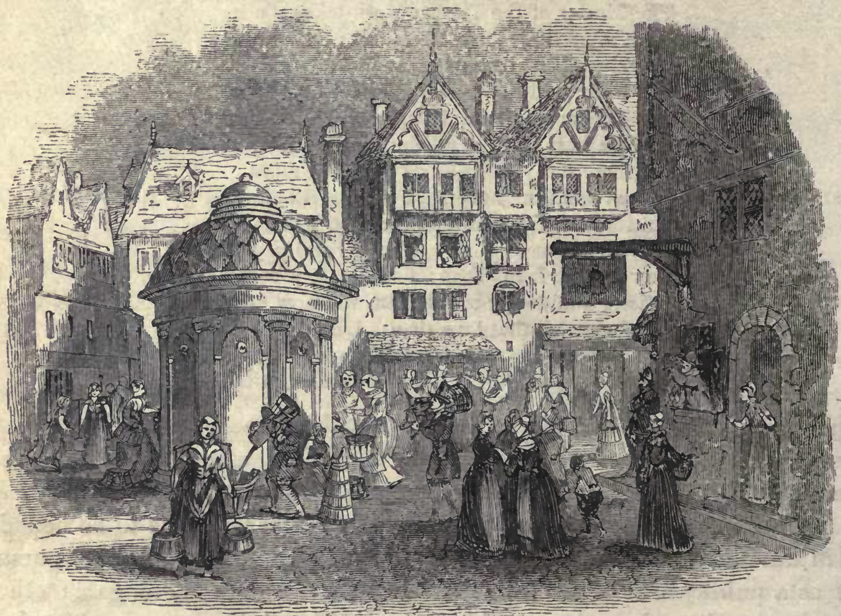
> 'Long have we labour'd—long desir'd and pray'd
> For this great work's perfection; and by the aid
> Of Heaven, and good men's wishes, 'tis at length
> Happily conquer'd by Cost, Art, and Strength:
> And after five years' dear expense in days,
> Travail and pains, beside the infinite ways
> Of malice, envy, false suggestions,
> Able to daunt the spirits of mighty ones
> In wealth and courage, this, a work so rare,
> Only by one man's industry, cost, and care,
> Is brought to bless'd effect,' &c.

After some further observations the speaker desired the Clerk of the Work to reach him

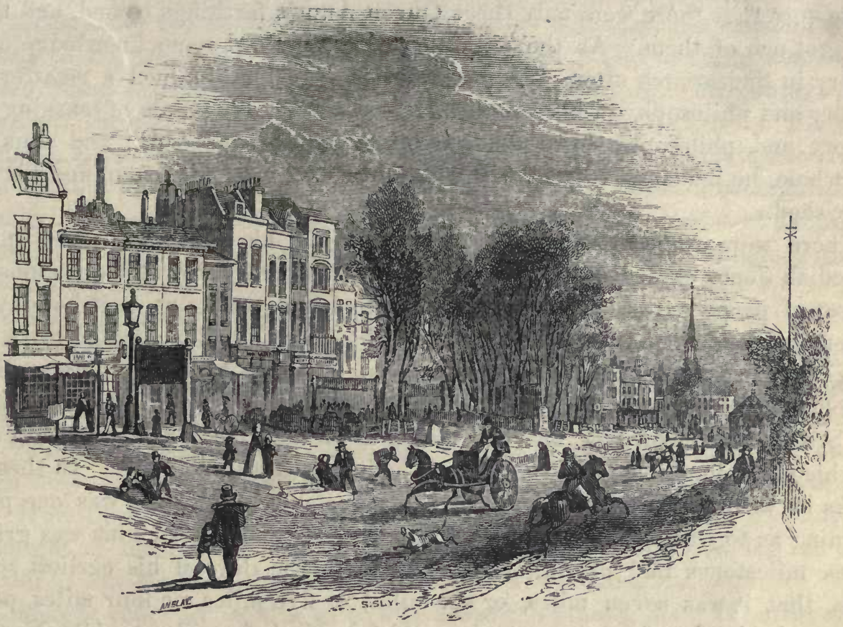
> '—the book to show
> How many arts from such a labour flow.
> First, here 's the Overseer, this tried man,
> An ancient soldier, and an artisan;
> The Clerk next him, mathematician;
> The Master of the Timber-work takes place
> Next after these; the Measurer; in like case
> Bricklayer and Engineer; and after those
> The Borer and the Pavior. Then it shows
> The Labourers next; Keeper of Amwell Head;
> The Walkers last: so all their names are read.
> Yet these but parcels of six hundred more
> That at one time have been employ'd before.
> Yet these in sight, and all the rest, will say
> That all the week they had their royal pay.
> Now for the fruits then: flow forth, precious spring,
> So long and dearly sought for, and now bring
> Comfort to all that love thee. Loudly sing;
> And with thy crystal murmurs strook together,
> Bid all thy true well-wishers welcome hither.'

At the last words the floodgates flew open, the stream ran gallantly into the cistern, drums and trumpets sounding in a triumphal manner, and a brave peal of chambers gave full issue to the intended entertainment." In 1622 James knighted Middleton: would that his history ended here! It is to be hoped that, when Middleton ventured into the undertaking, he was prepared to pursue his object as a public benefactor from higher motives than mere gain; otherwise the result must have been lamentable indeed. For eighteen years after the completion of the New River there was no dividend whatever; and, in the nineteenth, it amounted but to 11*l.* 19*s.* 1*d.* each share. A share has been sold since that time for 14,000*l.*! Whether he lived to participate in the prosperity that attended the undertaking after this time is uncertain; if so, it could only have been for a brief period. Such was the fate of the founder of that gigantic system which rendered conduits useless, and is now incessantly occupied in ministering to our wants, pouring daily its twenty or thirty millions of gallons of water, through its innumerable channels, into the still thirsty and ever-craving monster City.

The quantity of water *daily* supplied by the eight different water-companies of London in 1833-4 was 21,110.555 imperial gallons. By far the greatest portion of this was drawn from the Thames, a small quantity from Hampstead, and the remainder from the Lea River and the New River. The capital expended on the works of these companies then amounted to 3,170,000*l.*; their gross rental to nearly 300,000*l.* The number of houses or buildings supplied by them was nearly 200,000, each of which had an average supply of about 180 gallons, at a cost also, on the average, of about 30*s.* yearly. These results are, of course, given but as approximations to the truth, and require some modification. Thus, for instance, the average daily supply to private houses is much less than is here stated; the nominal average being considerably enhanced by the demands of large manufactories. Making, however, every allowance of this kind, still, how extraordinary is the amount of the general supply remaining! What other city in the world has provided for the comfort, direct or indirect, of *each individual* of its population, a daily supply of about ten gallons of this chief article of life? The contrast is indeed striking between this state of things and the ancient conduits!



[Tittle-Tattle.]



[Islington : One Mile from the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood.]

XIV.—SUBURBAN MILESTONES.

Jedediah Jones (he was called Jedediah in consequence of the admiration his father cherished for the character of Jedediah Buxton, the great calculator) was a schoolmaster at Barnet. His delight in his occupation was hereditary; for the elder Jones had properly impressed his son with a sense of the high responsibilities and privileges of his calling, and had shown him how superior a schoolmaster was to any of the other mighty functionaries of the land—to a judge, or a minister of state, or even to a bishop. Jedediah grew, in time, to be somewhat of an important personage, especially as his love of learning branched out into sundry matters of abstruse inquiry, by his knowledge of which he not only puzzled his wondering pupils, but occasionally perplexed the most sagacious of his neighbours. He was not a philosopher in the ordinary sense of the word, for he did not busy himself with any of the sciences as they exist in the present day; but he contrived to know something about the theories of these matters as they were received two or three centuries ago, and was always reflecting and experimenting upon propositions that all mankind have agreed to reject as absurd or impracticable. He was acquainted with the past existence of many vulgar errors; but he by no means acknowledged the propriety of that sweeping condemnation of certain opinions which was contained in the title of Sir Thomas Brown's folio. He had considerable faith that he should some day meet the Wandering Jew on the great Holyhead Road: he turned up his nose at the belief that a griffin had not existed, for why should people have them painted on carriages if their ancestors had never seen such things: he was almost certain that he had himself heard a mandrake shriek when he pulled it up—(on purpose to hear it): and he was quite sure that there were only three Queen Anne's farthings coined, and that he had got one of them. As the old alchymists obtained some knowledge of chymistry in their search after gold, so our schoolmaster obtained a smattering of history and philosophy in his search after those crotchety points of learning which history and philosophy have determined to throw overboard; and thus, upon the whole, he managed to pass with the world as a very wise man, and his school flourished.

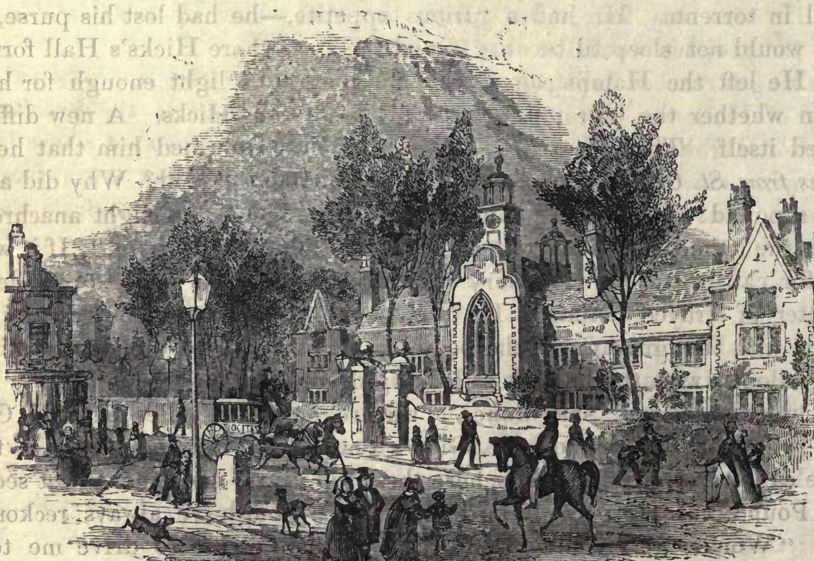
There were some matters, however, with all his learning, which puzzled Jedediah Jones exceedingly. One of these dark and important questions was a source of perpetual irritation to him. He took long walks on half-holidays, and generally his face, on these occasions, turned towards London; for he had a secret conviction that his ultimate vocation was to be in that mighty metropolis, and that he should be summoned thither by a special decree of the Royal Society, or the Society of Antiquaries, and be humbly requested to solve some great enigma, of which all mankind, except himself, had missed the solution. In these long walks he was constantly reminded by the milestones that there was one point of learning as to which he still remained in absolute ignorance. This was grievous. These milestones had proclaimed to him, from the days of his earliest recollections, that it was seven miles, or six miles, or five miles, or four miles, or three miles and a half, "*from the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood.*" Now in all his books he could find not an iota about Hicks, or Hicks's Hall. For ten tedious years had he been labouring at this riddle of Hicks's Hall. It was his thought by day, and his dream by night. Who was Hicks? How did Hicks obtain such a fame that even the milestones were inscribed to his memory? What was his Christian name? Was he General Hicks, or Admiral Hicks, or Bishop Hicks, or Chief Justice Hicks? Or was he plain Mr. Hicks? and if so, was he M.P., or F.R.S., or F.A.S., or M.R.I.A.? Why did Hicks build a hall? Was it a hall like "the colleges and halls" of Oxford and Cambridge, or like the Guildhall in King Street, Cheapside? Perhaps it was a hall for public entertainments,—perhaps Hicks was a member of one of the City companies, and built a hall which the company in gratitude called after his name. How long ago was Hicks's Hall built? Was it in the Gothic or the Roman style of architecture? Was it of brick or stone? Had it a carved roof? When did Hicks's Hall cease to exist? Was it burnt down? Was it pulled down by the mob? Was it taken down to widen the street? Was it suffered to go to decay and fall down? Was anybody killed when it fell down? Are the ruins still to be seen? Has anybody written the History of Hicks's Hall? Has anybody written the Life of Hicks? Shall I, Jedediah Jones, write this work which the world must be so anxiously looking for?

Such were a few of the perplexing and yet inspiriting thoughts which had for years passed through Jones's mind, as he walked from Barnet, Highgate-ward. His difficulties at last became insupportable. He took up his resolution, and he was comforted. A week still remained of the Christmas holidays. He would set out for London, and not see his house again till he had penetrated the mystery of Hicks's Hall.

With his trusty staff in his right hand, and a small bundle containing his wardrobe in a pocket-handkerchief under his left arm, Mr. Jones sallied forth from Barnet, under the auspices of the New Weather Almanac, on a morning which promised to be "fair and frosty," in January, 1838. The morning was misty, with rain, which occasionally became sleet, driving in his face. He courageously marched on through Whetstone, and crossed the dreary regions of Finchley Common,—without meeting a highwayman,—which was a disappointment, as he had an implicit belief in the continued existence of those obsolete contributors to the public amusement. He at length reached the northern ascent of Highgate Hill, and his spirits, which were somewhat flagging, received a new impulse. The milestone proclaimed that he was only five miles "from the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood." Onward he went, over Highgate Hill, till he arrived at the stone which told him that he was only "four miles" from the shrine to which his pilgrimage was dedicated. But here was a new attraction—an episode in his journey of discovery. He had reached Whittington's Stone,—and there he read that this redoubted thrice Lord Mayor of London had passed through these repetitions of glory in the years of our Lord 1397, and 1406, and 1419. Here then Whittington had sat—here he had heard Bow Bells—here he had thought of his faithful cat—here he had returned to cherish his cat once more, and to win all the riches of which his cat was the original purveyor. But then a thought came across him as to which was the greater man, Whittington or Hicks? If Whittington had one stone raised to his memory, Hicks had twenty; Hicks, therefore, must be the greater man. Who was Hicks? Where was Hicks's Hall? He was only four miles "from the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood;" the problem would be soon solved.

He at length reached Islington Green, stopping not to gaze upon the suburban gentility of Holloway, nor going out of his way to admire the architectural grandeur of Highbury. He was now only "one mile from the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood." The stone which proclaimed this great truth reared its proud head, unencumbered by houses, at a distinguished distance from the foot-pavement and the high road. It seemed, as he approached the scene of Hicks's glories, that there was an evident disposition to call attention to the name of the immortal man, whoever he might have been. He was persuaded that he should now learn all about Hicks;—the passers-by must be full of Hicks;—the dwellers must reverence Hicks. He went into a pastrycook's shop opposite the triumphal stone. He bought a penny bun, and he thus addressed the maiden at the counter: "Young woman, you have the happiness of living near the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood. I have walked ten miles to see that place. Which is the road?" The young woman replied, "Hicks, the greengrocer, lives over the way; there is no other Hicks about here." This was satisfactory. Hicks, the greengrocer, must be a descendant of the great Hicks; so he sought Hicks, the greengrocer, and, bowing profoundly, he asked if he could tell him the way to the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood? Now Hicks, the greengrocer, was a wag, and his waggery was increased by living in the keen atmosphere of the Angel at Islington, and by picking up something of the wit that is conveyed from the West to the East, and from the East to the West, by the omnibuses that arrive every three minutes from the Exchange at one end, and from Paddington at the other. To Jones, therefore, Hicks answered by another question, "Does your mother know you're out?"* This was a difficult question for Jedediah to answer. He had not communicated to his mother—good old lady—the object of his journey; she might have disapproved of that object. How could Mr. Hicks know he had a mother? how could he know that he had not told his mother all his anxieties about Hicks's Hall? He was unable to give a reply to Hicks, the greengrocer; so Hicks, the greengrocer, recommended him to get into an omnibus which was standing opposite the door.

Into the omnibus Jedediah Jones accordingly went, and he desired the gentleman called a conductor to put him down at the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood. The gentleman grinned; and something passed between him and another gentleman, called a cad, which had better be trusted to the immortality of their unwritten language than be here inscribed. On went the omnibus, and after a tedious hour Jedediah Jones found the carriage deserted, and the conductor bawled out "Elephant and Castle, Sir." During his progress our worthy schoolmaster had put sundry questions to his fellow-passengers touching Hicks's Hall, but he found them of an ignorant and perverse generation; they knew nothing of Hicks—nothing of Hicks's Hall—nothing of the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood. The ignorance of the people, he thought, was beyond all calculation; and he determined that not a boy of Barnet should not, henceforward, be thoroughly informed of matters upon which mankind were called upon, by the very milestones, to be all-knowing.



[One mile from the Standard in Cornhill.]

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* The favourite mode of salutation in the streets in the year 1837.

At the Elephant and Castle our traveller had lost all traces of Hicks's Hall. The milestones had forgotten Hicks and his hall. They were full of another glory—"*the Standard in Cornhill.*" What was the Standard in Cornhill? Was it the Royal Standard, or was it the Union Jack? Perhaps it might be the new standard of weights and measures. He was clearly out of the region of Hicks, so he would make his way to the Standard at Cornhill. Who could tell but he might there find the standard of the English language, which he had long been searching for? At any rate they would there tell him of the place where Hicks's Hall formerly stood.

By the aid of another omnibus our pains-taking Jedediah was placed in the busiest throng of the London hive. He was in Cornhill. Jones was somewhat shy, according to the custom of learned men,—and he, therefore, knew not how to address any particular individual of the busy passengers, to inquire about the Standard at Cornhill. He did, however, at last venture upon a very amiable and gentlemanly-looking man,—who politely offered to show him the desired spot. The promise was not realised;—in a moment his friend slipped from his side,—and Jedediah found that his purse, containing two pounds seven shillings and sixpence, had vanished from his pocket. He forgot the Standard in Cornhill; and in despair he threw himself into a Hampstead stage, resolved not to give up his search after Hicks's Hall although he had only a few shillings in his waistcoat pocket.

In a melancholy reverie Jedediah arrived in the Hampstead stage at Camden Town. He knew that he ought not to go further, unless he was quite prepared to abandon the original object of his inquiry. It was a bitter afternoon. The rain fell in torrents. He had a furious appetite,—he had lost his purse,—yet still he would not sleep till he had found the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood. He left the Hampstead stage, and there was light enough for him to ascertain whether the milestones were still faithful to Hicks. A new difficulty presented itself. The milestone in Camden Town informed him that he was *two miles from St. Giles's Pound.* What was St. Giles's Pound? Why did a saint require a pound? If it was a pound sterling, was there not a slight anachronism between the name of the current coin and the era of the saint? If it were a pound for cattle, was it not a very unsaintly office for the saint to preside over the matter of strayed heifers? He was puzzled;—so he got into a cab, being disgusted with the ignorance of the people in omnibuses, for the opportunity of a quiet colloquy with the intelligent-looking driver.

"My worthy friend," said Jones, "we are only two miles from St. Giles's Pound—what sort of a pound is St. Giles's Pound?" "For the matter of that," said the cab-driver, "I have driv here these ten years, and I never yet seed St. Giles's Pound, nor Holborn Bars,—no, never,—though ve always reckons by them." "Wonderful!" replied Mr. Jones,—"then please to drive me to the Standard in Cornhill." "The Standard in Cornhill,—that's a good one!—I should like to know who ever seed the Standard in Cornhill. Ve knows the Swan with Two Necks in Lad Lane, and the Golden Cross, and the Vite Horse Cellar in Piccadilly, but I never heerd of anybody that ever seed the Standard in Cornhill." "Then, Sir," said Jones, breathlessly, "perhaps you don't know the place where Hicks's Hall formerly stood?" "As for Hicks's Hall," said the cabman, "it's hall a hum. There's no such place,—no more than the Standard in Cornhill, nor Holborn Bars, nor St. Giles's Pound,—and my oppinnun is, there never wor such places, and that they keep their names on the milestones to bilk the poor cabs out of their back carriage."

Jedediah Jones was discomfited. He did not quite understand the cabman's solution; and he had a vague notion that, if the milestones were placed with reference to the Post-office, or St. Paul's, or some place which *did* exist, the back carriage and other carriage of cabmen and hackney-coachmen would be better regulated. He, however, made the best of his position. He spent one of his remaining shillings upon a *very* frugal dinner; and, wending his way back to Islington, he bestowed the other upon the coachman of a Holyhead mail to convey him to Barnet without further loss of time or property.

The journey of discovery which we have thus narrated is not an impossible one to have been undertaken by a person whose curiosity was greater than his judgment.* The suburbs of London continue to be full of puzzling inscriptions, such as that of Hicks's Hall. The system of measuring the roads out of London by some well-known centrical object, such as the Standard in Cornhill (a conduit once known to every passenger), was a right system, and ought to have been the uniform one. But the other system was that of measuring the roads from some point where London was supposed to terminate. There is a wide part of St. John Street, some two hundred yards from Smithfield, where we learn, by an inscription on a mean public-house, that Hicks's Hall *there* formerly stood. This was the Sessions House for the justices of Middlesex; and it was built at the sole cost of Sir Baptist Hicks, in the reign of James I. Here then, two centuries ago, was something like the beginning of London proper, to those who arrived from the country. The Hall was surrounded with fields and scattered houses; and it was of course a remarkable object to those who entered the metropolis from the north. Again, St. Giles's Pound,—a real pound for cattle, which is marked upon the old plans,—was a prominent object, standing in the village of St. Giles's, at the intersection of the roads from Hampstead and from Oxford. This, also, was something like the beginning of London: but Hicks's Hall and St. Giles's Pound have long since vanished; and the milestones which record their faded glory ought also to be swept away. Similar changes have taken place under our own eyes. Some ten years ago Tyburn Turnpike existed. The intolerable nuisance of a gate in one of the most crowded roads seemed to draw a line of demarcation between London and the suburbs; and so the roads were measured from Tyburn Turnpike. Now an inscription tells us where Tyburn Turnpike stood,—a matter upon which we should have no desire to be informed if the milestones onward did not continue to refer to Tyburn Turnpike. Hyde Park Corner is, in the same way, nearly obsolete; but it was a real barrier when its gates stretched across the road, with their wondrous illumination of a dozen oil lamps before the days of gas. The managers of this road have now begun, as they conceive, to reform the milestones; and these dumb oracles tell us that we are "one mile from *London,*" or "two miles from London." What is London? Where does it begin? where does it end? Is not the character of London always shifting? We now call Tottenham Court Road, London; but it was not London a century ago. Knightsbridge is now as much London as Tottenham Court Road. In London, then, a stranger is told he is a mile from London. This, of course, is unintelligible. But why not tell the stranger, and at the same time afford most valuable information to the resident, that at Knightsbridge he is four miles from the General Post-office? In the Preface to the Population Returns of 1831 we have a little plan of the places comprised within a circle whose radius is eight miles from St. Paul's. That circle then comprised one million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand inhabitants. Reduce the circle to a radius of four miles, and we have the London of the present day, with as many inhabitants as were contained in the larger circle of 1831, if not more.

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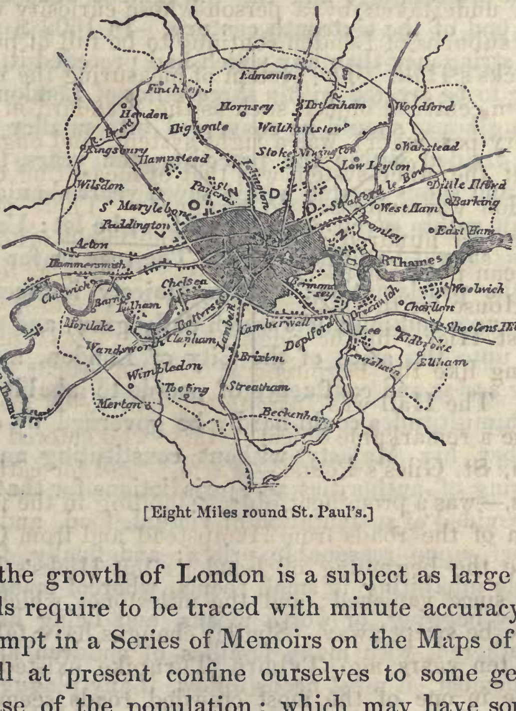
* This imaginary relation, as we have here given it, was written by the Editor of 'London' as a "friendly contribution" to a little work published by Lady Mary Fox, in 1838, for the benefit of the "Royal Schools of Industry at Kensington." As this volume was limited in its circulation to a small number of well-wishers to the charity, the Editor of 'London' has no hesitation in making it the introduction to the present paper.


Edmonton
Finchley
Hendon
Hornsey
Tottenham
R. Lea
Woodford
Highgate
Walthamstow
R. Brent
Kingsbury
Hampstead
Stoke Newington
Wanstead
Low Leyton
Islington
Wilsdon
St Pancras
Stratford le Bow
Little Ilford
St Marylebone
West Ham
Barking
Paddington
Bromley
East Ham
Acton
R Thames
Hammersmith
Chelsea
Bermondsey
Woolwich
Chiswick
Barnes
Fulham
Greenwich
Charlton
Mortlake
Battersea
Lambeth
Camberwell
Lee
Shooters Hill
Wandsworth
Clapham
Deptford
Kidbrooke
Brixton
Lewisham
Eltham
Wimbledon
Tooting
Streatham
R. Thames
Merton
Beckenham

[Eight Miles round St. Paul's.]

The history of the growth of London is a subject as large as it is interesting. But its local details require to be traced with minute accuracy; and this subject we propose to attempt in a Series of Memoirs on the Maps of London at various periods. We shall at present confine ourselves to some general notices of the progressive increase of the population; which may have some additional claim upon the attention from the circumstance that the new census is to be taken on the 1st of July next.

It is impossible to turn to any of the ancient accounts of the populousness of London without being satisfied that the number of its inhabitants has been the subject of the most extraordinary exaggeration. Fitzstephen says, "this city is honoured with her men, graced with her arms, and peopled with a multitude of inhabitants. In the fatal wars under King Stephen there went out to a muster men fit for war, esteemed to the number of twenty thousand horse-men armed, and sixty thousand foot-men." Eighty thousand men fit for war living within walled London, and not only living within but going out to a muster! If we suppose that only one-fourth of this number remained at home to carry on the business of the city, and assume (the general proportion) that half the population was under twenty years of age and half above, we have two hundred thousand males in London in the reign of King Stephen; and this calculation would give us a population of four hundred thousand. In 1821 London within the walls (a distinction which no longer exists for any practical purposes) contained only fifty-six thousand inhabitants. But if the statements of Fitzstephen may be supposed to be somewhat loose, we shall find some calculations still more extraordinary as we enter upon the times of regular legislation, when the increase of population was viewed with alarm or satisfaction according to the theories which prevailed as to the causes of national wealth. The progressive increase of London was always regularly asserted, and it was always a subject of alarm. In 1581 a proclamation was issued forbidding the erection of new buildings within three miles of the city gates, and requiring that only one family should inhabit the same house. The Queen went on proclaiming, and the Parliament went on enacting, in the same spirit, to the end of the sixteenth century. In 1602 a proclamation, more remarkable for its stringency than any which had preceded it, was put forth. No new buildings were to be erected within three miles of London and Westminster: No existing dwelling-house should be converted into smaller tenements: If any house had been so divided within the preceding ten years, the inmates should quit it: All sheds and shops erected within seven years should be pulled down: Empty houses, built within seven years, should not be let: Unfinished buildings, on new foundations, should be pulled down. The reasons for these severities are thus assigned in the proclamation:—"Her Majesty foreseeing the great and manifold inconveniences and mischiefs which daily grow, and are likely more and more to increase, unto the state of the City of London, and the suburbs and confines thereof, by access and confluence of people to inhabit the same, not only by reason that such multitudes could hardly be governed by ordinary justice to serve God and obey her Majesty without constituting an addition of more officers and enlarging of authorities and jurisdictions for that purpose, but also could hardly be provided of sustentation of victual, food, and other like necessaries for man's relief, upon reasonable prices: and finally, for that such great multitudes of people inhabiting in small rooms, whereof many be very poor, and such as must live by begging, or worse means, and being heaped up together, and in a sort smothered, with many families of children and servants in one house or small tenement, it must needs follow, if any plague or other universal sickness come amongst them, it would presently spread through the whole city and confines, and also into all parts of the realm," &c. &c.

In a proclamation of Charles I., twenty-eight years afterwards, pretty nearly the same commands were issued; and the heads of families were also, as they had formerly been, forbidden to receive inmates,—the facilities for residing in London being such, it was alleged, as would multiply the inhabitants to so great a degree that they could neither be governed nor fed. The measures which were taken to prevent the increase of buildings no doubt tended to produce the evil of "great multitudes of people inhabiting in small rooms;" for it is perfectly clear that no statute or proclamation could prevent the rush of strangers to the City whenever there was a demand for their industry. It was sensibly enough observed, in 1662, "that the City is repeopled, after a great Plague, in two years." The christenings are properly considered by this observer as a standard of the increase or decrease of the inhabitants; and he tells us that in 1624, the year preceding a great Plague, they amounted to 8299; in 1626, the year after the Plague, they were only 6701; but in 1628 they reached a higher number than in 1624, being 8408.* This decrease in the births would show a decrease of 45,000 persons during the year of the Plague; and which void was filled up in another year. That the proclamations of Elizabeth and Charles, inoperative as they might be for any large results, were in some measure carried into effect, there can, however, be no doubt. Houses *were* pulled down—when the owners could not manage to bribe those in power to let them remain. The buildings went on increasing; and soon after the Restoration they had increased so much that an ingenious and accurate observer,—one of our best of letter-writers, Howel,—had persuaded himself, and attempted to persuade others, that London contained a million and a half of people:—"For number of human souls, breathing in City and suburbs, London may compare with any in Europe in point of populousness. The last census that was made in Paris came under a million; but in the year 1636 King Charles sending to the Lord Mayor to make a scrutiny what number of Roman Catholics and strangers there were in the City, he took occasion thereby to make a census of all the people; and there were of men, women, and children, above seven hundred thousand that lived within the bars of his jurisdiction alone; and this being one and twenty years passed, 'tis thought, by all probable computation, that London hath more by the third part now than she had then. Now, for Westminster, and Petty France, the Strand, Bedford Berry, St. Martin's Lane, Long Acre, Drury Lane, St. Giles of the Field, High Holborn, Gray's Inn Lane, St. James and St. George's Street, Clerkenwell, the outlets of Red and Whitecross Street, the outlets beyond the Bars of Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and Southwark Bars, beyond the Tower, &c.,—take all these places, with divers more which are contiguous and one entire piece with London herself,—I say, take all these buildings together, there will be found, by all probable conjecture, as many inhabitants at least as were found before within that compass where the point of the Lord Mayor's sword reacheth, which may amount in all to a million and a half of human souls. Now, one way to know the populousness of a great city is to observe the bills of mortality and nativities every week. I think there is no such custom in Paris; but for Amsterdam, which is a very populous mercantile place, the ordinary number there of those that go weekly out of the world is but fifty, or thereabouts, and about so many come into the world every week."

Nothing can be more precise and circumstantial than this statement. "The last census that was made in Paris came under a million." No doubt it did. The population of the Department of the Seine, extending eight miles from the centre of Paris, was, in 1829, only thirteen thousand above a million. But fifty years after this statement of Howel's, the annual number of births in Paris was 16,988, which, multiplied by 28, the probable proportion *then* of the births to the population, the number of inhabitants was under *half* a million. Howel compared

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* Quoted in Strype's Stow.

London with Amsterdam: his computation of the population by the births would only give a result of about seventy thousand inhabitants for that city. The births in London were about four times as many as those of Amsterdam when Howel wrote. The "scrutiny" to which he refers of the actual inhabitants of the *City* took place in 1631; and it is, perhaps, the first approach to a regular enumeration of the people which we possess. The government did not desire to know the number of Roman Catholics and strangers; but it was afraid of an approaching dearth: and in those days, when the corn-merchants, who were called monopolists and forestallers, were not permitted to mitigate the evils of scarcity by buying up corn in times of plenty, the government called upon the Lord Mayor to know what number of mouths were in the City and the Liberty,—how much corn was requisite to feed that number for a month,—where the corn was to be kept,—when the city intended to make this provision,—what stock of money was provided, &c. The number of people in each ward was accordingly ascertained, and it was returned to the Privy Council as 130,268. The foundation of Howel's calculation is thus demolished. Statistical documents were then not printed, but talked about; and such an exaggeration would be easily enough received. But his account is still valuable and curious. It shows us in what directions London was increasing. Howel has one of his characteristic gossiping passages upon this matter:—"The suburbs of London are larger than the body of the city, which make some compare her to a Jesuit's hat, whose brims are far larger than the block; which made Count Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, to say, as the Queen of Spain was discoursing with him, upon his return to England, of the City of London—'Madam, I believe there will be no city left shortly, for all will run out of the gates to the suburbs.'" Captain Graunt, who published his 'Observations on the Bills of Mortality' in 1661, says "that the trade and very City of London removes *westward*,—that the walled city is but a fifth of the whole pile." But he shows us how, even in the walled city, the population was increasing—great houses, formerly belonging to noblemen, had been turned into tenements. There were two reasons, according to this accurate writer, why London increased in a westerly direction:—the Court now resided entirely in Westminster—the old streets of the city were too narrow for the use of coaches, and the new streets towards Covent Garden were broad enough. This was before the Great Fire. That event silenced for ever all the attempts to restrain the growth of the city beyond the walls and liberties. Under the Commonwealth the contest between the government and the owners of land and builders, who acted upon the irresistible impulse of demand and supply, became an affair of compromise. Fines upon new buildings were levied to the use of the Commonwealth, instead of houses being pulled down. The statute gravely says, "by the law the said houses and nuisances ought to be abated; but as the severity of the law would be the undoing of divers persons, one year's clear annual value of each house shall be taken in full satisfaction and discharge." We may form some notion of the increase of building from a pamphlet published in 1673, entitled 'The Grand Concern of England Explained,' in which the writer, who is also for putting down the abomination of stage-coaches, maintains that the increase of London is the ruin of the country:—"I desire every serious, considerate person that knew London and Westminster, and the suburbs thereof, forty or fifty years ago, when

England was far richer and more populous than now it is, to tell me whether, by additional buildings upon new foundations, the said cities and suburbs since that time are not become at least a third part bigger than they were; and whether, in those days, they were not thought and found large enough to give a due reception to all persons that were fit or had occasion to resort thither, whereupon all further buildings on new foundations, even in those days, were prohibited? Nevertheless, above thirty thousand houses, great and small, have been since built, the consequences whereof may be worthy of our consideration. These houses are all inhabited. Considering, then, what multitudes of whole families, formerly dwelling in and about the said cities, were cut off by the two last dreadful plagues, as also by the war abroad and at home, by land and by sea, and how many have transported themselves, or been transported, into our foreign plantations, and it must naturally follow that those who inhabit these new houses, and many of the old ones, must be persons coming out of the country; which makes so many inhabitants the less there where they are most needful and wanting." But pamphlets were as ineffectual as proclamations to stop the increase. The writer of 'The Grand Concern' lets us into the secret of the moving power which compelled the increase, in a few simple words: "In short, these new buildings are advantageous to none but to the owners of the ground on which they are built, who have raised their wonted rents from a hundred pounds to five or six hundred pounds per annum, besides the improvements in reversion; or to the builders, who by slight buildings on long leases make ten or twelve pounds per cent. of their moneys." The advance of rents from one hundred pounds to six hundred, and twelve per cent. upon the cost of building, were arguments such as Parliament or pamphleteer could do little to overturn. Fashion, too, had something to do with the extension of the suburbs. When the great merchants had their City mansions, the wealthy ladies of the City were content with their narrow lanes. But the Great Fire destroyed something of the love of the old localities. Dr. Rolles, who wrote a book in 1668 on the rebuilding of London, says that the "marring of the City was the making of the suburbs; and some places of despicable termination, and as mean account, such as Houns-*ditch*, and Shor-*ditch*, do now contain not a few citizens of very good fashion." The notion then of the probable extension of London was much the same that we have been accustomed to hear in our own day—that London was going to Hammersmith, to Brentford, to Hounslow,—or to Paddington, to Kilburn, to Edgeware,—or to Camden Town, to Hampstead,—and so forth. In 'The Play House to Let' of D'Avenant we have this passage:—

> "We'll let this theatre, and build another, where,
> At a cheaper rate, we may have room for scenes.
> *Brainford's* the place!
> Perhaps 'tis now somewhat too far i' th' suburbs;
> But the mode is for builders to work slight and fast;
> And they proceed so with new houses
> That old London will quickly overtake us."

The continual influx of strangers to London was one great cause, as it is at the present day, for the demand for new houses and new accommodation for inmates. Whilst James I. was commanding all noblemen, knights, and gentlemen, who had mansion-houses in the country, to return to their several habitations, to abide there until the end of the summer vacation, the Scots who had followed him to England were building up the Strand. Howel says, "the Scots, greatly multiplying here, nestled themselves about the Court; so that the Strand, from the mud walls and thatched cottages, acquired that perfection of buildings it now possesses." The French Protestants came over here in many thousands about 1687, and established themselves in the neighbourhood between Covent Garden and St. Giles's, which we now know as Seven Dials and Long Acre; Spitalfields, also peopled by them, grew into a town. A little previous to this Sir William Petty had made his celebrated calculations on the quantity of people in London, and the continual increase of the capital. In 1682 he estimates that there were 84,000 tenanted houses; he fixes the number in each at eight persons; and he thus obtains a population of 672,000. In this calculation he includes, under the name of London, all the built ground in Middlesex and Surrey which could be considered "contiguous unto, or within call of," London, Westminster, and Southwark. According to the 'Parish Clerks' Registers of the Bills of Mortality,' the average christenings about this period reached 15,000 annually, which will give a total population of more than 400,000. The registers were, of course, imperfect records of the number of births; and, looking at the larger space included in Sir W. Petty's calculation, he was probably not very greatly in excess—perhaps to the extent of 100,000. Neither is there any very extraordinary change in the habits of London indicated by the fact of it being assumed that there was an average of eight persons in each house a century and a half ago. The present proportion is more than six persons to each house. The diffusion of comforts divides the people into separate houses. In Paris each floor of a house is, in many senses of the word, a separate house; yet still there is less of comfort, according to our English notions, in such a packing up of the population in high buildings. There, in 1817, 26,751 houses held 657,172 individuals—an average of more than twenty-five persons to each house: but then each house contained eight families. Sir W. Petty calculated that in 1682 London was seven times larger than in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, in 1560—that is, that the population in 1560 was under 100,000. This we should consider far too low an estimate, and one rather formed to accommodate Sir W. Petty's theory, that London doubles the number of its inhabitants every forty years, than built on any certain *data*. His theory led this very able man to some conclusions which now look like many other statistical prophecies will look when tested by time,—sufficiently absurd. He says that as London doubles its inhabitants every forty years, in the year 1840 the number of its people will be above *ten millions;* that the inhabitants of all the rest of England will be very little more,—under eleven millions. Now, this, he says, cannot be—which we very readily admit; and that London must therefore have reached its utmost height of population at the next preceding period, 1800, when it will exceed five millions,—and that *there* the number must *stop*. But how stop? Suddenly, through famine? or by the universal agreement of the excessive population to emigrate? The whole fallacy of the apprehensions of nearly three centuries, that the growth of London was something unnatural and therefore ruinous to the country, lies in the mistake which Sir W. Petty fell into, that its increase was not in the same ratio as the increase of the people generally. In England, and Wales, and Scotland, the increase of population in 1811, as compared with 1801, was above 15 per cent.—in London, above 16; in 1821 the general increase was little more than 14 per cent.—in London more than 17; and in 1831 the difference was still greater, the country population having increased 15 per cent., whilst London had increased 20 per cent. Thus at the last census London had increased in ten years 25 per cent. faster than the general population of Great Britain. But, comparing the returns of 1831 with those of 1801, we are enabled to trace the particular directions of the increase. New cities, during the present century, have been almost created. London proper—the City of London—had *decreased* 4 per cent. in its inhabitants and 5 per cent. in the number of houses. London, Westminster, and Southwark,—the London of a century ago,—contained only 450,000 inhabitants in round numbers. But Finsbury contained 224,000; St. Mary-le-bone, 234,000; Lambeth, 154,000; the Tower Hamlets, 302,000. Each of these are mighty cities; and the four embrace a population that at the present time we may reckon as containing a million of inhabitants.

During the lapse of two centuries and a half since the proclamations of Elizabeth against the increase of London, and of two centuries from the date of those of Charles I., we have got rid of the apprehension that the "access and confluence" of people dependent upon and urging forward the increase of the capital would amount to such multitudes that they "could hardly be governed by ordinary justice." London has gone on increasing; and yet for how long a time has it been exempt from such scenes as those described by Fleetwood, its Recorder, about the period of Elizabeth's proclamation of 1581! He writes thus to Lord Burghley: "My singular good lord,—Upon Thursday, at even, her Majesty in her coach near Islington, taking of the air, her Highness was environed with a number of rogues. One Mr. Stone, a footman, came in all haste to my Lord Mayor, and after to me, and told us of the same. I did the same night send warrants out into the said quarters, and into Westminster, and the Duchy; and in the morning I went abroad myself, and I took that day seventy-four rogues." The number of rogues who environed her Majesty appears to have produced a tremendous consternation. Fleetwood went on taking "shoals of rogues," "numbers of rogues," and, to use his very expressive term, he "gave them substantial payment." He adds, "the chief nursery of all those evil people is the Savoy, and the brick-kilns near Islington."* London is now, with its two millions of inhabitants, the most orderly city in the world. There are no shoals of rogues brought in to be whipped; their gathering together is prevented. And yet no honest man, however humble, quietly pursuing his occupation, can be molested by this preventive power. Fleetwood lets us into a secret as to the mode in which, amongst the rogues, "each one received his payment according to his deserts." He says, "they brought unto me at Bridewell six tall fellows that were draymen unto brewers. The constables, if they might have had their own will, would have brought as many more." Were these tall fellows discharged? "They were all soundly paid, and sent home to their masters." This, we hope, was not quite the ordinary justice by which the increasing multitudes of London were to be governed; and yet the administration of the laws had so little justice, and therefore so little policy, in its composition, that we are not surprised that the government dreaded any increase of the masses of the people. There was, however, another cause of alarm. The increasing multitudes "could hardly be provided of sustentation of victual, food, and other like necessaries for man's relief, upon reasonable price." It is just possible that, with very bad roads, a large city might be in this condition. We doubt if there ever was a very large city without ample means of external communication by sea, by rivers connected with the sea, or by inland roads. The supply of food to such a city must be drawn from a larger area than the country immediately around it. London is most favourably situated in this respect; and we believe that even in the time of Elizabeth there could have been no difficulty in supplying with food any amount of inhabitants in the capital. The increase of its inhabitants must, to a certain extent, have been always proportionate, if not to the actual increase of the other inhabitants of the country, to the increase of the whole productive power of the country. London could not be fed during an increase of its inhabitants, if the capital and profits of London did not proportionally increase. But that increase of capital would increase the food, by the best of all possible means—by increasing the productive power by which it could alone be supplied. We may dismiss therefore, once and for ever, the notion that London can sustain a deficiency of food as long as she has the means of purchasing food. The wonderful precision with which her daily supplies are regulated may be almost termed the result of a law of nature. Nothing is done in concert; but each man acts upon the dictates of his own interest; and thus, and thus alone, there is no deficiency, and no waste.

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* Ellis's Letters, vol. ii.

But there was a third cause of apprehension in the proclamations of Elizabeth, with regard to the increase of people in London, which we seem rather to have shut our eyes against. It has been one of those things which it is not pleasant to look upon. It has not made to itself a loud voice, like that of the rogues about Queen Elizabeth's coach. It has not been an imaginary evil, like that of the fancied disproportion between the demand and the supply of food. The proclamation complains of "great multitudes of people inhabiting in small rooms, whereof many be very poor, heaped up together, and in a sort smothered with many families of children in one house." This is an evil which exists up to the present hour. If the legislators of the time of Elizabeth had understood how to correct the evil, they would have encouraged building in the suburbs, instead of legislating against the local extension of London. *We* occasionally sweep away the wretched dens, hidden in back courts and alleys, where the poor are in a sort smothered; but neither do we make any provision for them, by building habitations fit for their reception. One of the great improvements of our streets that has long been contemplated, is the opening of a road from the east end of Oxford Street direct to Holborn, without passing through the narrow and sinuous entrance by St. Giles's Church. The district which would be required to be destroyed is one of the most densely populated in London. Few of our readers know of its existence, fewer have ever ventured through it. It is familiarly known by the names of the Rookery and the Holy Land. A distinguished architect, who has also the higher distinction of being a most benevolent man, thus described it in 1834:—"The unutterable abominations of it can only be conceived by those who, in the exercise of charity, or in quest of crime, have been forced to become familiar with its recesses. It is indeed the retreat of wretchedness, the nest of disease, and at once the nursery and sanctuary of vice. A very short excursion into this place will be enough to convince any one, through the medium of every sense, that it was built before the present wholesome regulations respecting building and cleansing were in force; and no part of the town can more strongly attest the imperfections of the law on the head of drainage. Indeed, there is scarcely a single sewer in any part of it; so that here, where there is the greatest accumulation of filth, there is the least provision made for its removal."* But Mr. Smirke did not propose to drive the plough of civic improvement over the greater part of this district, without providing such buildings for the future reception of the inhabitants as would wonderfully increase their comforts and the safety of the whole community. The great Plague of 1665 broke out in St. Giles's. The *plague* districts of that day are now *fever* districts. Independently of the general want of drainage in such neighbourhoods, the inmates of each house are "smothered up" in a manner that appears totally irreconcilable with the general civilization of the capital, and with the practical benevolence which is at work to mitigate the evils which nothing but a universally improved state of society can wholly eradicate. Mr. Smirke gives an example (and we have reason to believe, from other sources of information, that this was not a very extraordinary case) of one house, consisting of nine small rooms, being occupied by eleven men, thirteen women, and thirty children. One room on the underground-floor held one man, one woman, and five children. Two rooms on the ground-floor contained two men, two women, and eight children. Two on the first floor were stuffed with two men, three women, and five children. Two on the second floor were smothered up with three men, four women, and six children. Two garrets completed the horrible mountain of misery, indecency, and disease, with three men, three women, and six children. These poor squalid families collectively paid to the landlord of the house a daily rent amounting to nearly one hundred a year. Mr. Smirke says, "The poorest vagrant now pays sixpence per night for leave to lie down on a wretched pallet in some foul chamber in St. Giles's, with a dozen or more forlorn beings like himself; and a workman is obliged to pay from three shillings to four shillings per week for the hire of a single room, in which he, his wife, and perhaps a numerous family, are condemned to live day and night." The remedy suggested by Mr. Smirke is a very obvious one—for the government, or, what is perhaps better, for private speculators, to build in the suburbs airy and commodious lodging-houses, for the class of persons who inhabit such places as the Rookery; with common means of warmth, common kitchens, common grounds for exercise and recreation. The scheme is a noble one,—and it is a practicable one,—it would pay—the consideration which must always prevail, and which should always prevail, in the decision upon projects which involve a large and enduring expenditure of capital. In the districts we have described, and in many others of a similar nature, there are lodging-houses for persons who when they rise in the morning know not where they are to sleep: "They generally consist of six or eight small rooms, each of which often contains six beds; and it is no uncommon circumstance for sixty persons to be sleeping in one of these loathsome abodes. For the use of these wretched beds (if such they may be termed) fourpence or sixpence is required per night; and it is a fact familiar to the parish officers, that great properties have been, and still are, accumulated in this way." Mr. Smirke would construct *dormitories* for this class of persons, in suitable parts of each parish. The rooms would much resemble the wards of Chelsea Hospital. One such building, containing eighty-four beds or compartments, could be erected for 2400*l.*; and if each compartment were let at twopence per night, an annual rental would be produced of 252*l.*, being ten and a half per cent. upon the outlay. There would be difficulties, no doubt, in effecting such changes,—in part arising from the indisposition of any great body of the people, accustomed to habits producing even positive suffering to themselves, towards a change to other habits which are to work out for them comfort, and happiness, and respectability. Another difficulty arising out of the congregation of any great mass of labourers in the suburbs would be the distance between their place of lodging and their occupation. The saving would, we have no doubt, provide such a working community with omnibuses to ride to their employ. But they would gladly walk. May such changes be effected in our day; and may those who would be the most benefited by them inscribe on the gates of some suburban palace for the poor, words that in our times would be more intelligible and more edifying than the inscriptions to the glory of Hicks's Hall or St. Giles's Pound, the Standard in Cornhill or Holborn Bars, Tyburn Turnpike or Hyde Park Corner,—

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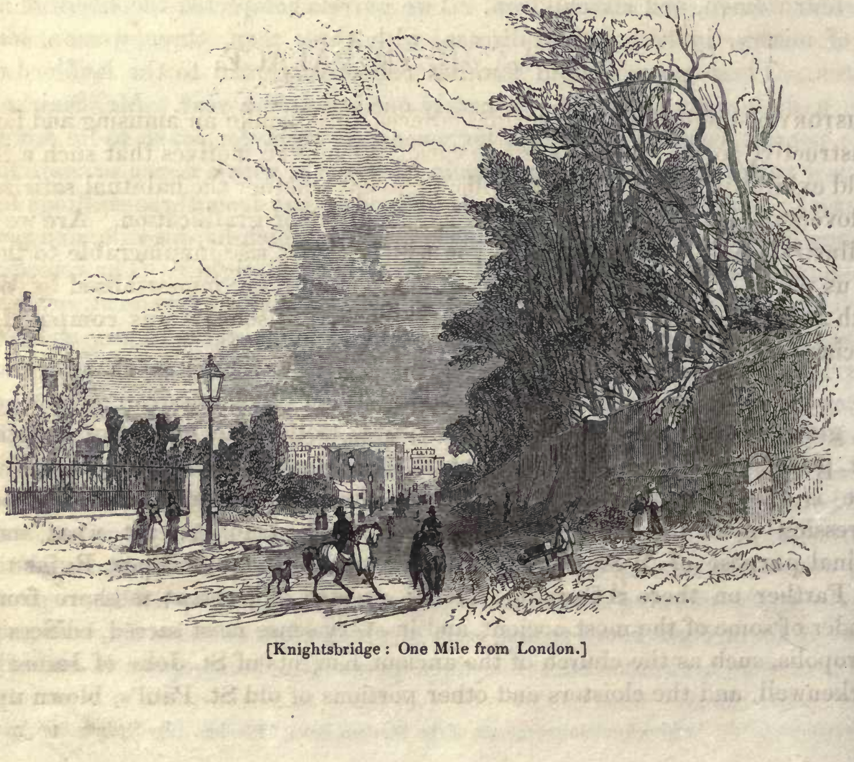
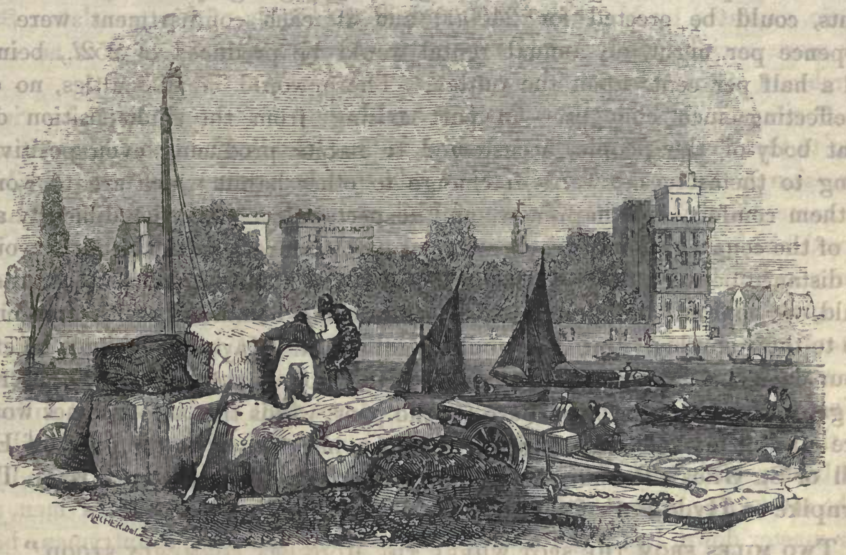
* Suggestions for the Architectural Improvement of the Western Part of London. By Sydney Smirke. p. 56.

"TWO MILES FROM THE SPOT WHERE THE ROOKERY FORMERLY STOOD."



[Knightsbridge: One Mile from London.]



[View of Lambeth Palace from the River.]

XV.—LAMBETH PALACE.

A HISTORY of the origin of important edifices would make an amusing and far from uninstructive work. In the strange variety of human motives that such a history would exhibit it would be almost difficult to say whether the habitual satirizers, or the lovers of their species, would find most matter for gratification. Are we asked for illustrations? Why, look where you will, and they rise innumerable to the eye. Let us pause, for instance, one moment upon the bridge immortalised by Wordsworth as the spot on which one of the finest of his sonnets was composed, commencing—

> "Earth has not anything to show more fair,"—

and, glancing over the scene it commemorates, notice the history of some of the most prominent of the buildings which line the shores of the river. First, there is the most magnificent of halls—that of Westminster; rich beyond expression with the historical memories attached to it: yet what was the original purpose of Westminster Hall? It was built by William Rufus to dine in! Farther on there is Somerset House, erected in a great measure from the plunder of some of the most ancient, and in every sense most sacred, edifices of the metropolis, such as the church of the ancient Knights of St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell, and the cloisters and other portions of old St. Paul's, blown up with gunpowder for the purpose. Still farther distant, on the opposite side of the Thames, is the church of St. Mary Overies, founded, as we have already stated, by a ferryman's daughter, from the earnings of the ferry. Lastly, there is the Monument, the "tall bully" of Pope, of which we may say, with reference to the inscription first placed upon it ascribing the fire to the Papists, and with a slight alteration of the poet's words, it "*lifted* its head *to* lie. The origin of Lambeth Palace, as stated by Matthew Paris, and in the words of his translator, Stow, is still more curious, and presents us with an extraordinary view of an eminent churchman of the thirteenth century.

"Boniface," saith Matthew Paris, "Archbishop of Canterbury, in his visitation came to this Priory [of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield], where, being received with procession in the most solemn wise, he said that he passed not upon the honour, but came to visit them. To whom the canons answered, that they, having a learned bishop, ought not, in contempt of him, to be visited by any other. Which answer so much offended the Archbishop, that he forthwith fell on the Sub-Prior, and smote him on the face, saying, Indeed, indeed! doth it become you English traitors so to answer me? Thus raging, with oaths not to be recited, he rent in pieces the rich cope of the Sub-Prior, and trod it under his feet, and thrust him against a pillar of the chancel with such violence that he had almost killed him. But the canons, seeing their Sub-Prior thus almost slain, came and plucked off the Archbishop with such force that they overthrew him backwards, whereby they might see *he was armed and prepared to fight.* The Archbishop's men, seeing their master down, being all strangers, and their master's countrymen, born at Provence, fell upon the canons, beat them, tore them, and trod them under foot. At length the canons, getting away as well as they could, ran, bloody and miry, rent and torn, to the Bishop of London to complain; who bade them go to the King at Westminster, and tell him thereof. Whereupon four of them went thither; the rest were not able, they were so sore hurt. But when they came to Westminster the King would neither hear nor see them, so they returned without redress. In the mean season the whole city was in an uproar, and ready to have rung the common bell, and to have hewed the Archbishop into small pieces; who was secretly crept to Lambeth, where they sought him, and, not knowing him by sight, said to themselves, Where is that ruffian—that cruel smiter? He is no winner of souls, but an exacter of money, whom neither God nor any lawful or free election did bring to this promotion; but the King did unlawfully intrude him; being unlearned, a stranger born, and having a wife, &c. But the Archbishop conveyed himself over [to Westminster], and went to the King with a great complaint against the canons, whereas himself was guilty."* So the Archbishop from Lambeth boldly issued a sentence of excommunication against his opposers, satisfied that the King would support him in his violent tyranny. Another tribunal, however, was appealed to which had no particular prepossession for the Archbishop—the Pope; who commanded him by way of expiation to build a splendid mansion at Lambeth for the occupants of the see, in the room of the humble manor-house that is supposed to have existed previously. Such was the origin of the first building erected at Lambeth expressly as the archiepiscopal seat. Of the history of the place prior to this period there are but few recorded facts. The first positive evidence we have on the subject refers to the eleventh century, when the manor was possessed by Goda, wife to Walter Earl of Mantes, and subsequently to Eustace Earl of Boulogne; and who was also sister to Edward the Confessor. This Eustace was one of the Normans who came over to visit Edward, and who on his return, when within a mile of Dover, caused all his people to march in armed array through the town, and when there by their insolence so to exasperate the people of Dover that an affray took place, which ended in the death of nineteen of Eustace's attendants, and in his own hasty flight back towards the King at Gloucester. This little incident produced important consequences. The great Saxon Earl Godwin (Harold's father) defended the people of Dover from the vengeance meditated by the King, but in so doing brought on himself a sentence of banishment. Released from Godwin's control, Edward invited the Normans to his court in greater numbers than ever, and among them came William Duke of Normandy, the future conqueror of England, who then, it is said, obtained a promise of the crown after Edward's death, and who, at all events, it appears, from that time determined upon its acquisition. By this Earl of Boulogne the manor of Lambeth was bestowed on the see of Rochester; that nobleman reserving to himself the right of patronage to the church. After the Conquest William seized the manor and gave part of its lands to his brother Odo Bishop of Bayeux, but afterwards restored the whole to its former owners. In 'Domesday Book' we find it referred to as the manor of St. Mary, or Lanchei; and the following particulars of its state at that time are there recorded:—"In demesne there are two carucates, and twelve villains, and twenty-six bordars, having four carucates. Here is a church, and nineteen burgesses in London, who pay a rent of thirty-six shillings; and here are three servants and sixteen acres of meadow, wood to feed three hogs," &c. During the reign of the Red King, some part of the revenues appear to have been appropriated to the maintenance of the monks of Rochester; in the charter of Gundolph, Bishop of that see, one thousand lampreys out of Lamhea (one of the old names for Lambeth) are assigned to their use; and his successor, Ernulph, ordained also that one salmon should be furnished to the convent, caught no doubt in the silvery waters of the Thames at Lambeth.

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* Stow, b. iii. p. 235.

It was not until the reign of Richard I. that this manor of St. Mary's became the property and seat of the Archbishops of Canterbury; and the immediate cause of the change appears to have been, in some measure, the wish of the King to have the primate Baldwin near him. The latter consequently agreed with Glanville, Bishop of Rochester, in 1189, to exchange for a part of his court at Lambeth, on the Thames, the manor of Darent in Kent, with the church and chapel of Helles, and a sheep-walk, called Estmershe, in Clive or Cliff. Eight years later, by another exchange, the entire manor became the property of the Archbishops, with the exception of a small piece of land, on which the Bishops of Rochester erected a mansion for their use whenever they attended Parliament.* It was not till some time after this that Lambeth became more than an occasional residence of the primates of England. The cause was as follows:—

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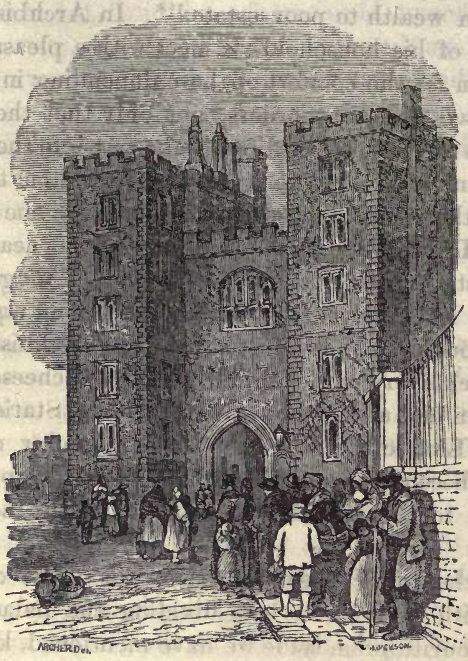
* This edifice was long known by the name of Rochester Place. The last bishops of that see who inhabited it were Fisher and Hilsley; after their deaths it fell into the hands of Henry VIII., who exchanged it with Aldridge, Bishop of Carlisle, for certain houses in the Strand, when its name was changed to Carlisle House. The dirty lane known as Carlisle Lane now stands on the site; and it is said, in Herbert and Brayley's 'Lambeth Palace,' that the houses still belong to the see.

Hubert, the primate, jealous of the monks of Canterbury, and desirous to abridge their privileges, had determined to raise up against them a rival body, in the form of an establishment of canons regular, for whom he proceeded to erect a splendid edifice at Lambeth, with the approbation of the King, Richard I. This plan had originated with Archbishop Baldwin, who had intended to have reared his establishment at Hackington, near Canterbury. But as the monks of the latter place had successfully opposed this the first plan for their humiliation, so did they now bestir themselves to bring the second to a similar conclusion. There was one consideration in particular that appears to have strongly stimulated their zeal. The glory and the gain attached to the possession of the relics of St. Thomas à Becket were in danger; they had little doubt but that Hubert meant to remove them to the new establishment. They again appealed to the Pope, Innocent III., who warmly supported them, and directed a bull to the Archbishop, in 1198, commanding him in a very imperious style to desist. "It is not fit," said he, "that any man should have any authority who does not reverence and obey the apostolic see." He then, in another bull, threatened the King for his contumacy in abetting Hubert; and, in a third mandate, declared he would not endure the least contempt of himself, or of God, whose place he held upon earth. "We will take care," he says, "so to punish both persons and lands without distinction that oppose our measures, as to show our determination to proceed prudently, and in a royal manner." The *royalty* of this style strikes one rather more than its *prudence;* yet it achieved its object—the lion-hearted King and the rebellious Archbishop were both alarmed, and the rising edifice was at once destroyed. In disgust with this conclusion of the affair, the Archbishops thenceforward removed their chief residence from Canterbury to London. A more splendid house accordingly became desirable at Lambeth; and the brawl before referred to gave the Pope an admirable opportunity of imposing its erection on Boniface.

To enumerate merely in the driest manner all the important events that have taken place in Lambeth would inconveniently occupy our space, and to no useful purpose. Church councils of the highest interest in the history of their respective periods have been frequently held here; many of the most eminent prelates have been consecrated, amidst all the splendours of the old church ceremonies, in the ancient chapel; Kings and Queens, we were almost about to say, have been ordinary guests, so frequent have been their visits: for instance, there are no less than fifteen of Elizabeth's to Whitgift recorded. We omit, therefore, any particular notice of those incidents which have ceased to have a general interest, and may thus devote more attention to the remainder. One of the most interesting of these connected with the early history of Lambeth was the sitting of the council, in 1100, with Archbishop Anselm as president, to consider the legality of the proposed marriage of King Henry I. with Matilda, the daughter of Malcolm King of Scotland; an important proposition, as being one of the first proofs of any value given by the Norman conquerors of their desire to amalgamate Saxons and Normans into an English people. The circumstances on which the council had to deliberate were as peculiar as they were interesting.

Maude, or Matilda, was a descendant of the great Alfred, and, as she grew up, became an object of considerable rivalry among the Norman captains of Rufus. After the death of the latter, and the accession of Henry to the throne, she found a still nobler suitor at her feet—the King sought her as his wife. To his astonishment, however, she exhibited the most decided aversion to the match. The Saxons then appealed to her: "Oh, most noble and fair among women, if thou wilt, thou canst restore the ancient honour of England, and be a pledge of reconciliation and friendship; but if thou art obstinate in thy refusal the enmity between the two races will be everlasting, and the shedding of human blood know no end." She at last consented; and then the Normans interposed, who did not at all relish the idea of the equality between the races to which this match tended. They asserted that Maude was a nun, that she had worn the veil as the spouse of Christ, and therefore could now form no earthly alliance. Anselm, the kind and benevolent Archbishop, was much grieved to hear this, but at once declared that nothing could induce him to break so sacred a tie. He sent for her, however, possibly to Lambeth, to question her personally, when she denied the truth of the rumour. Her explanation gives us a melancholy proof of the treatment to which even high-born Saxon ladies were exposed. "I must confess," said she, "that I have sometimes appeared veiled; but listen to the cause. In my first youth, when I was living under her care, my aunt, to save me, as she said, from the lust of the Normans, who attacked all females, was accustomed to throw a piece of black stuff over my head, and when I refused to cover myself with it she treated me very roughly. In her presence I wore that covering, but as soon as she was out of sight I threw it on the ground, and trampled it under my feet in childish anger." Anselm then summoned the council we have mentioned, before which Matilda repeated her statement to the full satisfaction of the ecclesiastical authorities. Henry and she were married, and, although he was a most unfaithful husband, not the less did she think it her duty to be "a right loving and obedient wife." These qualities, added to her beautiful person, great charity, and her reputation as a lover of learning, confirmed the popularity which her Saxon blood had produced. Long after her death did the poor oppressed people speak with affectionate reverence of "Maude the Good." As we shall find a more convenient opportunity to notice the other historical memories of Lambeth Palace, let us now, as Pennant says, take our "accustomed walk" along the fine promenade which skirts the palace gardens, overshadowed with trees of the noblest growth (pity that it is so short!), towards the fine architectural group presented by the Palace Gateway and Lambeth Church.

Among the buildings enumerated in the steward's accounts of the palace, in the 15th year of Edward II., we find the "great gate" mentioned, which then admitted friends and repelled foes, in accordance with the double duties imposed upon those characteristic old piles. The present gateway, which for size and height has perhaps no existing rival, was rebuilt about 1490 by Cardinal Morton. The groined roof is very fine, the different portions of which it is composed springing from four pillars, one in each corner. A low doorway on the right leads through the porter's lodge to a room the original purpose of which there is little difficulty in discovering: three strong iron rings yet hang from the excessively thick walls, which have echoed with the sighs of hopeless prisoners, torn from their quiet firesides, and the company of those dear to them by the ties of nature and of love, to expiate the crime of daring to think for themselves. The ordinary tradition respecting this place is that it was used for the confinement of the prisoners for whom room could not be found in the prison of the Lollard's Tower. Another tradition refers to a name inscribed on the wall—*Grafton*—who it is said perished here. In the tower are the Record-room, the name of which explains its purpose; and the rooms occupied by the Archbishop's secretary for the transaction of the archiepiscopal business of that vast and magnificent system, the Established Church of England. Before quitting the gateway we must notice the group of poor people waiting without, and which reminds us of a custom that has continued unbroken (except perhaps during the Commonwealth) for many centuries down to the present time, a custom that one does not often see in London in these days—we refer to the dole of money, bread, and provisions, given three times a week to poor parishioners of Lambeth, ten different persons on each occasion, making in all thirty who enjoy the Archbishop's bounty. The amount of such bounty in former times was really astonishing. Archbishop Winchelsey, in the reign of Edward I., gave, beside the daily fragments of his house, "every Friday and Sunday, unto every beggar that came to his door, a loaf of bread of a farthing price, which no doubt was bigger than our penny loaf now (Stow says it was sufficient for his sustenance for the day); and there were usually such almsmen in time of dearth to the number of five thousand, but in a plentiful year four thousand, and seldom or never under; which amounted unto five hundred pounds a-year. Over and above all this, he used to give, every great festival-day, one hundred and fifty pence to so many poor people—to send daily meat



[Gateway.]

drink, and bread unto such as by reason of age or sickness were not able to fetch alms at his gate—and to send money, meat, apparel, &c., to such as he thought wanted the same and were ashamed to beg. But of all other he was wont to take the greatest compassion upon those that by any misfortune were decayed, and had fallen from wealth to poor estate."* In Archbishop Parker's regulations for the officers of his household we meet with a pleasant, because kind and thoughtful, provision for the comfort of those depending in a great measure upon his bounty. He gave particular orders, not only that there should be no purloining of meat from the tables, "but that it be put into the alms-tub, and the tub to be kept sweet and clean before it be used from time to time." Custom has also established another small claim upon the bounty of the occupier of the palace. When Archbishop Tenison possessed the see, a very near relation of his, who happened to be master of the Stationers' Company, thought it a compliment to call at the palace in his stately barge, during the annual aquatic procession of the Lord Mayor from London to Westminster; and the Archbishop, in return, sent out a pint of wine for each liveryman, with new bread, old cheese, and plenty of strong ale, for the watermen and attendants. Next year the Stationers' barge was found again stopping at Lambeth Stairs, and with a similar result; and from that time the thing has become a settled custom. The Company, in return for this hospitality, present to the Archbishop a copy of the several almanacs they publish.

Passing through the gateway, we find ourselves in the outer court, with a fine old wall covered with ivy on our left, dividing the palace demesnes from the Thames and the favourite promenade we have mentioned, known as the "Bishop's Walk;" the Water Tower (attached to which, and beyond, is the Lollard's Tower) in front; and the great hall and the Manuscript-room on the right extending down to the gateway. Walking through a narrow pass around the base of the towers, we perceive, by the difference of the style, and the state in which they remain, that one is older than the other. The Water Tower is of brick, the Lollard's of stone; the workmanship of the windows of the latter, too, appears in a great measure eaten away by time, although some portions of the ornaments of the beautiful niche that we perceive high up on its walls still seem sharp and exquisite as ever: but the statue of Thomas à Becket which formerly adorned it is utterly gone. The exterior of the great hall presents to us the characteristics of a not very noble style—the style of the days of Charles II. The buttresses, large enough in their real dimensions, are frittered away in effect by the fantastic appearance of their white stone facing; and the roof does not derive any powerful attractions from the round balls which surmount the frieze,—a poor substitute for the fretted pinnacles of a more artistical period. The windows, however, are numerous and very fine; they are in all probability the restorations of an earlier structure: of this subject more presently. From the centre of the roof rises a lantern, evidently also of Charles's time. The Manuscript-room has been built of late years, and rendered fire-proof for the better security of its valuable contents; among which may be mentioned the manuscript of 'The Notable Wise Dictes and Sayings of Philosophers,' translated from the French by Anthony Woodville, Earl of Rivers, in the reign of Edward IV. It is written in a fair, regular hand, and has prefixed a fine illumination of the Earl presenting Caxton the printer to the King, in the presence of the Queen, the Duke of York, and a brilliant court. The 'Dictes and Sayings' was published by Caxton, with a preface in which he mentions a curious liberty he had taken with it, and which is interesting from the covert humour of the great printer. "I find," he writes, "that my said Lord hath left out certain and divers conclusions touching women; whereof I marvelled that my said Lord hath not writ on them, nor what hath moved him so to do, nor what cause he had at that time. But I suppose that some fair lady hath desired him to leave it out of his book; or else he was amorous on some noble lady, for whose love he would not set it in his book; or else, for the very affection, love, and good-will that he hath unto *all* ladies and gentlewomen, he thought that Socrates spared the sooth, and wrote of women more than truth; which I cannot think that so true a man and so noble a philosopher as Socrates was, should. * * * But I perceive that my said Lord knoweth verily that such defaults be not had nor found in the women born and dwelling in *these* parts nor regions of the world. * * * I wot well, of whatsoever condition women be in Greece, the women of this country be right good, wise, pleasant, humble, discreet, sober, chaste, obedient to their husbands, true, secret, steadfast, ever busy and never idle, temperate in speaking, and virtuous in all their works;—*or at least should be so.*" Accordingly, Caxton gathers up all the missing fragments, and publishes them together at the end of the book,—a process not likely to decrease their effect. Among the other treasures of this room are a finely-blazoned missal which belonged to Archbishop Chicheley, an illuminated 'Chronicle of St. Albans,' and a most splendid MS. on the 'Apocalypse of St. John,' with seventy-eight illuminations, rich beyond description in gold and brilliant colours. A curiosity of another kind is also preserved here,—the shell of a tortoise, which was placed in the gardens of the palace by Laud in 1633, and lived there till 1753, when it was killed by the negligence of the gardener. Beneath the Manuscript-room is a gateway leading from the outer to the inner court, where we find, on the left, ranges of buildings extending round two sides of the square, and a lofty wall enclosing the remainder, over which, in front, appear the stables, and in the corner on the right the tower of the church. Following with our eye the course of the buildings we have mentioned, we perceive, first, the back or less ornamented side of the great hall, with a low but elegant modern porch leading into it, on the west, or the side parallel with the Thames; then the Guard-room beyond, with its curious but beautiful gable window; and lastly, the very splendid new buildings erected by Mr. Blore within the last few years, including the principal palace front, on the south. On a little green in the centre of the court is a kind of ornamental cross, supporting lamps; and here and there round the area the walls are overhung by lofty trees.

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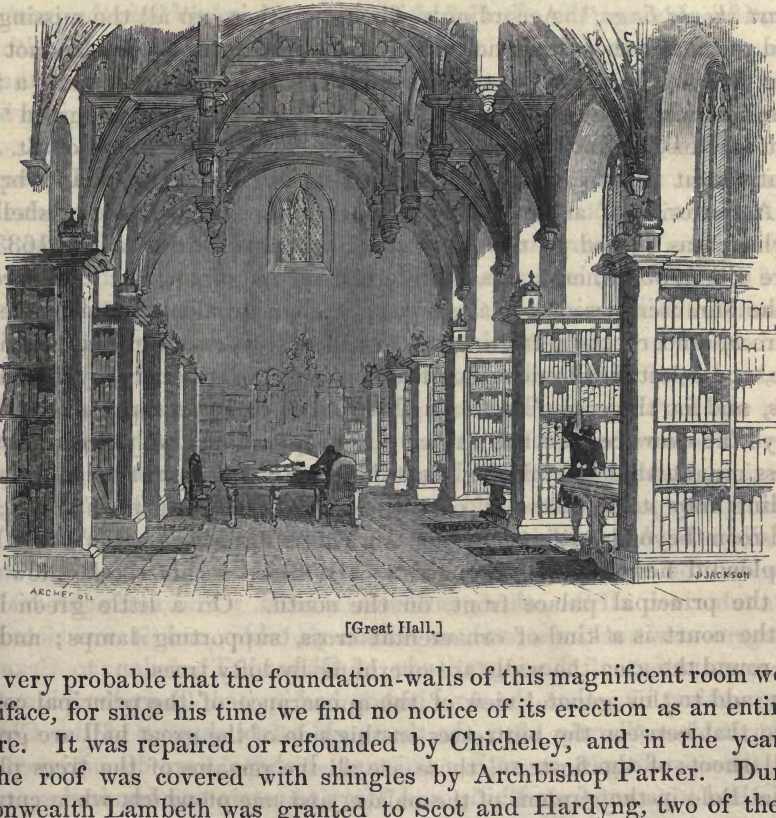
* Godwin's 'De Præsulibus Angliæ Commentarius.'

We may add to this general view of the appearance of the principal court or quadrangle, that between the buttresses on this side of the great hall are growing some small shoots of the fig-tree; these are all the remains of the trees planted by Cardinal Pole in the gardens of the palace, and one of which, when cut down about nine years ago, overspread the whole of the east end of the buildings then standing where the new buildings stand now. The trees were of the white Marseilles sort, and bore the most delicious fruit. It would be difficult to praise too highly the pure taste which reigns throughout these erections by Mr. Blore. To have built them in entire accordance with the remains of the old pile would have been impossible, for the very sufficient reason, that those remains, being erected at very different times, present very different styles. Yet an air of fine harmony pervades the entire palace, the best proof of the skill that has presided over the recent erections. The front, before which we are now standing, is irregular, embattled, with turret towers in the centre, mullioned windows on the left, and a fine oriel window on the right. The entrance-hall is a model of exquisite beauty. It is of great height and noble proportions. At the top of the staircase, with its elaborately worked open balustrade, which ascends directly from the door, in the centre, a screen of three arches admits into the corridor running away to the right and the left. Above the screen is a gallery,—its floor formed by the roof of the corridor,—overlooking the whole. The exquisitely panelled walls on the ground round the staircase must not be overlooked. On the right the corridor leads to the principal private apartments of the new buildings; on the left, to the more ancient remains of the old. We shall, however, find it convenient to visit the latter by a different route. We recross the square therefore to the great hall.



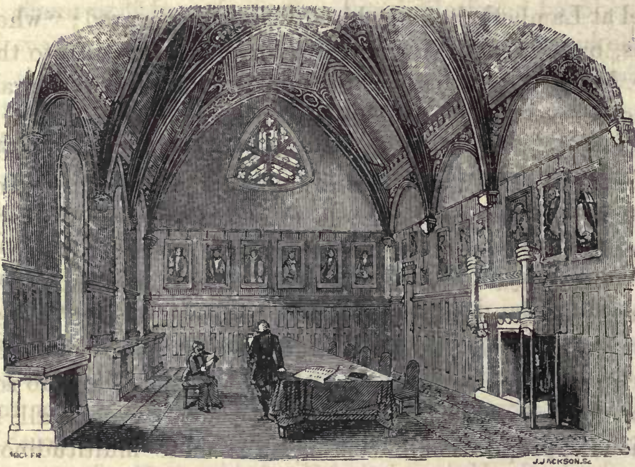
[Great Hall.]

It is very probable that the foundation-walls of this magnificent room were built by Boniface, for since his time we find no notice of its erection as an entirely new structure. It was repaired or refounded by Chicheley, and in the years 1570-1571 the roof was covered with shingles by Archbishop Parker. During the Commonwealth Lambeth was granted to Scot and Hardyng, two of the judges who sat on Charles's trial, and who, it is said, pulled down the noble hall, and sold the materials. On the Restoration Archbishop Juxon rebuilt it, as nearly as possible on the ancient model, and we have no doubt partly on the original walls.

It cost him in all 10,500*l.*, and was not finished at his death; but so anxious was he in the matter, that he left the following direction in his will:—" If I happen to die before the hall at Lambeth be finished, my executors to be at the charge of finishing it according to the model made of it, if my successor shall give leave." On entering the hall, the first object that catches the eye is the lofty and beautiful painted window immediately opposite, full of interesting memorials collected from different parts of the old palace buildings that have been destroyed; in particular, a portrait of Chicheley, who, as we have said, repaired the hall, and erected a part of the palace which does less honour to his name—the Lollard's Tower. Juxon's arms here form a conspicuous object; and those of Philip of Spain, the husband of Mary, as a Knight of the Garter, are very brilliant and splendid: they are supposed to have been painted by order of Cardinal Pole, as a compliment to his royal mistress. From the window the eye roams along the great space comprised within those lofty walls, and then upwards to the roof, which is a most extraordinarily elaborate work, in some respects like the roof of the great hall of Eltham Palace; only that, in the latter, the series of broad semicircular arches, which more particularly characterize the pendant timber frame-work of Lambeth, are wanting. The lantern skylight is also peculiar to the latter. Oak, chestnut, and other woods, constitute the materials of the roof, which is covered with beautiful carvings, the effect of which, however, is lost from the great height. The dimensions of the hall are, in length about ninety-three feet, breadth thirty-eight feet, and height above fifty. We need not, however, wonder at the size of this or similar halls, when we consider the magnificence of the feasts given in them, —the unbounded hospitality which rendered such vast places necessary. Let us look, for instance, at the list of the officers of Cranmer's household. It comprised a steward, treasurer, comptroller, gamators, clerk of the kitchen, caterer, clerk of the spicery, yeoman of the ewry, bakers, pantlers, yeomen of the horse, yeomen ushers, butlers of wine and ale, larderers, squilleries, ushers of the hall, porter, ushers of the chamber, daily waiters in the great chamber, gentlemen ushers, yeomen of the chamber, carver, sewer, cup-bearer, groom of the chamber, marshal, groom-ushers, almoner, cooks, chandler, butchers, master of the horse, yeoman of the wardrobe, and harbingers. The state observed of course corresponded with such a retinue. There were generally three tables spread in the hall, and served at the same time, at the first of which sat the Archbishop, surrounded by peers of the realm, privy councillors, and gentlemen of the greatest quality; at the second, called the Almoner's table, sat the chaplains and all the other clerical guests below the rank of diocesan bishops and abbots; and at the third, or Steward's table, sat all the other gentlemen invited. The suffragan bishops by this arrangement sat at the second, or Almoner's table; and it was noted as an especial aggravation of the ingratitude of Richard Thornden to Cranmer in conspiring against him, that the Archbishop had invited Thornden, his suffragan, to his own table. Shortly after the thorough establishment of the Church of England these suffragan, or rather assistant, bishops, were discontinued. Cardinal Pole had a patent from Philip and Mary to retain one hundred servants, so that we may judge that, in his hands, the magnificence and hospitality of Lambeth Palace had not degenerated. With an interesting passage descriptive of the order observed in dining here in Archbishop Parker's time, in the reign of Elizabeth, we dismiss this part of our subject. "In the daily eating this was the custom: the steward, with the servants that were gentlemen of the better rank, sat down at the tables in the hall on the right hand; and the almoner, with the clergy and the other servants, sat on the other side, where there was plenty of all sorts of provision, both for eating and drinking. The daily fragments thereof did suffice to fill the bellies of a great number of poor hungry people that waited at the gate; and so constant and unfailing was this provision at my Lord's table, that whosoever came in either at dinner or supper, being not above the degree of a knight, might here be entertained worthy of his quality, either at the steward's or almoner's table. And moreover, it was the Archbishop's command to his servants, that all strangers should be received and treated with all manner of civility and respect, and that places at the table should be assigned them according to their dignity and quality, which redounded much to the praise and commendation of the Archbishop. The discourse and conversation at meals was void of all brawls and loud talking, and for the most part consisted in framing men's manners to religion, or to some other honest and beseeming subject. There was a monitor of the hall; and if it happened that any spoke too loud, or concerning things less decent, it was presently hushed by one that cried Silence. The Archbishop loved hospitality, and no man showed it so much, or with better order, though he himself was very abstemious."

The hall now affords food and hospitality of another kind: it is used as the library of the palace. Along the walls on each side are projecting bookcases, containing some thirty or thirty-five thousand volumes, valuable chiefly for their works on controversial divinity, though not deficient of those belonging to general literature. Persons properly introduced are allowed to borrow from these extensive stores—a circumstance too honourable to the liberality of their owner to be overlooked. The history of this library is somewhat curious. It was formed by Archbishop Bancroft, who, dying in 1610, left "unto his successors the Archbishops of Canterbury for ever a great and famous library of books of divinity, and of many other sorts of learning." Security was to be given for its preservation to the see, by his successors, in failure of which the whole was to be given to Chelsea College, if erected within the next six years after his death (which it was not), and otherwise to the University of Cambridge. On the execution of Laud, in 1644, Selden, fearing for the preservation of the books in such troubled times (already they were in process of dispersion, having been first granted for the use of Dr. Wincocke, then given to Sion College, and many lent to private individuals), wisely suggested to the University to claim them, which it did with success in 1649. On the Restoration, Juxon demanded their return; but it was not until the time of his successor, Sheldon, who repeated the demand, that it was acceded to. An ordinance of parliament had then also to be obtained, to enforce the restoration of the books in private hands; among others, in the hands of John Thurloe and Hugh Peters. Bancroft's original gift was increased by donations, bequests, or purchases of the books of Abbot, Laud, Sheldon, Tenison, Secker, and Cornwallis, which are respectively known by their arms on the covers.

Between the little porch and the great hall is a kind of vestibule, with a staircase leading to the gallery and Guard-room. The gallery is modern, elegant, and admirably lighted by square lanterns in the ceiling, occurring at intervals along its course. The pictures are chiefly portraits of bishops, including those of Warren, by Gainsborough (unfinished); Burnet; Hough and Loyd, both of whom opposed themselves to the despotic acts of James II.; and Hoadly. The gallery also contains a portrait of the accomplished son of James I., Prince Henry, whose premature death so much excited the sensibilities of the English nation; another, of Catherine Parr, most richly painted and gilded; and a picture, one of the most interesting in the collection, of Luther and his wife, supposed to be the work of Holbein. He has one arm round her neck, and with the hand of the other he holds one of her hands. The expression of the faces is very fine, and the whole so beautifully painted as to leave little doubt but that it is attributed to the proper artist. At all events, we learn that it has always been treasured at the palace as a most valuable work. From the gallery a door leads us into one of the most interesting parts of the palace, the Guard-room, which is also one of the most beautiful chambers we have ever had the good fortune to see. Our readers may in some measure judge for themselves whether the room here shown does not deserve the utmost praise that can be bestowed on it.



[The Guard-room.]

It is very old, for we find it mentioned in the steward's accounts of the time of Henry VI.; and it was a restoration of a former Guard-room. The arms kept here passed, by purchase, from one Archbishop to another. When our readers have gazed sufficiently long upon the fine proportions and most beautiful roof of this room, we would call their attention to the line of portraits extending round the walls, comprising an unbroken series of the Archbishops, from the time of Warham to that of Sutton, the present Archbishop's predecessor, with portraits of one or two others of a still earlier date. What a host of associations rise to the mind as we look upon these suggestive memorials! There are few of our greatest historical events in which some or other of these men have not had an important share. Indeed, a very agreeable—and not remarkably incomplete—History of England would be composed by one who, walking round this room, should pour forth from the stores of an abundant knowledge all the thoughts and memories that the sight of these silent but most expressive portraits naturally produce. Our notices must be of a less ambitious character.

Among the Archbishops whose portraits are wanting in this valuable collection, there are some who must not be passed without notice. The famous Cardinal Langton, for instance, who extensively repaired the palace; and Sudbury, who was beheaded during the insurrection of Wat Tyler, under such peculiarly cruel circumstances, in the Tower: two days before the insurgents had burned the furniture and all the records and books in the palace. One of the many interesting memories of the place is referred to the time of Archbishop Sudbury, when the most illustrious of our early Reformers, Wickliffe, himself appeared to defend his tenets within the precincts of Lambeth Palace. The following account is from his biographer, Lewis, whose authority was Walsingham. It must be premised that Wickliffe had previously been cited to St. Paul's, whither he went attended by the all-powerful John of Gaunt, his protector, of course to the very great dissatisfaction of the ecclesiastical authorities, among whom were some delegates from the Pope expressly commissioned to inquire into the matter. A new, and what was intended should be a more private council, was therefore held in the Archbishop's Chapel at Lambeth, before which Wickliffe appeared; "when not only the London citizens, but the mob, presumed to force themselves into the chapel, and to speak in Dr. Wickliffe's behalf, to the great terror of the delegates; and that the Queen's mother sent Sir Lewis Clifford to them to forbid them to proceed to any definitive sentence:" with which message the delegates are said to have been much confounded. "As the reed of a wind shaken," says the historian on whose authority this statement rests—Walsingham (Hist. Angliæ)—"their speech became as soft as oil, to the public loss of their own dignity, and the damage of the whole church. They were struck with such a dread that you would think them to be as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs." On this occasion Wickliffe delivered in writing an elaborate statement of his views, but which was so little satisfactory to the delegates that they commanded him to repeat no more such propositions either in the schools or his sermons. We shall, however, soon find the obnoxious "propositions" coming in a more multitudinous voice, and attacked by more terrible weapons than verbal condemnation. The earliest portrait the gallery contains is that of Arundel, whose brother was beheaded at the time he was himself banished by Richard II. "The tonsure of his hair," as an ecclesiastic, says Fuller, was alone the cause of "the keeping of his head." He returned with Bolingbroke, whom he crowned in Westminster Abbey. Archbishop Arundel has the bad reputation of being the first head of the church in England who brought in the argument of the fiery stake to aid the church in its endeavours to convince "heretics" of their heresy. The first victim was William Sawtre, priest of St. Osyth's, London; who, after a preliminary examination, having been adjudged to be a relapsed heretic, was delivered over to the secular power, in accordance with the provision of the famous law passed against such persons in the second year of Henry IV.'s reign. "The primate, Arundel, and six other bishops, assembled in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, arrayed in their pontifical robes, to perform the impressive preliminary ceremonial. Their victim was brought before them in his priestly attire, with the chalice for holding the host, and its paten or lid in his hands. As the Archbishop solemnly pronounced his degradation from the priestly order, he took from him these sacred insignia, and at the same time stripped him of his casule, or distinctive rule of the priesthood, made in imitation of the scarlet robe of mockery of the Saviour. His degradation from the office of deacon was in like manner effected by putting the New Testament in his hands, and then taking it from him, and depriving him of the stole or tippet worn about the neck in memory of the cord with which Christ was bound. He was next divested of the alb or surplice, and also of the maniple (otherwise called the fanon or fannel), a kind of scarf worn on the left wrist, to denote his degradation from the order of sub-deaconship: after that he surrendered, as acolyte, the candlestick, taper, and small pitcher called arceole; as exorcist, the book of exorcisms; as reader, the lexionary or book of daily lessons; and as sexton, the surplice of that office and key of the church-door. Finally, his priest's cap was removed from his head, the tonsure obliterated, and the cap of a layman put upon him. When he had thus been wholly divested of his clerical character, he was delivered over to the custody of the High Constable and Marshal of England, who were present to receive him, the primate finishing his task by pronouncing the formal recommendation to mercy, with which the church was accustomed to veil, but only with a deeper horror, its deeds of blood. Sawtre was burned in Smithfield in the beginning of March, 1401, a vast multitude of people crowding to witness, with various, doubtless, but all with strong emotions, a spectacle then new in England."* These men were "wise in their generation;" all this ceremony, senseless as it now appears to us, was undoubtedly calculated to deepen the impression made by the execution, which for a time appeared to have accomplished all the objects hoped from it. We have, however, only to look upon this neighbouring portrait of Arundel's successor, Chicheley, who is represented standing within a rich Gothic niche, to remember that within the next twenty years it was found necessary to build new prisons, and to substitute prolonged imprisonment, whipping, and various other punishments, instead of the penalty of death, so numerous by that time were the heretics sentenced by the ecclesiastical courts. Then it was that the famous, or infamous, Lollard's Tower was built by Chicheley. Of the next five Archbishops, Stafford, Kemp, Bourchier, Morton, and Deane, there are no portraits, nor are there any circumstances connected with them requiring notice, except in the instance of Bourchier. During the period he held the see, Reginald Peacock, the learned, able, and moderate Bishop of Chichester, was summoned to Lambeth to answer to the truth of various false opinions attributed to him. Peacock was no Lollard; why then was he attacked? Simply because he wished the church to tolerate a latitude of opinion upon points that had been often acknowledged, even by the church, to be obscure, and in some respects incomprehensible. But this was sufficient to draw down upon his head the hatred and jealousy of the Establishment. On the day on which he was cited he appeared at Lambeth Palace, before twenty-four learned doctors, with his books, who were to report the result to three auditors—William Waynfleet Bishop of Winchester, Chedworth Bishop of Lincoln, and Lowe of Rochester. He was convicted of heresy, and would have been burnt but for his abjuration of the opinions he had promulgated, which also took place at Lambeth, November 28, 1457. He was then sent to Canterbury, by way of penance, prior to the more public ceremonial that was to take place at Paul's Cross. There he read his abjuration before the Archbishop and others of the clergy, and thousands of spectators, delivering at the same time fourteen of his books to an attendant, who threw them into a fire lighted for the purpose. After all this, the unhappy man was left to die in prison. The finest picture in the whole collection is that of Warham, the prelate next in succession to Morton. It was painted by Holbein, and presented by him to Warham, with the addition of a portrait of Holbein's friend Erasmus. The most remarkable circumstance connected with the palace in this Archbishop's time is the confinement of Latimer in it, most probably for a very brief period, as the fact is mentioned without further particulars. The next portrait in point of time is that of the great Oxford martyr, Cranmer, who, on the 28th of May, 1533, first declared within these walls to the public the marriage of Anne Bullen and the King, and then confirmed it with his judicial and pastoral authority; and who, on the 17th of the same month three years later, having "God alone before his eyes," pronounced in the same place that the marriage of Anne Bullen was, and always had been, utterly null and void, in consequence of certain just and lawful impediments which it was said were unknown at the time of the union, but had lately been confessed to him by the lady herself. Two days after poor Anne Bullen went to the scaffold; and on the third day, her successor, Jane Seymour, to the royal bed.

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* 'Pictorial History of England,' Book V. p. 142.

In the interval between the confirmation and the annulling of this marriage, occurred another interesting, but not, we should presume, very satisfactory event, to Cranmer, who could not but be doubtful of the righteousness of the course he was pursuing. On the 13th of April, 1534, Sir Thomas More and the venerable Bishop Fisher were sent for from the Tower to attend the commissioners then sitting at Lambeth, to administer the oath of succession (which excluded the Princess Mary, the daughter of Queen Catherine, in favour of the heirs of Queen Anne Bullen) to the clergy and others of London who had not already sworn. Neither of these eminent men, it appears, objected so much to the ostensible object of the oath as to the doctrinal points involved in it, and Cranmer had endeavoured to save them by seeking permission to omit the latter. But he failed; and it is highly probable that Cranmer now sent for them in order to try once more to induce them to save themselves by subscribing to the oath in its original state. Both again refused. The following little incident is recorded of Sir Thomas More on this occasion. A certain doctor of Croydon, who had made some difficulty before to the oath, now went up with the rest to be sworn. As he passed More, the latter, turning to Fisher, said, with a satirical smile, "He went to my Lord's buttery-hatch as he passed, and called for drink, and drank very familiarly, whether it were for gladness, or dryness, or that he was known to the Pontiff;"—a remark happily expressive of the doctor's forced endeavours to carry off, with an unconcerned air, what he was doing, and was ashamed of. In 1537 the archbishops and bishops held various meetings here to devise the composition of what has been styled the 'Bishops' Book;' but they were obliged to separate on account of the plague then raging at Lambeth, and which was so virulent that persons were dying at the palace gates. A circumstance that shows how sincerely Cranmer participated in the Reformation, although compelled by circumstances and his own weakness frequently to appear almost in the light of an opponent, is the residence of the eminent French Reformer, Bucer, at Lambeth, who had been invited from his native country by Cranmer. Another guest of the Archbishop's, the Earl Cassilis, came under different auspices. He was taken prisoner in the defeat of the Scottish army at Solway Moss, in 1542, which was attended by such disgraceful circumstances that it broke their King's (James) heart. On reaching London Cassilis was sent to Lambeth Palace on his parole, where Cranmer busied himself with endeavours to turn him from the errors of Popery. The Archbishop succeeded, and it is stated by Bishop Burnet that he was afterwards a great promoter of the Reformation in Scotland. It would have been as well if Cranmer had made Cassilis an honest man as well as a Protestant. Among all those traitors to their native land who, bribed by English gold, were for years endeavouring to place the crown of Scotland upon the head of Henry VIII., Cassilis appears to have played the most conspicuous part. The next portrait that meets our eye reminds us that the religion of the country had again shifted. Cranmer's successor was Cardinal Pole, the man who had made Europe ring again with the murder of Sir Thomas More; who did not, however, return to England till some time after the great Protestant Archbishop had perished with his glorious companions at Oxford. He arrived in 1554, and, having presented himself at court, went in his barge to Lambeth; where soon after he summoned the bishops and inferior clergy then assembled in convocation in London to come to him and be absolved from all their perjuries, heresies, and schisms. Lambeth Palace is said to have been completely furnished by Mary, at her own expense, for the reception of the Cardinal; and she still further honoured him by frequent visits. It is curious enough that they should both have died on one day. The portrait of Pole, though only a copy of one in the Barberini Palace, has great spirit and beauty. It represents him in the splendid dress usually worn by Cardinals. Fuller tells an interesting story of Pole's election to the Popedom:—"After the death of Paul III. he was, at midnight, in the Conclave, chosen to succeed him. Pole refused it, because he would not have his choice a deed of darkness, appearing therein not perfectly Italianized, in not taking preferment when tendered, and the Cardinals beheld his refusal as a deed of dulness. Next day, expecting a re-election, he found new mornings new minds; and Pole being reprobated, Julius III., his professed enemy, was chosen in his place." Next to him we have another Protestant bishop, Parker,—"a parker indeed," exclaims the quaint writer from whom we have just been transcribing, "careful to keep the fences and shut the gates of discipline against all such night stealers as would invade the same,"—whose portrait was, most probably, the work of Richard Lyne, an artist of great merit, whom the prelate retained in his establishment. Two engravers were also kept constantly employed by him, besides a number of the most learned and eminent men of his time, who were engaged in transcribing, collecting, and publishing some of the old historians,—as Matthew Paris, Asser, Walsingham, &c. The bible known as Parker's or the Bishop's Bible was translated under his auspices. He appears for some time to have been as great a favourite with Elizabeth as his predecessor had been with her sister. On his first promotion to the see she committed to his charge the deprived Roman Catholic Bishops, Tonstal and Thirlby, whom Parker treated in a manner that must ever redound to his honour. He could appreciate their conscientious adherence to the old religion, when it came, as in their cases, in a mild and tolerant form, and was based upon extensive learning. Tonstal lived but about four months, and then was buried in the adjoining church, where among other interesting memorials are some of different Archbishops of the see interred therein. Thirlby was the prelate's guest for ten years; during all this time being treated with the greatest respect and attention. A contemporary writer, speaking of Tonstal, Thirlby, and Dr. Boxal, late secretary to Queen Mary, who was also a prisoner here, says, "All these had lodgings to themselves, with chambers for three men, and diet for them all in those lodgings; save only when they were called to the Archbishop's own table (when he dined, as the speech went abroad, out of his own private lodging three days weekly, and then persons of the degree of knights and upwards came to him); fuel for their fire, and candle for their chambers; without any allowance for all this, either from the Queen or from themselves; saving, at their death, he had from them some part of their libraries that they had there. Often had he others committed or commanded unto him from the Queen or Privy Council, to be entertained by him at his charge, as well of other nations, as home subjects; namely, the L . . . as a prisoner, and after, the L. H. Howard, brother to the Duke of Norfolk. Those ever sat (but when they were with the Archbishop himself) at the steward's table, who had provision of diet answerable to their calling, and they had also fuel to their chambers." The body of Bishop Thirlby was accidentally discovered a few years ago, in opening a grave for the interment of Archbishop Cornwallis. It was wrapped in fine linen, moist, and had evidently been preserved in some species of pickle, which still retained its volatile smell, not unlike that of hartshorn; the face was perfect, the limbs flexible, the beard very long and beautifully white; the linen and woollen garments were all well preserved. Elizabeth was a frequent visitor of Parker, though there was one circumstance which must have always prevented the Archbishop from taking any pleasure in this mark of his royal mistress's favour. He was married, and Elizabeth disliked all such ties in connection with the clergy. So strong, indeed, was her feeling on this point, that she appears never to have recognised the Archbishop's lady as his lawful spouse. Although from the first "the Archbishop dissembled not his marriage," yet neither would Queen Elizabeth "dissemble her dislike of it. For whereas it pleased her often to come to his house in respect of her favour to him (that had been her mother's chaplain), being once above the rest greatly feasted, at her parting from thence, the Archbishop and his wife being together, she gave him very special thanks, with gracious and honourable terms; and then looking on his wife, 'And you,' saith she, 'madam I may not call you, and mistress I am ashamed to call you, so I know not what to call you, but yet I do thank you.'"*

Grindall, who succeeded Parker, was less fortunate than the latter, because more tolerant, in his intimacy with the Queen. Persecution had taught him great truths. In the reign of Mary, long before he occupied the see, he had been compelled to exile himself from England, with Coverdale, Fox the martyrologist, and the great Scottish reformer Knox. Soon after his elevation by

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* Harrington's 'Brief View of the Church of England,' p. 3.

Elizabeth he ventured to recommend that milder measures should be used toward the Puritans; the consequence was his own suspension from the duties of his office till the last year of his life. Whitgift, the next Archbishop, was more obsequious and more intolerant; accordingly he had the honour of almost innumerable visits from the Virgin Queen, who stayed sometimes two or three days together. James I. showed him equal favour; his last visit took place on the 28th of February, 1604, when the prelate was dying. The King appears to have been greatly moved at the scene. He told the Archbishop he would pray to God for his life, and that if he could obtain it he should think it one of the greatest temporal blessings that could be given him. The Archbishop would have said something in reply, but his speech failed him; and though he made two or three attempts to write his thoughts, he could not,—the pen falling from his hand through the power of the disease that had seized him, which was paralysis. It is said that Whitgift's death was accelerated by his mortification at James's wholesale interference in the affairs of the church; mingled, perhaps, with considerations of a more personal nature. Whitgift, assisted by certain deputies of the University of Cambridge, had drawn up at Lambeth, in 1594, certain articles, denominated the 'Nine Articles of Lambeth,' of a high Calvinistic tone, which were sent down privately to the University, with a direction from the Archbishop to use them with discretion, as Elizabeth, then on the throne, would not have given her sanction to anything of the kind. On the 14th of the month preceding that in which Whitgift died, her successor, James, held his famous Conference at Hampton Court, when it was proposed to add the Nine Articles to the general established articles of religion. But James, who then for the first time heard of them, immediately declared against needlessly extending the book with such superfluous matter. Scarcely was the breath out of the Archbishop's body when Bancroft, the next possessor of the see, began to infuse his violent spirit into the affairs of the church. Three hundred ministers were silenced or deprived in his primacy of six years. His death, and the elevation of Abbot to the vacant see, greatly improved the position of the Puritans, and they accordingly have treated the memory of the latter with much respect. "He was a man," says Clarendon, "of very morose manners and a very sour aspect, which in that time was called gravity." Hatred to Laud formed, it is said, no inconsiderable part of his motives to lenity towards the Nonconformist Puritans. During his time the commissioners for the trial of ecclesiastical causes sat frequently at Lambeth; and he complains bitterly of the cost it put him to. "I think it may be justified by my officers on oath that since I was Archbishop this thing alone has cost me out of my private estate one thousand pound and a half, and if I did say two thousand it were not much amiss, besides all my trouble of my servants, who neither directly nor indirectly gained five pounds by it in a whole year, but only travel and pains for their master's honour, and of that they had enough, my home being like a hostelry every Thursday in the term; and for my expenses no man giving so much as thanks."* His portrait here is a fine picture, of great expression and brilliant colouring, bearing the date 1610. As James, toward the latter part of his reign, found himself, in spite of his (supposed) predilections for Calvinism, driven by political considerations to discourage that mode of faith, Abbot, the Calvinistic Archbishop, grew out of favour, and was ultimately disgraced and suspended, whilst his rivals and enemies—Laud, Neile, and others—were honoured and promoted at every opportunity. He stood, however, in the way of the former to the Archbishopric for many years. He died on the 4th of August, 1633. Laud writes in his Diary, "That very morning there came one to me, seriously, and that carried ability to perform it, and offered me to be a cardinal. I went presently to the King (Charles I.), and acquainted him both with the thing and the person." He determined, however, to be content with the primacy of England, to which he was appointed on the 19th of the following month. This is the most important and in every way interesting period in the history of Lambeth Palace; and it becomes still more interesting from the circumstance that from the Diary before mentioned we can, without quitting our text, the palace, illustrate his momentous history in his own words:—

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* Whitelock's 'Memorials.'

"1633. Sep. 19.—I was translated to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. The Lord make me able, &c. The day before, viz. Sep. 18, when I first went to Lambeth, my coach, horses, and men sunk to the bottom of the Thames in the ferry-boat, which was overladen; but, I praise God for it, I lost neither man nor horse. 1637. Thursday.—I married James Duke of Lennox to the Lady Mary Villiers, the daughter of the Lord Duke of Buckingham: the marriage was in my chapel at Lambeth; the day very rainy; the King present. 1640. May 9.—A paper posted upon the Old Exchange, animating 'prentices to sack my house upon the Monday following. May 11. Monday night.—At midnight my house was beset with 500 of these rascal routers. I had notice, and strengthened the house as well as I could; and, God be thanked, I had no harm: they continued there full two hours. Since I have fortified my house as well as I can, and hope all may be safe. May 26. Thursday.—One of the chief, being taken, was condemned at Southwark, and *hanged* and quartered on Saturday morning following.* Oct. 27. Tuesday.—Simon and Jude's Eve.—I went into my upper study to see some manuscripts which I was sending to Oxford. In that study hung my picture taken by the life; and coming in, I found it fallen down upon the face, and lying on the floor, the string being broken by which it was hanged against the wall. I am almost every day threatened with my ruin in parliament. God grant this be no omen!

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* "Such a riot was in itself a serious offence, and the leaders of it subjected themselves to punishment, though no harm was done beyond threatening and hard words. But it is atrocious to see the cold-blooded manner in which the head of a Christian Church and the model historian of the royalists can speak of the hanging and quartering of the offender. Clarendon says that the man was a sailor; but neither he nor the Archbishop relates the worst part of the story. Miss Aikin, in her interesting 'Memoirs of the Court of King Charles,' makes up for this deficiency, and corrects some of their mistakes or wilful misrepresentations. She says, 'This person, named John Archer, was a drummer in the north; but, having obtained leave of absence immediately after the dissolution of parliament, he joined in the attack on Lambeth Palace, and was taken into custody. Being rescued from prison by his comrades, he was subsequently proclaimed as a traitor. The captain of his troop in the north, seeing the description of his person in the proclamation, wrote to the council to inform them where he was to be found. Upon this the poor drummer was arrested and paraded through the city by a troop of train-bands to the Tower. "On the Friday following," says a contemporary, "this fellow was racked in the Tower to make him confess his companions. I do fear he is a very simple fellow, and knows little or nothing, neither doth he confess anything save against himself. But it is said there will be mercy showed to save his life; but this is more than I am yet certain of. The King's serjeants, Heath and Whitfield, took his examination on the rack last Friday." It will be recollected that, in the case of Felton, the judges had solemnly decided against the use of torture, as always, and in all circumstances, contrary to the law of England. Its subsequent employment in this case was therefore an enormity destitute of all excuse, and it can scarcely be doubted that it was perpetrated by the direction of Laud himself. In all probability the execution of the wretched victim preserved the atrocious secret in few hands, or it would surely have attracted the notice of the Long Parliament. The circumstance is mentioned by no historian, but the warrant for applying the torture still exists in the State Paper Office.' It has been printed by Mr. Jardine in his interesting tract on the Use of Torture in England."—*Pictorial England*, b. vii. p. 219.

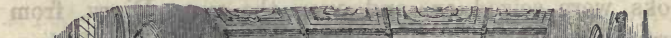
"Dec. 18. Friday.—I was accused by the House of Commons for high treason, without any particular charge laid against me; which they said should be prepared in convenient time. I was presently committed to the gentleman usher; but was permitted to go in his company to my house at Lambeth, for a book or two to read in, and such papers as pertained to my defence against the Scots. I stayed at Lambeth till the evening to avoid the gaze of the people. I went to evening prayer in my chapel. The Psalms of the day (Ps. xciii. and xciv.) and chap. l. of Isaiah gave me great comfort. God make me worthy of it, and fit to receive it! As I went to my barge, hundreds of my poor neighbours stood there, and prayed for my safety and return to my house. For which I bless God and them.

"1642. Aug. 19.—A party of soldiers [went to Lambeth] to search for arms, and, under that pretence, broke open doors and committed other outrages. Nov. 24.—The soldiers broke open the chapel-door, and offered violence to the organ, but were prevented by their captain. 1643. May 1.—The chapel windows were defaced, and the steps torn up." Lastly. May 9.—All the Archbishop's goods and books were seized on, and even the very Diary, from which the preceding extracts have been transcribed, taken by force out of his pocket.

We need not follow his history further, as it so soon ended on the scaffold, whither his royal master was speedily to follow him. His portrait is by Vandyck; we need hardly therefore say that it is a very fine one. Close to this picture is the portrait of Juxon, the prelate who attended Charles in his last moments, and received that mysterious communication conveyed in the word "Remember," which has so puzzled historians to understand. No unusual space exists between the two portraits; one would think, from merely looking at them, that no interruption had taken place. Yet what a momentous period had passed when Juxon received the appointment to the primacy in 1660—a period more thronged with great men and great events than any period of similar extent, whether in our own or in any other country! It was not probable that the men in power during that time should have much respect for Lambeth Palace, the late residence of him whose memory was linked in their minds with the atrocities of the Star Chamber. We have seen in Laud's Diary that it was occupied and defaced by troops; who, however, after all, did no very serious injury. By the Commonwealth Lambeth Palace was ordered to be used as a prison; and among the prisoners confined there were the Earls of Chesterfield and Derby; Sir Thomas Armstrong, afterwards executed for his participation in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion; Dr. Allestry, an eminent divine; and Richard Lovelace, the poet. Sir George Bunkley, also, it is supposed, died here in confinement: his name is on the parish register. He was one of the party who so distinguished themselves in the defence of Basing House. Lambeth was put up to sale in 1648, and purchased with the manor for 7073*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.* by Colonel Thomas Scot and Matthew Hardyng. The former was Cromwell's secretary of state, and had sat on the trial of Charles I., for which he was executed, after the Restoration, at Charing Cross, in 1660. During the period

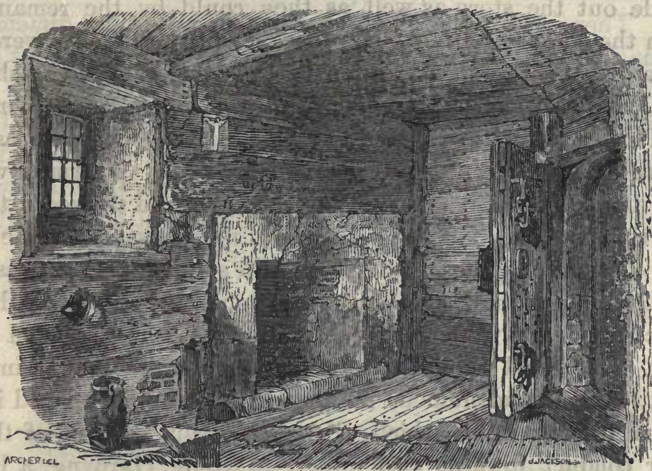
Lambeth was thus occupied, the great hall was nearly destroyed, and the chapel used in its room. To restore the palace to its former splendour was the great object of Archbishop Juxon, on his appointment to the see at the Restoration; and although he lived scarcely three years afterwards, he had the satisfaction of seeing his wishes very nearly accomplished. In all, he expended nearly fifteen thousand pounds in this way. The remainder of the portraits which enrich the Guard-room are those of Sheldon; Sancroft, who was one of the seven prelates committed by James II. to the Tower; Tillotson, of whom a very characteristic circumstance is related—his study was over the old hall-door, from which he had peep-holes into the hall, court, &c., so that he could see every one who passed in or out of the palace; Tenison, who had the honour of a visit from Peter the Great, to witness the ceremonies attending an ordination; Wake; Potter; Herring, whose portrait is by Hogarth: Hutton, by Hudson; Secker, by Reynolds; Cornwallis, by Dance, in whose time the palace had nearly been destroyed by a "No Popery" riot; Moore; and Sutton.

From the Guard-room there is a passage through some private apartments down to the vestry, in which is preserved a very splendid old chest, covered inside and out with figures and landscapes in relief, wonderfully elaborate. It is evidently a foreign work, said to be Chinese. From the vestry we pass into the chapel.



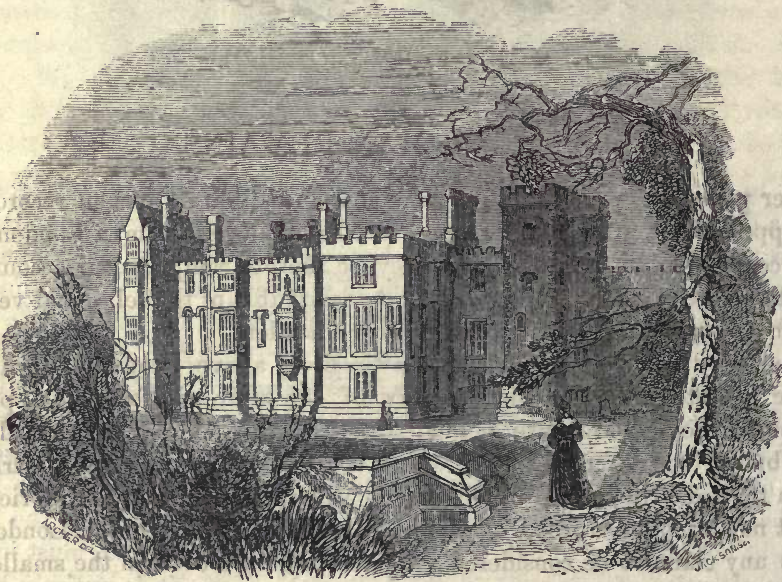
[The Chapel.]

This is probably of Boniface's original erection; for the walls and windows are evidently very ancient, though partially deprived of their character by the modern roof, and painted screen, and furniture. The dimensions of the chapel are seventy-two feet in length, twenty-five in breadth, and thirty in height. The western window, like the eastern in its original state, which is shown in the accompanying view, consists of five lights set between deep and massive masonry. The screen, which is very elaborate, was, with the other internal decorations, added by Laud. It is a strange circumstance that all this beautiful timber-work of *oak* should be painted. Before the civil war there was very fine painted glass in the windows of the chapel, representing the whole history of man from the Creation to the Day of Judgment. The windows being divided into three parts, those on the side contained the types in the Old Testament, and the middle portion the anti-type and verity in the New. Laud, on coming to Lambeth, found the windows "shameful to look on, all diversly patched, like a poor beggar's coat,"—and repaired them. This circumstance, it appears, was produced against him at his trial, his accusers alleging "that he did repair the story of those windows by their like in the Mass-book." The Archbishop, in denial, affirmed that he and his secretary had made out the story as well as they could by the remains that were unbroken. In the course of a few years these beautiful windows were all defaced by the Puritans. There was an organ in the chapel in Archbishop Parker's time, and in Laud's. The great memory of the chapel is its connexion with Archbishop Parker, who was consecrated here, Miles Coverdale assisting, and who, dying, directed his remains to be buried in it. A friend wrote a very favourable epitaph whilst the primate was yet alive, and showed it to him. The Archbishop's reply was very happy. He could not, he said, assume the description of such a character to himself, but he would so make use of it as to attain as far as possible the good qualities and virtues it specified. In 1648 the monument with this inscription was taken away; for, Lambeth House then coming into the possession of Colonel Scot, he, wanting to turn the chapel into a hall or dancing-room, found this monument in his way, and so demolished it. Nor was that all. With the fanaticism which all the religious parties of the day exhibited in their conduct towards each other, Matthew Hardyng, a Puritan (and Archbishop Parker had been no friend to the Puritans), caused his body to be dug up, stripped of its leaden covering, which was sold, and the venerable remains to be buried in a dunghill, where they remained till after the Restoration. Sir William Dugdale had the honour of procuring their restoration. He heard of the matter accidentally, and immediately repaired to Archbishop Sancroft, by whose diligence, aided by an order from the House of Lords, the bones were found and again buried in the chapel. A stone, with the following inscription (translated from the Latin original), now marks the place: "The body of Matthew (Parker), Archbishop, here rests at last." Sancroft also caused the monument to be again erected to his memory, with a long inscription, in the part of the chapel divided from the rest by the screen. From the chapel we pass through a very fine and very ancient gateway into the Post-room. We do not anywhere find the idea thrown out that this gateway, with the large window above, now partly filled up, as shown in our drawing, formed in all probability an exterior front to the chapel long before the building of the Lollards' Tower; yet such no doubt was the case. Of the origin or purpose of the Post-room, which derives its name from a stout pillar in the centre, we can gather no information from the local historians. It forms the lowest story of the Lollards' Tower; is it possible that it was intended for the personal punishment of the unfortunate heretics confined above? It is on record, as we have already seen, that the builder of the Tower, Chicheley, found during his time the impossibility of punishing all heretics with death, and the inconvenience, and, as perhaps he thought, the inefficiency, of merely confining them; whipping and other severe and degrading punishments were consequently adopted. We fear that the Post-room was expressly set apart for this purpose. A low door in one corner originally led, we have been informed, to the crypt beneath, an exceedingly fine work, with groined roof, the whole size of the chapel, and the restoration of which to its pristine state would be an act worthy of the enlightened prelate who has already done so much for the palace, and who, we are informed, also meditates the complete restoration of the chapel. Upwards this door led by a stone staircase, now ruinous, to the gallery of the chapel, and across that into the staircase to the Lollards' prison. But the ordinary way to this room lies through a door on the opposite side of the Post-room. Entering through this door, we follow the winding track that many have gone before under circumstances requiring the highest efforts of their minds to enable them to bear up under the inflictions that awaited them. The strength they sought, however, was given to them. These prison-walls have doubtless witnessed many an agonizing effort to stun the voices of wives, children, friends, whispering to them of the relief that was to be purchased by apostacy; they have doubtless also witnessed the sublime victory that these gallant spirits have achieved. Could we know all the separate histories of the men whose handwriting lies on the wall of this strange-looking room, what glorious revelations into the dim but holy recesses of the human heart might not be given to us! There is one circumstance that must instantly arrest the attention of every one in the Lollards' prison: it is entirely boarded over—floor, ceiling, and walls. Could this have been done by Chicheley, who was not an unfeeling man when out of the performance of what he esteemed his duties, for the comfort of his prisoners; or was it necessary for their safety during the winter? In another respect this prison was far from being an unpleasant one, considered simply as a prison. The dash of falling oars into the water—the sighing of the wind in the tree-tops close to the window—the melody of the birds, who would sing as merrily for the heretics as for the orthodox Archbishop himself—must have materially lessened the horrors of captivity. A pleasing picture too rises to the mind's eye, as we contemplate the

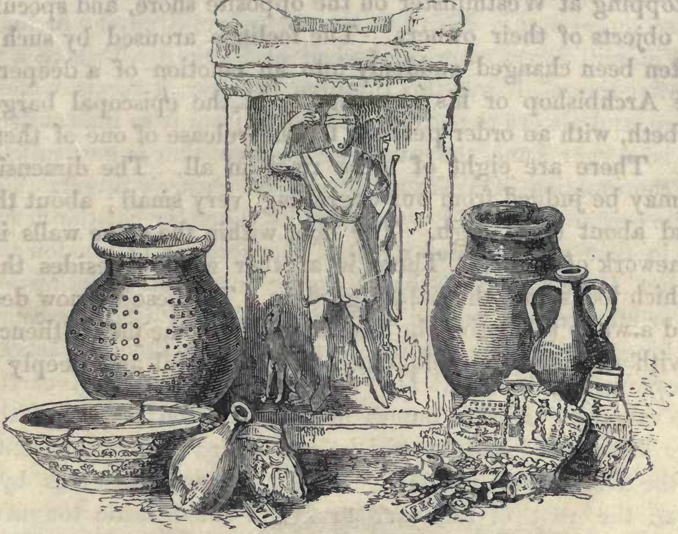


[The Lollards' Prison.]

disposition of one of the rings—immediately under the principal window. The person who had that post might, no doubt, have been often heard telling his companions of what he saw passing on the river; noticing the splendid barges continually stopping at Westminster on the opposite shore, and speculating as to the names or objects of their owners. The feelings aroused by such narrations must have often been changed suddenly into an emotion of a deeper nature, as they saw the Archbishop or his messengers, in the episcopal barge, crossing towards Lambeth, with an order perhaps for the release of one of them, perhaps for his death. There are eight of these rings in all. The dimensions of the room are, as may be judged from our engraving, very small; about thirteen feet by twelve, and about eight high. The door within the stone walls is set in an immense framework of timber. There is another window besides that we have mentioned, which looks into the palace gardens. To these we now descend, and, having paused a while to admire the exquisite view of the palace thence obtained, finally quit, with no unnatural reluctance, this beautiful and deeply interesting place.



[Lambeth Palace—Garden View.]



[Altar of Apollo, and Vases:—See pp. 293, 294.]

XVI.—THE ROMAN REMAINS.

In a former paper we endeavoured, by the combined light of ancient records and existing appearances, to trace the history and the limits of Roman London; but our space confined us to that general survey, so that, to complete our account, we have still to notice at least some of the most remarkable of the relics and vestiges of the Roman occupation that the waste of time has left.

Of these there are now few, if any, to be seen above ground. Perhaps a few of the lowest courses of the masonry of the wall still forming a part of Mr. Atkinson's hemp-warehouse behind America Crescent may be regarded as Roman;* but of the Roman towers which Woodward and Maitland describe as existing in their day in Houndsditch and the Vineyard, behind the Minories, not a fragment now remains visible. And certainly no other building in London yet in use has any claim to be considered a Roman structure even in the smallest or oldest portion of it. Even in the shape of a mere ruin there is, we believe, nothing now standing of the Roman age.

To the eye, however, of one learned antiquary at least, the metropolis and its neighbourhood so recently as in the latter half of the last century still presented numerous legible memorials of Julius Cæsar himself, and of the state of things that earliest invader found established among the Britons under their native kings. In Long Acre—which can scarcely be said to have to the unlearned anything particularly poetical either in the sound or the sight—the ingenious Stukeley saw as plainly as if it had been a recollection of his boyhood the *Long Agger* of the ancient British metropolis—" the magnificent circus, or racecourse, founded by Eli, father of Immanuence and of Casvelhan! And indeed it may be observed, that, although it has been found necessary to discontinue the horse and chariot races, the street is still famous for its coach-builders, who may be considered as no bad representatives of the original character of the locality in our more mechanical age." Eli's tumulus, or grave, Stukeley further informs us, was "on Windmill Street edge, at the end of Piccadilly," where a windmill was erected in after-times. It was this tumulus, or *agger*, it seems, which gave name to Long Acre, and also to the street descending from it to the south called Hedge Lane, that is, Agger Lane, the same, we believe, that is now called Whitcombe Street, the continuation of Wardour Street and Prince's Street. The *agger*, too, is plainly the origin of the Edgeware Road. Then, is not the very name of Eli still heard in that of the chief street of the west end of London? For what is Piccadilly, but *Peak Cad Eli*—that is, being interpreted, the *tumulus ducis Eli*, the barrow or monumental mound of the royal Eli? "Cad is a common name of the Welsh kings," adds the worthy Doctor, with all the satisfaction of a mathematician pronouncing his Q. E. D. But the most awkward corruption of all which these venerable British names have undergone is that of the site of the chief temple of ancient London—which from *Kneph Agger*, that is, the Agger or Mount of the Divinity (so called by the Egyptians, as well as by the Druids, from *canaph*, the root of the verb to fly, in the Semitic tongues), has been actually transformed by modern ignorance into *Knaves' Acre!* Whereabouts the said Knaves' Acre may be to be looked for we do not precisely know—but we greatly fear the place, if it were discovered, would be found to have retained but little of its old odour of sanctity, any more than the name. We recollect nothing to match this odd instance of the slipperiness of human speech, except the perversion of the pious old tavern legend of *God Encompasseth Us* into the sign of the *Goat and Compasses*.

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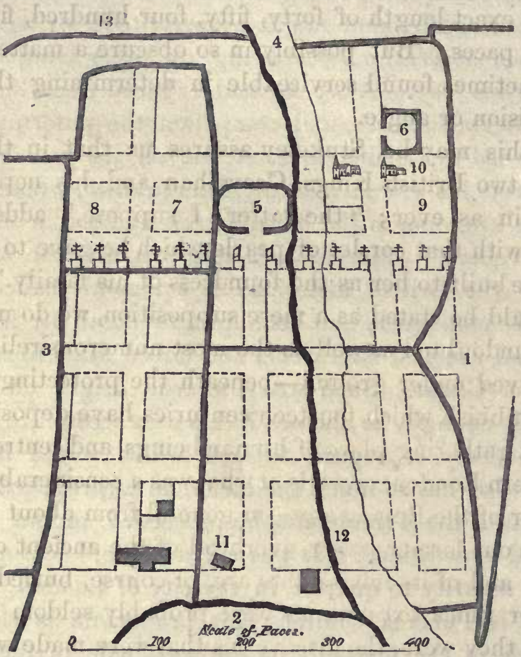
* See No. IX. p. 163.

The greatest of Stukeley's discoveries, however, is that of a camp of Julius Cæsar, "no farther off than Pancras Church." "It is easy," says the enthusiastic old man, "to imagine the pleasure to be found in an agreeable walk from my situation in Queen Square through the fields that lead me to the footsteps of Cæsar, when, without going to foreign parts, I can tread the ground which he trode. By finding out several of his camps I was enabled off-hand to distinguish them; and they are very different from all others we meet withal." Stukeley, who, after commencing life as a physician, had, on the plea of ill-health, subsided into a clergyman, and, as incumbent of St. George the Martyr, in Queen Square, had, after the performance of all the duty that was expected from him in that capacity, as matters were then managed, at least six days in every week to spend, without disturbing or being disturbed by anybody, in any innocent way that suited his fancy, seems to have pored over this imaginary camp at St. Pancras till he must have almost believed that he had himself been present at the formation of it in some previous state of existence. Certainly Pythagoras never expressed himself more confidently about the events of the Trojan war, in which he had served as Euphorbus the son of Panthous, than does the reverend Doctor touching the minutest circumstances of the famous Roman's arrival and sojourn at this interesting spot. Cæsar, he informs us, having crossed the Thames at the Coway Stakes, where the name of Chertsey still preserves his memory as Cherbourg does in France, encamped on Greenfield Common, near Staines,

" where a splendid embassy came to him from the Londoners, desiring his alliance and protection, and that he would restore their prince Mandubrace, who was then in his retinue." " To his little camp, or prætorium, on this account," adds our communicative recorder of these long-past transactions, " he orders another to be drawn round it, for reception of these ambassadors and their prince, together with forty hostages, which he demanded, and corn for his army." A second " appendix" to this camp was afterwards ordered for the reception of other ambassadors who came from the Cenimanni, the Segontiaci, &c. Having finished his business with these deputations, Cæsar then moved forward to attack Cassivellaunus, or Casvelhan, as the name ought properly to be written, who had retreated to his fortified town at Watford—throwing up other camps, the description of which we omit, on his way. After he had reduced Casvelhan's two strongholds of Watford and Rickmansworth, and compelled the unfortunate king's complete submission, he turned to London, and set out on his march upon that capital, " effectually to serve his friend and ally Mandubrace, whose protection he had undertaken, in the kingdom of the Trinobantes, and reconcile him to his subjects and his uncle Casvelhan." Mandubrace, it seems, was the son of Immanuence, the same who by the British historians is commonly called Lud, that is, the Brown; Lud, or Immanuence, had been put to death by his ambitious brother Casvelhan, who had usurped his throne, and forced Mandubrace to fly to Gaul to implore the aid of Cæsar. Such was the true origin of Cæsar's invasion—although, strangely enough, he chooses in his own account to be altogether silent, possibly out of modesty, in regard to facts which would have gone so far to justify what otherwise has so much the air of an unprovoked aggression. However, to the capital of the Trinobantes he proceeded, to put the finishing stroke to his disinterested expedition. " It was not suitable," continues our author, " to his honour or his security to quarter in the city of London; but he pitched his camp where now is Pancras Church; his prætorium is still very plain, over against the church, in the footpath, on the west side of the brook; the vallum and the ditch visible; its breadth from east to west forty paces; its length from north to south sixty paces. This was his prætorium, where his own tent was pitched in the centre; the prætorian cohorts around it. There was no great magnificence in Cæsar's tent, here placed; it was not his manner. . . . . When I came attentively to consider the situation of it, and the circumjacent ground, I easily discerned the traces of his whole camp: a great many ditches, or divisions of the pastures, retain footsteps of the plan of the camp; . . . and whenever I take a walk thither, I enjoy a visionary scene of the whole camp of Cæsar; . . . a scene as just as if beheld, and Cæsar present." And again:—" North of the churchyard is a square moated about, in length north and south forty paces, in breadth east and west thirty; the entrance to the west. It was originally the prætorium of Mandubrace, king of London, and of the Trinobantes. The ditches have been dug deep to make a kitchen-garden for the rector of the church, from whom I suppose in after-times it has been alienated. Hither Casvelhan was sent for, and reconciled to his nephew, enjoined not to injure him as an ally of Rome, assigned what tribute he should annually pay, what number of hostages he should send to him into Gaul, &c." All this, it must be confessed, bears a portentous resemblance to the harangue of the worthy Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns on the ancient fortifications discovered at the Kaim of Kinprunes:

"Here, then, let us take our stand on this tumulus, exhibiting the foundation of ruined buildings,—the central point—the *prætorium,* doubtless, of the camp. From this place, now scarce to be distinguished, but by its slight elevation and its greener turf, from the rest of the fortification, we may suppose Agricola to have looked forth on the immense army of Caledonians," &c. &c. It is difficult, with this scene in one's memory, to read Stukeley's elaborate dissertation without anticipating the sudden intrusion of some Edie Ochiltree, with his "Prætorian here, prætorian there, I mind the bigging o' t."



[Cæsar's Camp at St. Pancras Church; reduced from the Plan in Stukeley's 'Itinerarium Curiosum.']

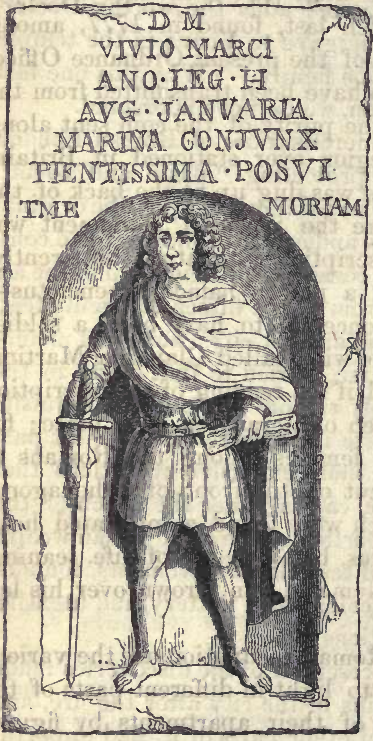
1. Porta Principalis.
2. Porta Prætoria.
3. Porta Quæstoria.
4. Porta Decumana.
5. Cæsar's Prætorium.
6. Prætorium of Mandubrace.
7. The Quæstorium.
8. Station of Marc Antony.
9. Station of Quintus Cicero.
10. Old St. Pancras Church.
11. The Brill.
12. The river Fleet, with the old road to Kentish Town along its left bank.
13. Fig Lane.

Whether any traces of this St. Pancras camp of Cæsar's, or Stukeley's, are still supposed to be distinguishable, we do not know; nor indeed are we aware that it has ever revealed itself to anybody, its discoverer himself excepted—whose description, published in the Second, or posthumous, Century of his *Itinerarium Curiosum,* is dated October 1758. Yet some of the particulars he notices are curious enough. The fact of a Roman encampment having once occupied this ground he conceives to be attested by the name of the Brill, which is still given to what was formerly a hamlet a few hundred yards to the south of the churchyard, and is now a nexus of lanes and courts behind the west side of Brewer Street. A tavern at the southern extremity of that street is also, we believe, called the Brill. The Brill is the name of a village in Buckinghamshire, which Camden thinks must have been an old Roman station from the number of Roman coins that have been found in it; and he supposes the name to be a contraction of Bury or Burgh Hill, which is what the Saxons would have called an ancient fortified place on an elevated site. The former importance of this Buckinghamshire Brill is further evidenced by its having been a royal village of Edward the Confessor. Camden also mentions a Roman camp near Chichester which retains this same name of the Brill or the Brile. And we have the town of Briel, or the Brill, as it is often called, in the isle of East Voorn, in the Netherlands, which is supposed, as well as our St. Pancras Brill, to have been originally one of Cæsar's camps. It is remarkable, too, that Stukeley, when he proceeded to survey this camp by pacing its boundaries, should, as he tells us, have "found everywhere even and great numbers;" that is, that the lines of limitation and intersection were each of the exact length of forty, fifty, four hundred, five hundred, or some such number of paces. But possibly in so obscure a matter the round number of paces was sometimes found serviceable in determining the position of an all but invisible division or angle.

However all this may be, Stukeley assures us that in this camp at Pancras Cæsar made the two British Kings, Casvelhan and his nephew Mandubrace, as good friends again as ever; "the latter, I suppose," adds the worthy Doctor, "presented him with that corslet of pearls which he gave to Venus in the temple at Rome which he built to her as the foundress of his family." Why this one fact in particular should be stated as a mere supposition, we do not understand.

But the most undoubted as well as the most numerous relics of Roman London have been preserved under ground—beneath the protecting "paste and cover" of the dust and rubbish which fourteen centuries have deposited upon the original floor of this great gathering-place of human beings, and centre of industry and commerce. The modern Londoner dwells at what was a considerable height up in the air to his predecessor of the Roman age—in general from about fifteen to twenty feet, as we observed in our former paper, overhead of the ancient city; and most memorials of the latter and of its inhabitants are, of course, buried to that depth in the earth. In former times excavations were probably seldom made to the requisite depth, and when they were, the discoveries that were made were for the most part left unrecorded and were soon forgotten; but the more extensive operations that have been carried on for the improvement of the capital since the epoch of the Great Fire have brought to light a considerable portion of the antiquarian wealth of what is called the Roman stratum, consisting of tessellated pavements, foundations of buildings and other architectural remains, coins, urns, pottery, and utensils, tools, and ornaments of a great variety of descriptions.

Unfortunately, no complete account has been preserved of the discoveries made by Wren, who, in the course of surveying the ruins of the city after the fire, and superintending the rebuilding of St. Paul's, and of other parts of it, had opportunities of examining what lay deep under the surface of the earth in all the principal localities. The article of greatest interest which is mentioned as having come into his hands was a small sepulchral monument of stone, exhibiting both an inscription and an effigy, which was found near Ludgate. It is now among the Arundel Marbles at Oxford. The stone is so much mutilated that neither the words nor the figure can be quite distinctly made out; and the various copies that have been given of both must be regarded as in some particulars rather conjectural restorations than accurate transcripts. The inscription, however, commencing with the usual formula, D. M., for *Diis Manibus,* intimating a dedication to the Manes or departed spirit of the deceased, seems to record that the stone was erected by his most loving wife Januaria Marina (or perhaps Matrina), in memory of Vivius Marcianus, a soldier of the Second Legion. It has been commonly assumed from the dress in which he is represented that Marcianus must have been a native Briton; but we may remark that it was not usual for the natives of any of the provinces who were taken into the armies of the Empire to be allowed to serve in their own countries. If the person to whom this monument was raised, therefore, was a barbarian at all, it is most likely that he was of other than British birth. But in truth nearly all the points of his attire and accoutrements are so uncertainly delineated on the mutilated stone that anything like a complete or consistent picture of the whole can only be made out by an exercise of fancy. We give the most approved version of the rude and half-obliterated sculpture, representing the deceased, according to Pennant's description, "with long hair, a short lower garment fastened round the waist by a girdle and fibula, a long sagum or plaid flung over his breast and one arm, ready to be cast off in time of action, naked legs, and in his right hand a sword of vast length, like the claymore of the later Highlanders: the point is represented resting on the ground: in his left hand is a short instrument, with the end seemingly broken off." Pennant regards this as the picture of "a British soldier, probably of the *Cohors Britonum*, dressed and armed after the manner of the country."* But it might serve very well, in truth, for that of any Roman soldier. However, in other professed copies of the figure both the hair and the sword are short, instead of long; the sword is held across the body, instead of with its point resting on the ground; and the cloak is brought not over the right shoulder and arm, but over the left! "Such tricks hath strong imagination" in our draughtsmen and engravers.



[Sepulchral Stone found at Ludgate.]

Wren conjectured that this soldier might have been buried in the vallum of what he, or the writer of the Parentalia, calls the Prætorian camp, which must mean the encampment of the officer holding the chief command at London when it was a mere military station. Of course there was nothing that could with any propriety be called a prætorian camp among the permanent features or appendages of Roman London, although the antiquarians are in the habit of repeating after one another that the eminence on which St. Paul's now stands was appropriated to that purpose. Possibly, however, the city may have been guarded by a fortress in this neighbourhood—though it is more likely that such an erection would be placed on the bank of the river, where Baynard's Castle or the Castle of Montfichet was afterwards built, than on the site of the Cathedral. And the precinct of a fort so situated might very well have extended as far northwards as the spot where the monument of Marcianus was found. In fact we know that in a later age the fossa or ditch of the royal fortress called the Palatine Tower, which appears to have occupied the same site with Baynard's Castle, included part of what is now St. Paul's Churchyard; for when Bishop Richard de Beaumeis in the reign of Henry I. built the first complete wall around the churchyard he obtained a grant from the King of so much of the said ditch as should be required for the wall and a street outside of it. Nay, the words of the charter seem to imply that the foss had also partially encompassed the church on the north side before it had been encroached upon by the Bishop's operations.[*] The probability, therefore, is, that during the Roman occupation the fort at the western extremity of the city may have stretched its boundaries from the river as far as Ludgate—which would scarcely be a greater extent of space than seems to have been embraced by the limits of the similar stronghold in the east, situated where the Tower now stands. We have had occasion to notice in a former paper several military monuments resembling the Ludgate stone which were found in the latter neighbourhood on different occasions in the latter part of the last century;[†] as well as some coins and an ingot of silver—which last, found in 1777, among some foundations of ancient building on the site of the present Ordnance Office, and bearing the name of Honorius, is supposed to have been transmitted from the imperial mint for the purpose of ascertaining the purity of the coin sent along with it—perhaps the pay for the last Roman legion ever stationed in Britain. In July 1806, among other ancient remains, there was dug up at the back of the London Coffeehouse, very near the spot where the Arundel monument was found, another sepulchral monument with an inscription intimating, apparently, that it had been raised to his deceased wife by a person named Anencletus—whom Gough, from the epithet *Provincialis,* conceives to have been a soldier belonging to a troop raised in the province. The wife, called Claudina Martina, is described as having been only eleven years old, if the reading of the inscription may be trusted. But perhaps something has been obliterated at this place; for it was not customary, if it was even legal, for females among the Romans to marry at so early an age. The inscription was cut on the front of a hexagonal pedestal, bordered with foliage; along with which were found a mutilated head of a woman, and the trunk of a statue of Hercules, half the size of life, leaning, as usual, on his club, and with the skin of the Nemæan lion thrown over his left shoulder. [‡]

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* Some Account of London, p. 16.

Among the most interesting relics of the Roman occupation are the various tessellated pavements that have been brought to light in different parts of the City. The custom of ornamenting the floors of their apartments by figures formed of *tesseræ,* or small pieces of coloured pebble, marble, artificial stone, and glass, was probably not introduced among the Romans till after the destruction of the Republic. Suetonius notes it as one of the sumptuous habits of Julius Cæsar in the latter part of his career that he used on his marches to carry about with him such pavements, or rather, probably, quantities of the materials for forming them—*tessellata et sectilia pavimenta*—with which it has been supposed he floored his prætorium wherever he pitched his camp. How this species of decoration has come in modern times to receive the name of Mosaic-work is matter of dispute—though the term is commonly supposed to be a corruption of *Museum* or *Musivum,* which Pliny and other later Roman writers seem to speak of as a kind of ornamental pavement, or rather ceiling—so called, it is conjectured, because it may have been originally used in caves or grottos consecrated to the Muses. It may be observed, however, that the tessellated pavements of the ancients have little pretension to rank with the Mosaic pictures of modern times, in which, by the aid of a vast variety of colours, almost as perfect a gradation of shades is effected as could be produced by the pencil. The Roman tessellated pavements in general present only the simplest patterns, such as a scroll border with an indifferently drawn human or animal figure in the centre; and most of them are composed of not more than two or three different colours. In some rare instances, however, the tints are considerably more numerous. The most magnificent specimen yet discovered in London was found in December 1803, in Leadenhall Street, immediately in front of the easternmost columns of the portico of the India House. It lay at the depth of only nine feet and a half below the street, which therefore had not been raised at this spot nearly so high above the Roman level as in most other parts of the city. Unfortunately, the line of an old sewer which ran across the street had cut away above a third of the pavement on the east side; but the central compartment, a square of eleven feet, remained nearly entire, as well as the greater part of the border. Altogether, the apartment of which it had been the floor appeared to have been a room of more than twenty feet square. The device occupying the centre was a figure of Bacchus, reclining on the back of a tiger, holding his thyrsus erect in his left hand, while a small two-handed drinking-cup hung from his right; a wreath of vine-leaves circling his forehead—a purple and green mantle falling from his right shoulder, and gathered round his waist—with a sandal on his extended left foot, the lacing of which reached to the calf of the leg. This design was surrounded by three circular borders; the first exhibiting, on a party-coloured field composed of dark grey, light grey, and red ribands, a serpent with a black back and white belly; the second, a series of white cornucopiæ indented in black; the third and outermost, a succession of concave squares. In two of the angular spaces between this last circle and the circumscribing rectangular border were double-handed drinking-cups; in the other two, delineations of some unknown plant; both figures wrought in dark grey, red, and black, on a white ground. The square border surrounding the whole consisted of two distinct belts—one described as bearing "some resemblance to a bandeau of oak, in dark and light grey, red, and white, on a black ground;" the other exhibiting "eight lozenge figures, with ends in the form of hatchets, in black on a white ground, enclosing circles of black, on each of which was the common ornament, a true lovers' knot." Beyond this was a margin at least five feet broad, formed of plain red tiles, each an inch square. We annex such a copy as a woodcut can produce of this elaborate design, taken from a coloured print published soon after its disinterment by Mr. Thomas Fisher, accompanied with the description to which we have been indebted for the above particulars. "In this beautiful specimen of Roman Mosaic," says Mr Fisher, "the drawing, colouring, and shadows are all effected with considerable skill and ingenuity by the use of about twenty separate tints, composed of tessellæ of different materials, the major part of which are baked earths; but the more brilliant colours of green and purple, which form the drapery, are glass. These tessellæ are of different sizes and figures, adapted to the situations they occupy in the design. They are placed in rows either straight or curved, as occasion demanded, each tessella presenting to those around it a flat side: the interstices of mortar being thus very narrow, and the bearing of the pieces against each other uniform, the work in general possessed much strength, and was very probably, when uninjured by damp, nearly as firm to the foot as solid stone. The tessellæ used in forming the ornamented borders were in general somewhat larger than those in the figures, being cubes of half an inch." This Leadenhall Street tessellated pavement, which lay on a bed of lime and brick-dust, an inch in thickness, was taken up at the charge of the East India Company, but was broken to pieces in the process; the fragments of it, however, were deposited in the Company's Library.

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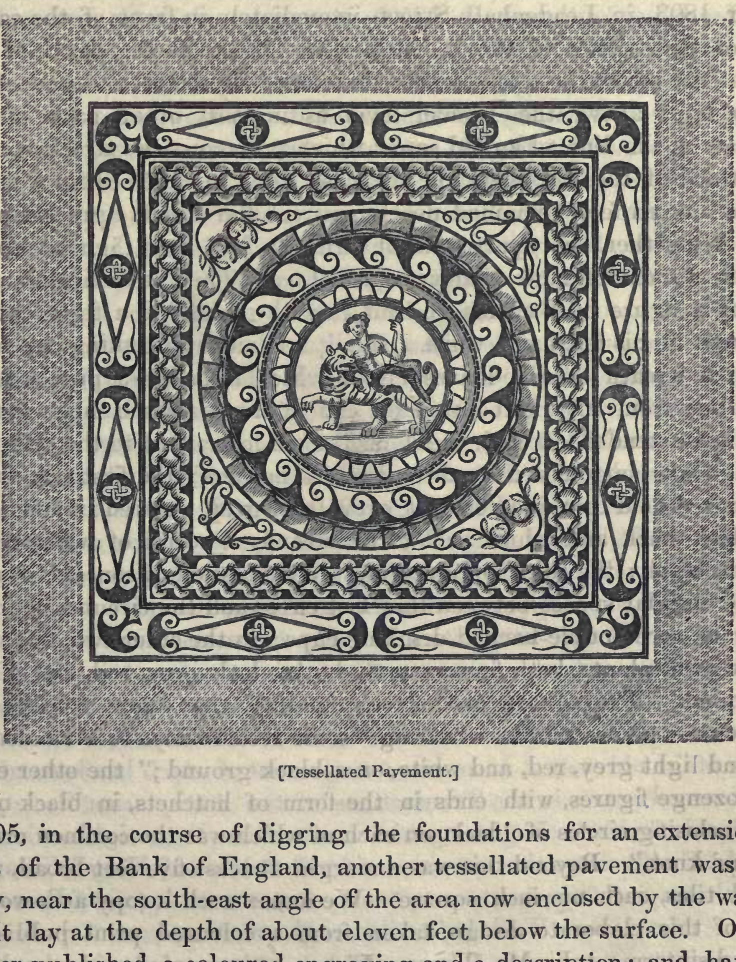
[*] The words are—"Tantum de fossato mei castelli ex parte Tamesis ad meridiem quantum opus fuerit ad faciendum murum ejusdem ecclesiæ, et tantum de eodem fossato quantum sufficiat ad faciendum viam extra murum; *et, ex altera parte ecclesiæ ad aquilonem,* quantum prædictus episcopus de eodem fossato diruit."—*Dugdale's Hist. of St. Paul's Cathedral, by Ellis, Append.* p. 365. The expression *ad aquilonem* can hardly be understood as meaning on the north side of the castle, the preceding *ad meridiem* clearly referring to the south side of the church.

[†] See No. IX. p. 159.



[Tessellated Pavement.]

In 1805, in the course of digging the foundations for an extension of the buildings of the Bank of England, another tessellated pavement was found in Lothbury, near the south-east angle of the area now enclosed by the walls of the Bank. It lay at the depth of about eleven feet below the surface. Of this too Mr. Fisher published a coloured engraving and a description; and, having been taken up without sustaining any injury under the direction of the late Mr. Soane, the architect, it was presented by the Directors of the Bank to the British

Museum, where it may still be seen. But it is not to be compared to the Leadenhall Street specimen either in design or workmanship. Its dimensions are only four feet each way, and it occupied the centre of a floor of eleven feet square. The central figure seems designed to represent four expanded leaves; the rectangular border is similar to the innermost of the two stripes forming the double border of the other pavement. Mr. Fisher states, that, "on examining the fragments of the marginal pavement which had been taken up with it, evident marks of fire were observed on the face of them; and to one piece adhered some ashes of burnt wood, and a small piece not quite burnt."

Other tessellated pavements are recorded to have been discovered in Bush Lane, Cannon Street, in 1666; near St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, in 1681; at Crutched Friars in 1787; behind the old Navy Pay Office in Broad Street, in Northumberland Alley, Fenchurch Street, and in Long Lane, Smithfield, about the beginning of the present century; near the Church of St. Dunstan's in the East in 1824; in East Cheap in 1831; at St. Clement's Church, and in Lothbury, opposite to Founders' Court, in 1834; in Crosby Square in 1836; behind Winchester House in Southwark in 1650; in various places on both sides of the Borough High Street at different times from 1818 to 1831; and in a few other localities. But in few or none of these instances has either the pavement itself been preserved or even any description of it. Within these few weeks what appeared to a somewhat hurried and not very close view to be a very perfect and rather elegant specimen was brought to light in pulling down the French Protestant Church in Threadneedle Street, at the depth apparently of nine or ten feet under where the floor of the church had been, immediately within and a little to the left of the principal entry. This, we understood, it was intended to have carefully taken up, and it will probably be deposited in some public museum or private collection. But it was more interesting to look down upon it there where it lay on the very spot which it had occupied for certainly more than fourteen centuries—where the eye of admiration had first rested upon it, and it had borne the actual tread of Roman feet, mingling in the dance or other social assemblage, in the palmy days of that buried civilization, when what was now a darksome pit dug in the earth had made part of an airy, glittering domicile, full of light and life. The colours, among which a deep yellow or tawny predominated, looked wonderfully fresh and glowing—thus still more strongly forcing upon the imagination the presence of the past.

Of the other Roman antiquities recently discovered in London, the most numerous, various, and interesting are those that were found in 1834, 1835, and 1836, in the course of the operations connected with the opening of the magnificent new thoroughfare leading across the heart of the City from London Bridge to the line of the old wall at Moorgate; an account of which has been given in an able and learned paper in the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society by Mr. Charles Roach Smith.* Beginning his survey from the neighbourhood of the bridge, Mr. Smith states that on either side of the line of King William Street, "at a depth ranging from fourteen to twenty feet, the evidences of Roman habitations became numerous. Walls built with rough unhewn pieces of chalk (cemented by the firm mortar peculiar to Roman edifices), and containing in many instances an admixture of flints, were from time to time made visible." Adjoining to St. Clement's Church, in St. Clement's Lane, East Cheap, was found the tessellated pavement noticed above, which is described as corresponding to the one found a few years before in East Cheap, and similar to that afterwards discovered opposite to Founders' Court, in Lothbury. Near St. Clement's Church also were dug up many vessels of the common brown and black earthenware; six small earthen lamps; a great quantity of the finer pottery called Samian ware, both figured and plain; some rings of base metal; and a few coins—these last much decayed, from the unfavourable quality of the soil. They were mostly second-brass of Claudius, Vespasian, and Domitian, mixed with base denarii of Severus, Caracalla, Alexander Severus, and Julia Mammæa, such as are found in all parts of London. Along the line of Princes Street, bounding the Bank of England on the west, where, as we noticed in a former paper,* the Roman stratum descended to much beyond the usual depth, the Roman remains found are stated to have been more various and of a more interesting kind than had been met with in any other part of London. Among the articles which Mr. Smith enumerates as having been picked up by the labourers are, a pair of small brass scales, fibulæ, styli, needles in brass and bone, coins, a sharpening steel, several knives, one with a bone handle, and many vessels of Samian ware. In Lothbury, between Founders' Court, where they came upon the fragment of the tessellated pavement, and St. Margaret's Church, at about ten or twelve feet deep, they met with "a vast number of iron instruments, such as chisels, crowbars, hammers, &c., all in a very corroded state"—the store, probably, of some dealer in such articles, or perhaps the tools of a body of workmen, left behind them in haste, and forgotten in the confusions of the last days of the Roman dominion. At a greater depth, beyond the church, and at the east corner of the Bank, were turned up a leathern sandal, thickly studded with nails on the sole, quantities of red and black pottery, a coin of Antoninus Pius, having Britannia on the reverse, and many middle-brass coins of Domitian. From Lothbury to London Wall were found brass coins of Claudius, Vespasian, and Trajan, spatulæ of various kinds, styli, needles, a gold ring, an engraved cornelian, a pair of brass tweezers with an earpick attached by a ring, a hair-pin five inches long, with an eye about an inch from the point, and the other end flattened to about the size of a shilling, and embellished with sculpture —besides pottery of different kinds. But the most curious discovery here made was on the west side of the new line of street, near the public-house called the Swan's Nest in Coleman Street, where they came upon a well or pit containing a store of earthen vessels of various patterns and capacities, carefully planked over with thick boards: the vases were not in disorder, but lay imbedded in the mud and sand, which had found its way into the pit, regularly packed on their sides: those preserved held from a quart to two gallons, but some that were broken in taking out were much larger. The well, the mouth of which measured nearly three feet square, was boarded nearly all the way down with planks from about an inch and a half to two inches thick; and at the bottom were found a coin of the usurper Allectus, a boat-hook, and a bucket handle. Allectus, it may be remembered, was defeated and slain by the Præfect Asclepiodotus, in the year 297. At Honey Lane, under some Saxon remains, were found a few more Roman coins, one of which was of Trajan, and another of Allectus. In Bread Street, besides some richly figured Samian vases, and some of the circular earthen pans which have commonly been held to be mortaria, or triturating instruments, but which Mr. Smith conceives to have more probably been used for cooking in, were obtained some specimens of what are called "paintings from the walls of Roman dwellings," but which seem to have been in fact merely coloured designs with which the walls were embellished, in something of the same style with the patterns on our modern paper-hangings. Even as such, however, they were objects of the highest curiosity. Unfortunately, they were greatly injured. "They exhibit," says Mr. Smith, "great freshness of colours when first brought to the air, and washed free from dirt, but soon vary and fade, so as in a short time to afford but a faint idea of their original beauty. The prevalent colours on the specimens I obtained were yellow, white, red, and green: some have a border of white circles, and some alternate borders of white and green on a red ground, while others exhibited traces of flowers or fanciful designs." Such designs, however, can hardly be considered as belonging to the same class with the varied and spirited delineations exhibited by the frescos in many of the houses of Pompeii—which are really pictures in the highest and truest sense.

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* Observations on the Roman Remains found in various parts of London in the years 1834, 1835, 1836. In Archæologia, vol. xxvii. pp. 140—153.

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* See No. IX. p. 167.

Some of the most interesting of the Roman antiquities recently found have been obtained from the bed of the Thames; for water, in its effectual exclusion of the great corroder, the common atmospheric air, is in some respects a still better preserver than a thick covering of earth, which, if it protects the articles deposited in it from some dangers and injurious influences, acts upon many of them with peculiar powers of its own almost as virulent and destructive. There is in the British Museum a silver Harpocrates, about two inches and a half in height, which was found in the bed of the river in 1825, and presented to the Museum by Messrs. Rundle and Bridge, of Ludgate Hill. It is supposed to have been worn as an amulet, or by a priest as his ensign of office, being suspended by a chain of gold, very delicately wrought, which crosses the image in front, and passes through a strong rivet at the back. Many imperial coins were also found, and so deposited, it has been stated, across the bed of the river, as to afford a strong confirmation to the opinion that there must have been a passage over the Thames by a bridge in the time of the Romans. And since the completion of the new bridge, a number of bronzes were found in January 1837 in its neighbourhood by some men employed in ballast-heaving, of which Mr. Smith has given an interesting account in another paper in the Archæologia.* One of them represents a priest of Cybele; another the God Mercury; the third appears to be a fragment of a Jupiter; the fourth, which is also mutilated, is an Apollo, of remarkable beauty; the fifth, representing Atys, is of coarser workmanship than the others—it was found at Barnes among gravel taken from the spot where the others had been found. Mr. Smith conceives that the Mercury, the Apollo, and the Atys, were probably the penates of some opulent Roman family residing in London—and that they were not lost, but thrown into the Thames, after they had been intentionally mutilated—the injuries they have received being apparently such as could hardly have been the effect of accident. Such iconoclastic procedures were common with the early converts to

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* Archæologia, vol. xxviii. pp. 38—46.

Christianity; and to that cause we are no doubt to attribute the destruction or mutilation of many ancient sculptures and other productions of the arts which had been dedicated to the service of Paganism. Of the few relics of the old religion, besides cineraries, lachrymatories, and some sacrificing vessels, that recent subterranean investigation has brought to light in London, one of the most remarkable is a stone altar, exhibiting a figure of Apollo, which was found some years ago in Foster Lane in digging the foundations for the new Goldsmiths' Hall.[*]

We have already had occasion to notice some of the appearances detected in digging a sewer in Lombard Street in 1786—particularly the remarkable indications of an ancient conflagration which the soil at a certain depth presented.[†] Some considerable fragments of building, and other curious antiquities of the Roman age, were also brought to light in the course of that excavation. Near Sherbourn Lane, at about twelve feet under ground, the workmen came upon a pavement of about twenty feet in breadth, running across Lombard Street, "composed of small irregular bricks, in length two inches, in breadth one and a half, mostly red, but some few black and white: they were strongly cemented with a yellowish mortar, and were laid in a thick bed of coarse mortar and stones." Between this pavement and the Post Office, but along the north side of the street, ran a wall eighteen feet in length and ten feet high, its summit being ten feet under the level of the street, constructed of "the smaller-sized Roman bricks," and remarkable as being pierced by two perpendicular flues, the one semicircular in shape, the other rectangular and oblong—the chimneys, doubtless, of the long untenanted mansion of which the wall had formed a part. Directly opposite to the Post Office was another wall, and near it a tile-pavement; and still more to the eastward, another pavement, of small red bricks, intermixed with a few black ones and some white stones, in a state of great dilapidation. "This pavement," says the account in the Archæologia, "as well as most of the others, was laid on three distinct beds of mortar: the lowest very coarse, about three inches thick, and mixed with large pebbles; the second, of fine mortar, very hard, and reddish in colour, from having been mixed with powdered brick; this was about one inch in thickness, and upon it the bricks were imbedded in a fine white cement." Various other fragments of walls and pavements were encountered in proceeding farther to the eastward along Lombard Street—and also in Birchin Lane, where the corner was uncovered of a tessellated pavement, appearing to run under the adjacent houses, which exhibited a border of an elegant design composed of black, red, green, and white dies, each about a fourth of an inch square. Intermixed with these vestiges of a compact population were observed the wood-ashes and other traces of fire in the situation described in a former paper. Great quantities also of Roman coins were found, and of fragments of pottery and glass bottles, together with a few other articles, especially some keys and beads, specimens of which were introduced in one of the cuts in our Ninth Number.[‡] Among the coins were a Galba, a Nero, and an Antoninus Pius, of gold, and an Alexander Severus of silver; three hundred brass pieces, very rudely executed, of Tetricus (who assumed the imperial title in Gaul in the latter part of the third century) and of Constantine, were found together in a heap at the end of St. Nicholas Lane. The vessels and fragments of earthenware were of various colours, white, black, red, brown, grey, &c.; some were fine, others coarse; some glazed and some not; some had inscriptions on the rims; and many of those of the finest quality were ornamented with figures on the outside, which were often very spiritedly drawn. A richly-bordered design surrounding a large vessel of red Samian ware (engraved in our Ninth Number) exhibited an animated combat, in which figures both on foot and on horseback were opposed and mingled. Armed men, satyrs, hares, dogs, birds, foliage, a boar's head, and sundry fancy ornaments embellished other specimens. There were also many fragments of the round shallow vessels of close clay which have generally been regarded as mortaria, or triturating instruments; they seemed when entire to have measured about a foot in diameter, and had each a channel running across their broad rim, apparently for the purpose of pouring off their contents when ground.*

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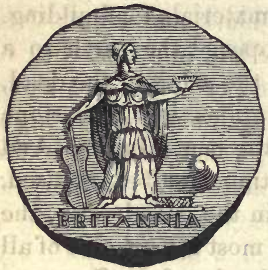
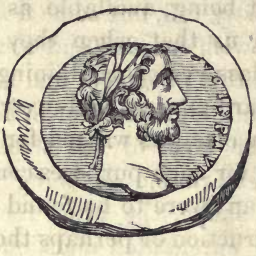
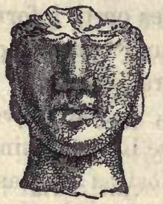
[*] See Archæologia, vol. xxiv. p. 300.

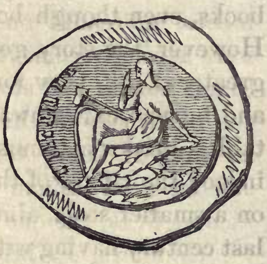
[†] See No. IX. p. 151.

[‡] See p. 168.









When we consider the evidence that the various facts we have enumerated afford of the existence in Roman London of many buildings which must have been of considerable extent and architectural sumptuousness, it naturally becomes matter of surprise that so few fragments should be found either above or below ground of the ornamental stonework which may be presumed to have been employed in their construction—that their chequered floors and unhewn foundations should be nearly all the memorials that remain of edifices whose external splendour must surely in some degree have corresponded with the strength and costliness which these vestiges indicate. A fluted pillar of four or five feet in circumference which was discovered in 1836 in an old wall of the Grey Friars' Monastery, now the Church of Christ's Hospital, and which is supposed to have been Roman, is almost the only specimen of the kind which has been noticed. It is the subject of a communication in the Archæologia from A. J. Kempe, Esq., who accounts for the general disappearance of such remains by the supposition that they were for the most part made use of in the construction of new buildings in the Saxon and early Norman ages.† And this no doubt was the fact in many cases. William of Malmesbury, writing in the twelfth century, expatiates upon the extraordinary quantity of Roman architecture still to be seen in all parts of England in his day, declaring that it exceeded what any other country on this side the Alps could boast of. That the ruins of the Roman towns served as quarries for the builders of subsequent times we may infer from what is related by Matthew Paris of two abbots of his monastery of St. Alban's in the tenth century—the first of whom, Ealred, he tells us, in breaking down the subterranean vaults of old Verulamium, and stopping up the arched passages, to prevent them from continuing to be lurking-places of thieves and haunts of debauchery, carefully laid aside all the tiles (or bricks) and stones he found fit for building; and the second of whom, Eadmer, the immediate successor of Ealred, is expressly stated to have erected the new monastery of St. Alban's with the materials thus obtained by himself and his predecessor out of the ancient Roman city. As he went on with the works which Ealred had begun, the labourers came upon the foundations of an ancient palace in the middle of the old city, in pulling which down they found in a cavity of a wall a number of books, covered with oaken boards and tied with strings of silk, one of which, we are assured, contained the Life of St. Alban written in the British tongue—the others related to the rites of the Gentiles. A passage to move the hearts of all antiquaries—most of whom, however, we fear, would have prized the Pagan far above the Christian portion of the library. Eadmer, for anything that appears, preserved neither—books, even though bound in oak, not being available as materials for building. However, the story goes on to inform us that, when they opened the earth to a greater depth, they found not only glass vessels containing the ashes of the dead, and burned earthenware vessels of various sizes and descriptions, but also stone tables, bricks, columns, and whatever else was wanted for the new fabric.* And indeed the rifling of the Roman ruins for such purposes continued to be practised, on a smaller scale, almost as long as any were to be found in the island—only the last century having witnessed the destruction of perhaps the most remarkable of all our ancient monuments—the famous Arthur's Oven on the banks of the Carron—"its barbarous owner, a *Gothic* knight," having demolished it, Pennant tells us, to make a mill-dam with the materials—adding, what it is gratifying to learn, that "within less than a year, the Naiades, in resentment of the sacrilege, came down in a flood and entirely swept it (the mill-dam) away." † But, although the decayed or prostrate grandeur of old Roman London too may have in this way furnished a few sculptured pedestals, shafts, and capitals, to be broken down and hidden in the walls of the humbler structures of a later time, it is probable that that city was principally built, like our modern metropolis, not of stone but of brick—the convenient material which nature offered then as it does still in unlimited abundance on the spot, so that the most extensive ranges of architecture might be actually reared, almost like plantations, out of the very ground where they stood. It is the opinion, we may add, of Mr. Rickman, a first-rate authority on such subjects, that "nothing very good of Roman work ever existed in Britain." "All the fragments of architecture which have been discovered," says he, "whether large or small, whether the tympanum of a temple, as found at Bath, or small altars, as found in many places, I believe were all deficient either in composition or in execution, or in both, and none that I know of have been better, if so good, as the debased work of the Emperor Diocletian in his palace at Spalatro." ‡

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* Archæologia, vol. viii. pp. 116—132.

† Id. vol. xxvii. p. 410.

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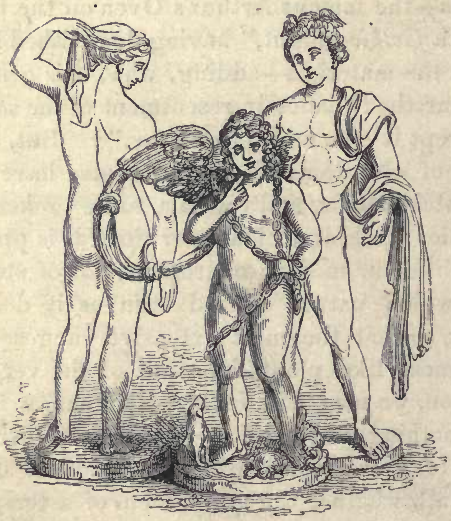
* Viginti trium Abbatum S. Albani Vitæ.

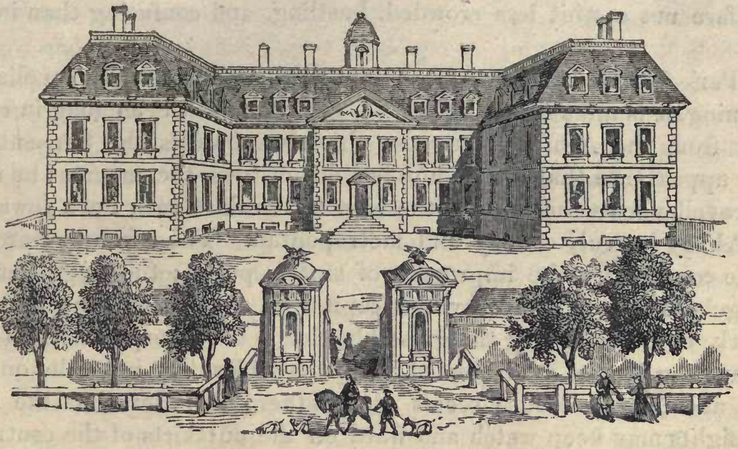
† Pennant's Tour in Scotland (in 1769), p. 212.

‡ Letters on Architecture, in Archæologia, vol. xxv. p. 167.

It is probable, indeed, that Roman London, a commercial emporium rather than a luxurious capital, was distinguished not so much by any works of extraordinary architectural splendour as by the general prevalence of neatness, comfort, and a modest elegance in the dwellings of its inhabitants. The climate, for one thing, would probably be felt to be unsuited to any great attempts in the only style of architecture then known—both the lowness of the temperature for a great part of the year exacting sacrifices for the sake of internal accommodation unnecessary in the classical regions of the south, and the moisture of the atmosphere operating with more or less of injurious effect upon every species of external decoration;—obstacles that have yet only been partially overcome by the invention of another style better adapted to a northern sky. But the evidence both of remains and of records warrants the belief that, though it may not have been a magnificent, it was still both a populous and opulent city, and that here too grew and flourished that earlier civilization, which, differing in so many respects from our own, and presenting deficiencies which to our view seem so striking and so fundamental, was nevertheless undoubtedly one of the noblest forms into which our common humanity has ever expanded, and, besides a renown that can never die, has left some of the brightest examples and highest lessons in the arts, in letters, and in morals to all coming time, in virtue of which and of what of its institutions, or their spirit, ages of barbarism were not able to destroy, it must always remain a principal basis and active element of the civilization at least of our western world.



[Silver Statue of Harpocrates, and two other bronze Statues found in the Thames:—See p. 292.]



[Clarendon House.]

XVII.—PICCADILLY.

In spite of steam Piccadilly continues to be one of the great vomitories of London. The Birmingham, Great Western, and South-western Railways have eclipsed the glories of long-stage coaching. The White-horse Cellar is no longer what it was. The race of long-stage drivers, in white milled box-coats, multitudinous neck-handkerchiefs, and low-crowned hats, who gave law to the road, and were the "glass of fashion and the mould of form" to the ingenuous youth of England, are disappearing.* Never again shall we, diffident of our own powers of early rising, and distrustful of those of our whole family, take a bed at the Gloucester, when intending to start next morning with some early coach for the West of England, and, between the stirring influence of spring and the anticipation of rural drives, watch from the window the first faint glimmer of the reservoir in the Green Park, till broad day come, and with it Boots, to warn us that the hour of starting draws nigh. And yet the incessant plying of omnibuses from nine in the morning till twelve at night, and the continued influx of huge market-carts bound for Covent Garden from midnight till daybreak, to say nothing of post-chaises and huge West-country waggons, reminding us of Strap and Roderick Random, Captain and Mrs. Weazle, and the obstreperously laughing Joey, present us with a thoroughfare not a whit less crowded, bustling, and confusing than in the days of old.

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* Hazlitt has done justice to the imposing appearance of the mail-coaches in Piccadilly:—"The finest sight in the metropolis is that of the mail-coaches setting off from Piccadilly. The horses paw the ground and are impatient to be gone, as if conscious of the precious burden they convey. There is a peculiar secrecy and despatch, significant and full of meaning, in all the proceedings concerning them. Even the outside passengers have an erect and supercilious air, as if proof against the accidents of the journey. In fact, it seems indifferent whether they are to encounter the summer's heat or the winter's cold, since they are borne through the air in a winged chariot. The mail-carts drive up—the transfer of packages is made—and, at a given signal, they start off, bearing the irrevocable scrolls that give wings to thought, and that bind or sever hearts for ever! How we hate the Putney and Brentford stages that draw up in a line after they are gone! Some persons think the sublimest object in nature is a ship launched on the bosom of the ocean; but give me, for my private satisfaction, the mail-coaches that pour down Piccadilly of an evening, tear up the pavement, and devour the way before them to the Land's End." Pursuing his reverie Hazlitt remarks that in the time of Cowper mail-coaches were hardly set up; and already they are far advanced in their "decline and fall." Even the "Putney and Brentford stages" are being superseded by the Putney and Brentford omnibuses.

Hyde Park Corner is a worthy terminal mark to a great metropolis. Entering or issuing, it is alike imposing. "To him who hath been long in city pent," the view from the Achilles along the elm-rows towards the Serpentine has a park-like appearance that makes him feel out of town the moment he reaches it. To the traveller from the country the view across the Green Park towards Westminster Abbey is truly courtly and metropolitan. The triumphal archways on either side corroborate the impression of stately polish; the magnificent scale of St. George's Hospital is worthy the capital of a great nation; the statue in Hyde Park, notwithstanding the gross blunder in the interpretation of its action by the bungling copyist who erected it, is magnificent in its scale, outline, and position; and Apsley House seems placed there in order that the hero of a hundred fights may keep watch and ward on the outskirts of the central seat of power of the land whose troops he has so often led to victory.

In the old map of London, attributed to Ralph Aggas, which represents the metropolis as it appeared in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, the west end of the line of road now called Piccadilly is introduced under the designation of "The way to Reading." It is quite a country road. Between St. Martin's Church and the Mews is St. Martin's Lane, which extends in a waving line to the western extremity of an enclosure round St. Giles's Church. From the north-west corner of this enclosure a road is represented extending due west, bearing the double name "The way to Uxbridge," "Oxford Road:" from the south-west corner "the way to Reading" curves to the south-west till it reaches the northern extremity of the Haymarket, from which its direction seems to be parallel to the more northern line of road. In Aggas's plan there are a few houses around the church of St. Giles, one at the corner of the enclosure of the Convent Garden, apparently where Long Acre and St. Martin's Lane now meet, a mass of buildings at the Mews, and a few houses with a chapel rather to the west of the south end of the Haymarket, in what is now Pall Mall. To the west and north of these erections seems to have been fields and open country.

Some light is thrown upon the condition of the line of road afterwards called Piccadilly (in the early part of the reign of Queen Mary) by Stow's narrative of the rash attempt of Sir Thomas Wyatt upon London in 1554. Wyatt, having crossed the Thames at Kingston, advanced upon Brentford. The proceedings of the Queen's adherents in London, and the further movements of the rebels, in so far as they bear upon our subject, are thus described by Stow:—

"The same night (6th February, O.S.), about five of the clock, a trumpeter went about and warned all horsemen and men of arms to be at St. James's Field, and all footmen also to be there, by six of the clock on the next morning. The Queen's scout, upon his return to the court, declared Wyatt's being at Brentford, which sudden news made all in the Court wonderfully afraid. Drums went through London at four of the clock in the morning, commanding all soldiers to armour, and so to Charing Cross.

"Wyatt hearing the Earl of Pembroke was come into the field, he staid at Knightsbridge until day, where his men, being very weary with travel of that night and the day before, and also partly feebled and faint, having received small sustenance since their coming out of Southwark, rested. There was no small ado in London; and likewise the Tower made great preparation of defence. By ten of the clock the Earl of Pembroke had set his troop of horsemen on the hill in the highway above the new bridge over against St. James's: his footmen were set in two battles, somewhat lower and nearer Charing Cross, at the lane turning down by the brick wall from Islington-ward, where he had also certain other horsemen; and he had planted his ordnance upon the hill-side. In the mean season Wyatt and his company planted his ordnance upon a hill beyond St. James, almost over against the Park Corner; and himself, after a few words spoken to his soldiers, came down the old lane on foot, hard by the Court gate at St. James, with four or five ancients, his men marching in good array. Cuthbert Vaughan and two ancients turned down towards Westminster. The Earl of Pembroke's horsemen hovered all this while without moving, until all was passed by, saving the tail, upon which they did set and cut off. The other marched forward in array, and never staid or returned to the aid of their tail. The great ordnance shot off freshly on both sides. Wyatt's ordnance overshot the troop of horsemen. The Queen's ordnance, one piece, struck three of Wyatt's company in a rank, upon the heads, and, slaying them, struck through the wall into the Park. More harm was not done by the great shot of neither party.

"The Queen's whole battle of footmen standing still, Wyatt passed along by the wall towards Charing Cross, where the said horsemen that were there set upon part of them, but were soon forced back. At Charing Cross there stood Sir John Gage, Lord Chamberlain, with the guard, and a number of others, being almost a thousand; the which, upon Wyatt's coming, shot at his company, but at the last fled to the Court gates, which certain pursued, and forced with shot to shut the Court gates against them. In this repulse the said Lord Chamberlain and others were so amazed that many cried treason in the Court, and had thought that the Earl of Pembroke, who was assaulting the tail of his enemies, had gone to Wyatt, taking his part against the Queen. There was running and crying out of ladies and gentlemen, shutting of doors and windows, and such a shrieking and noise as was wonderful to hear."

Wyatt passed on to Ludgate, but, finding that the city was in possession of the Queen's forces and that no one joined him, he lost his self-possession and surrendered. For our purpose, it is only necessary to add further from Stow that—"The noise of women and children, when the conflict was at Charing Cross, was so great that it was heard at the top of the White Tower, and also the great shot was well discerned there out of St. James's Fields: there stood upon the leads the Marquis of Northampton, Sir Nicholas Penn, Sir Thomas Pope, Master John Seymour, and others." And that—"The 11th of April Sir Thomas Wyatt was beheaded at Tower Hill, and after quartered; his quarters were set up in divers places, and his head on the gallows at Hay Hill, near Hyde Park, from whence it was shortly after stolen and conveyed away."

This stirring narrative of the most striking incident in the early reign of "bloody Mary"—of the first inconsiderate protest of the national sentiment against a relapse into the old religion, of which the projected union with the King of Spain, which Wyatt sought to break off, gave dark augury—conveys to us a precise notion of the scene of action. Two lines of road, "the old lane," which passes "hard by the Court-gate at St. James's," and the "highway on the hill," "over against St. James's," on which is "the new bridge," diverge on the summit of a hill "beyond St. James's, almost over against the Park Corner." It is clear that the one must have crossed the fields afterwards thrown into the Green Park slantingly to the north-east corner of St. James's Palace, and thence along the north side of the Park wall to Charing Cross. The "new bridge" must have crossed the stream which ran in the hollow, east of the ranger's house in the Green Park, and the line of road on which it was constructed must have climbed the acclivity to the east of it. The "old lane" led to Charing Cross; the "highway on the hill" to the "lane turning down by the brick wall from Islington-ward." This description corresponds with the plan of Aggas, in which the wall of the Convent Garden forms for a space the eastern boundary of St. Martin's Lane. In corroboration of this inference regarding the relative position of the "old lane" and the "highway" is the fact that a shot from the Queen's ordnance broke through the Park wall. Thus do we form our first acquaintance with Piccadilly as a country road, amid the bustle of mailed and mounted men, the clash of arms and the roar of artillery, the screaming of the affrighted maids of honour in the court at Whitehall, and with the still picture of the lords and gentlemen on the leads of the White Tower in the background, strengthening our impression of the hubbub at once by the sheer force of contrast, and by the thought that they at that distance, and through the din and bustle of the thronged city, heard the wail of women, and saw the smoke of the ordnance. This is a stately prologue to the history of Piccadilly, contrasting with the even tenor of its subsequent story much in the same way that the stately entrance to the street at Hyde Park does with its homely termination in Coventry Street.

During the subsequent part of Mary's reign, and during the whole reigns of Elizabeth and James I. (excepting what we learn from the map of London already referred to), the history of Piccadilly is a blank. Under Charles I. we again catch a glimpse of it, and are for the first time introduced to the name it now bears. Lord Clarendon, in his 'History of the Rebellion,' speaks of "Mr. Hyde going to a house called Piccadilly, which was a fair house for entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel-walks with shade, and where an upper and lower bowling-green, whither many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted for exercise and recreation," &c. This seems to have been the same house mentioned by Garrard in his letter to the Earl of Strafford (alluded to in our paper on St. James's Park), dated June, 1635, as "a new Spring Garden erected in the fields beyond the Mews, where is built a fair house and two bowling-greens, made to entertain gamesters and bowlers—at an excessive rate, for I believe it hath cost him above four thousand pounds, a dear undertaking for a gentleman barber."

We are enabled to fix with considerable precision the site of "Piccadilly House," by means of some proceedings before the Privy Council in the reign of Charles II. On the 24th of May, 1671, a petition from Colonel Thomas Panton was read at the Board of Privy Council, "setting forth that the petitioner having been at great charge in purchasing a parcel of ground lying at Pickadilly, part of it being the two bowling-greens fronting the Haymarket, the other part lying on the north of the Tennis Court, on which several old houses were standing;" and praying for leave to build upon this ground, notwithstanding the royal proclamation recently issued against building on new foundations within a certain distance from London. Sir Christopher Wren, "surveyor-general of his Majesty's works," was appointed to report upon the application, which he did in favour of the petitioner. In consequence of Sir Christopher's favourable report, Colonel Panton obtained leave to build "certain houses" in Windmill Street; "on the east corner towards the Haymarket, about one hundred feet in front;" on the west (east ?) side of Windmill Street "in the two bowling-greens between the Haymarket and Leicester Fields;" and "a fair street of good buildings" between the Haymarket and Hedge Lane, marked in the MS. to be called Panton Street. The tract of ground designated Piccadilly in these transactions seems to have extended from Panton Street on the south to a considerable way northward in Windmill Street. Evelyn, in his 'Diary,' seems to use the name with a similar latitude of application, when he speaks of a meeting of the Commissioners for reforming buildings and streets in London, on the 31st of July, 1662, at which orders were issued to pave "the Haymarket about *Piqudillo*." The site of "Piccadilly House," mentioned by Clarendon, seems satisfactorily ascertained by that of "the two bowling-greens between the Haymarket and Leicester Fields," apparently "one hundred feet east of the corner of Windmill Street," and "fronting the Haymarket." It is the site on which Panton Square, at the end of Arundel Street on the north side of Coventry Street, now stands. We are also enabled to fix the western limits of the district called Piccadilly by the Act of Parliament of 3 James II., erecting a portion of St. Martin's parish into "the parish of St. James within the liberty of Westminster." This statute, tracing the boundaries of the new parish, mentions "the mansion-house of the Earl of Burlington *fronting* Portugal Street." In the same Act of Parliament a "toft of ground" on the north side of the church, which is assigned to the rector along with some other pieces of ground as a glebe, is said to be situated in Piccadilly. In the early maps of the parish of St. James, several of which are preserved in the King's Collection in the British Museum, the line of street from the Haymarket to Swallow Street is inscribed Piccadilly; its continuation to the west of Swallow Street is marked Portugal Street.

These citations seem to establish with tolerable certainty that Piccadilly, originally the name of what in Faithorne's plan of London, published in 1658, is called "the Gaming House," had come in time to designate the upper or northern part of the Haymarket, and the fields immediately adjoining on the north and west. The name itself seems to be derived by common consent from the ruffs called "piccadils," or "peccadilloes," worn by the gallants of the reigns of James I. and Charles I. In 1615 the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, in anticipation of a visit from King James, thought it necessary to issue an order prohibiting "the fearful enormity of dress in all degrees, as, namely, *strange peccadilloes,* vast bands, large cuffs, shoe-roses, tufts, locks and tops of hair, unbeseeming that modesty and carriage of students in so renowned a university." Barnaby Rice, in his 'Honestie of the Age,' furnishes data for an approximative guess at the ambiguity of the ornament:—"He that some forty years sithens should have asked after a *piccadilly,* I wonder who would have understood him, or could have told what a piccadilly had been, either fish or flesh." Hone, in his 'Every-day Book,' on the authority of Nares's 'Glossary' and Blount's 'Glossographia,' gives a more extended sense to the "peccadil," interpreting it to mean "the round hem, or the piece set about the edge or skirt of a garment, whether at top or bottom; also a kind of stiff collar made in fashion of a band that went about the neck and round about the shoulders:" hence the term wooden peccadilloes (the pillory) in Hudibras. The meaning of the word is sufficiently established; the difficulty is, how came it to be transferred to the house and neighbourhood? One author (Nightingale) disposes of it thus: "Piccadillo House was a sort of repository for ruffs." Another (Hone) is of opinion that "the celebrated ordinary near St. James's, called Piccadilly, might derive its name from the circumstance of its being the outmost or skirt-house situate at the hem of the town;" or that "it took its name from Hoggins, a tailor, who made a fortune by piccadils, and built this with a few adjoining houses." Where all is conjecture, one more can do no harm; it may have been popularly called the house to which the peccadilloes, the gallants wearing peccadilloes, resorted.

At all events, the name does not seem to have been recognised for a considerable time as the grave business-name of the district, but rather as a semi-ludicrous popular epithet. Mary-le-bone Lane (or Street) retained its name; Windmill Street, Panton Square, Coventry Street, the Haymarket, and Panton Street, gradually superseded the name of Piccadilly. Had the marriage of Charles II. with the Infanta of Portugal proved prolific, and thus remained as it was originally popular, Portugal Street would in all likelihood have obliterated the last trace of Piccadilly. But the bad odour into which that alliance matrimonial was brought by the factious mixing up of it among the charges against Lord Clarendon brought Portugal Street into discredit, and the name of Piccadilly was gradually extended to the whole of the "highway" along which the Earl of Pembroke posted his ordnance and lances to repel the attack of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and perpetuity was thus given to a name derived from a fantastic article of dress, and originally applied to denote a region haunted by the gay and idle, the locality of tennis-courts and bowling-greens. In the 'Tatler' of the 18th of April, 1709, we read—"advices from the upper end of Piccadilly say that May Fair is utterly abolished;" which shows that by that time, in popular discourse, the name had extended as far as the vicinity of Hyde Park.

Previous to 1683, the year in which Wren finished the Church of St. James's, at the expense of Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's, and the principal inhabitants of the district, there does not appear to have been any continuous building in Portugal Street or Piccadilly west of the church. At a meeting of commissioners for reforming streets and buildings in London, already alluded to as mentioned by Evelyn to have been held in July 1662, orders were issued for the "paving of the way from St. James's, north, which was a quagmire, and also of the Haymarket about Piqudillo." An Act passed the 13th Charles II. (1662) made provision for the pavement of Pall Mall, the Haymarket, and St. James's Street. Building was going rapidly forward on the space encompassed by these three streets, under the auspices of the Earl of St. Alban's. Pepys has this entry in his 'Diary' on the 1st of April, 1666:—" Up and down my Lord St. Alban his new building and market-house, looking too and again into every place building:" and under the date 2nd September, 1663, he remarks, " My Lord Mayor told me the bringing of water to the city hath cost, at first and last, above 300,000*l.*; but by the new building and the building of St. James's by my Lord St. Alban's (which is now about, and which the City stomach, I perceive, highly, but dare not oppose it), were it now to be done it would not be done for a million of money." Jermyn Street, St. Alban Street, and St. James's Square were far advanced; but the Park and Palace were the suns to which they turned their faces. Piccadilly and Portugal Street was merely a road behind them—the highway to the Haymarket. This feeling is expressed in the superior ornament bestowed by Wren upon " the handsome door of the Ionic order, with bold masculine trusses and entablature, next Jermyn Street." The Piccadilly line of road formed at its east end the line of demarcation between the courtly mansions erecting in St. James's Fields and " the small and mean habitations, which will prove only receptacles for the poorer sort and the offensive trades,—to the annoyance of the better inhabitants; the damage of the parishes, already too much burdened with poor; the choking up the air of his Majesty's palace and park and the houses of the nobility; the infecting of the waters, &c. &c.;" of which Wren complained in a petition to the king in 1671, as "contrived and erected in Dogs' Fields, Windmill Fields, and the fields adjoining So-ho."

To the north-west, however, we emerge into pleasant fields upon which the nobility and gentry had already erected mansions: more were erecting, some destined only to an ephemeral existence, some of which still survive. Evelyn and Pepys furnish us with some peeps into their interiors that throw light on the manners of their time, and have some not unedifying associations attached to them.

The present Arlington Street occupies the space once taken up by the gardens of Goring House. An entry in Evelyn's 'Diary' enables us to form a conjecture both as to the appearance of the mansion and the view from it; for it seems probable that the remark about the decoy must have been suggested by its being seen from the house or grounds:—" 29th March, 1665. Went to Goring House, now Mr. Secretary Bennett's; ill-built, but the place capable of being made a pretty villa. His Majesty was now finishing *the decoy in the park*." This entry also indicates the period at which Lord Arlington took possession: it was occupied by him till the period of its destruction by fire, also recorded by Evelyn:—" 21st November, 1674. Went to see the great loss that Lord Arlington had sustained by fire at Goring House, this night consumed to the ground, with exceeding loss of hangings, plate, rare pictures, and cabinets; hardly anything was saved of the best and most princely furniture that any subject had in England. My Lord and Lady were both absent at Bath." The same author gives us an account of part of this "most princely furniture," while mentioning a visit he paid to the Countess in April, 1673:—"I carried Lady Tuke to thank the Countess of Arlington for speaking to his Majesty on her behalf for being one of the Queen Consort's women. She carried us up into her new dressing-room at Goring House, where was a bed, two glasses, silver jars and vases, cabinets, and other so rich furniture as I had seldom seen: to this excess of superfluity were we now arrived, and that not only at court, but universally, even to profusion." To Pepys we are indebted for the information that a sister of Milton's Hartlib (everybody's Hartlib) was married at Goring House:—"10th July, 1660. Home, and called my wife, and took her to Clodins's to a great wedding of Nan Hartlib to Mynheer Roder, which was kept at Goring House with very great state, cost, and noble company." The same gossip has left us a picture of himself standing amid the gaping crowd which waited to see the new Chancellor issue from Goring House when the seals were taken from Clarendon:—"31st August, 1667. At the office in the morning, where by Sir W. Penn I do hear that the seal was fetched away to the King yesterday by Secretary Morrice, which puts me in a great horror. In the evening Mr. Ball of the Excise Office tells me that the seal is delivered to Sir Orlando Bridgeman, the man of the whole nation that is the best spoken of and will please most people; and therefore I am mighty glad of it. He was then at my Lord Arlington's, whither I went, expecting to see him come out; but stayed so long, and Sir William Coventry coming there, whom I had not a mind should see me there idle upon a post night, I went home without seeing him; but he is there with his seal in his hand." Roger North, in his Life of his brother, Sir Dudley, has an allusion to the process by which the villa-ground was transformed into a street. "When he came first to England," says Roger, "all things were new to him, and he had an infinite pleasure in going about to see the considerable places and buildings about town. I, like an old dame with a young damsel, by conducting him, had the pleasure of seeing them over again myself." St. Paul's, then building, was his ordinary walk; and much did he speculate on the pressure of arches;—*à propos* of which inquiries, we are informed—"But not only at St. Paul's, but at many other places, he had the like diversion; for wherever there was a parcel of building going on, he went to survey it, and particularly the high buildings in Arlington Street, which were scarce covered in before all the windows were wry-mouthed, the fascias turned SS, and divers stacks of chimneys sunk right down, drawing roof and floors with them." Sir Dudley returned from Constantinople to England in 1680, and died in December, 1691: the erection of the "high buildings" in Arlington Street must therefore fall in the interval between these two years.

In 1665 three villas were begun to be built on the opposite side of the way from Goring House, as we learn from Pepys:—"20th February, 1664-5. Rode into the beginning of my Lord Chancellor's new house, near St. James's, which common people have already called Dunkirk House, from their opinion of his having a good bribe for the selling of that town: and very noble I believe it will be. Near that is my Lord Barkeley beginning another on one side, and Sir J. Denham on the other."

If we are to understand that the grounds belonging to Berkeley, Clarendon, and Burlington Houses, occupied the whole space on the north side of Piccadilly, where these mansions were erected, the grounds attached to Clarendon House must have extended on the east to Burlington Arcade; for that, as appears from the Act of Parliament by which the district appertaining to St. James's Church was erected into a parish, was the western boundary of the Earl of Burlington's possessions. On the west the grant of land made by the Crown to Lord Clarendon seems to have extended to where the Three Kings livery-stable yard now is, at the entrance into which may be seen two pillars, with Corinthian capitals, according to D'Israeli the only surviving relics of Clarendon House. The Chancellor began to build here (as we learn from Evelyn's 'Diary') in the course of the year 1664, "encouraged thereto," as he has left on record in his memorial of his own life, "by the royal grant of land, by the opportunity of purchasing the stones which had been designed for the repairs of St. Paul's, and by that passion for building to which he was naturally too much inclined." It remained in Lord Clarendon's possession till his flight after he had been deprived of the great seal; and was for a time occupied by his son, who sold it to the second Duke of Albemarle, by whom it was ultimately disposed of to a company of building speculators. Evelyn and Pepys furnish us with some graphic representations of the varying fortunes of this magnificent pile during its brief existence.

"After dinner," writes Evelyn on the 15th of October, 1664, "my Lord Chancellor and his Lady carried me in their coach to see their palace now building at the upper end of St. James's Street, and to project the garden." Pepys has an entry under the date of the 31st January, 1665-6—"To my Lord Chancellor's new house, which he is building, only to view it, hearing so much from Mr. Evelyn of it; and indeed it is the finest pile I ever did see in my life, and will be a glorious house." On the 28th of December in the same year Evelyn nas noted—"Went to see Clarendon House, now almost finished, a goodly house to see to, placed most gracefully." On the 20th of January, 1665-6, Evelyn wrote to Lord Cornbury—"I have never seen a nobler pile. * * Here is state, use, solidity, and beauty, most symmetrically combined together. Nothing abroad pleases me better, nothing at home approaches to it." He had contributed to the internal adornment as well as to the laying out of the gardens; for in March, 1666-7, we find him sending the Chancellor a list of "pictures that might be added to the assembly of the learned and heroic persons of England which your Lordship has already collected;" and dining with Lord Cornbury at Clarendon House, after the Chancellor's flight, he remarks in his 'Diary' that it is "now bravely furnished, especially with the pictures of most of our ancient and modern wits, poets, philosophers, famous and learned Englishmen, which collection I much commended and gave a catalogue of more to be added." In April, 1667, he alludes to the library. In short, the house and gardens of the Earl of Clarendon seem to have resembled, in stately dignity, the style of his 'History of the Great Rebellion,' and to have been in strict keeping with the tasteful and reserved character of that thoroughbred Englishman, who, like Bacon or Milton, preserved a solemn air, even in his enjoyments; of whom Evelyn said, "he was of a jolly temper after the old English fashion." Clarendon's love for this villa was strong, for even in exile, after writing that his "weakness and vanity" in the outlay he made upon it "more contributed to that gust of envy that had so violently shaken him than any misdemeanor that he was thought to have been guilty of," he confesses that, when it was proposed to sell it, in order to pay his debts and make some provision for his younger children, "he remained so infatuated with the delight he had enjoyed, that though he was deprived of it he hearkened very unwillingly to the advice."

A storm of public wrath did indeed rage around Clarendon House. "Mr. Hater tells me, at noon," writes Pepys on the 14th of June, 1667, "that some rude people have been, as he hears, at my Lord Chancellor's, where they have cut down the trees before his house and broke his windows; and a gibbet either set up before or painted upon his gate, and these words writ: 'Three sights to be seen—Dunkirk, Tangier, and a barren Queen.'" The plague, the great fire, and the disgraceful war with Holland, had goaded the public mind into a temper of savage mutiny; and the "wits and misses," to aid their court intrigues against the Chancellor, had done what in them lay to direct the storm against his head. The marriage of the Chancellor's daughter to the Duke of York, and the barrenness of the Queen, were represented as the results of a plot; the situation of Clarendon House, looking down on St. James's, and the employment of stones collected with a view to repair St. Paul's, were tortured into crimes. An unsparing lampoon, in the 'State Poems,' is entitled 'Clarendon's House-warming;' and still more venomous, though more rugged, are some rhymes quoted by D'Israeli from a MS. poem of that day:—

"Lo! his whole ambition already divides
The sceptre between the Stuarts and the Hydes;
Behold, in the depth of our plague and wars,
He built him a palace outbraves the stars,
Which house (we Dunkirk, he Clarendon names)
Looks down with shame upon St. James';
But 'tis not his golden globe will save him,
Being less than the Custom-house farmers gave him;
His chapel for consecration calls,
Whose sacrilege plunder'd the stones from St. Paul's.
When Queen Dido landed she bought as much ground
As the *hide* of a lusty fat ox would surround;
But when the said *hide* was cut into thongs,
A city and kingdom to *Hyde* belongs;
So here in court, church, and country far and wide,
Here 's nought to be seen but Hyde! Hyde! Hyde!
Of old, and where law the kingdom divides,
'Twas our hides of land, 'tis now our land of Hydes!"

In front of Goring House we saw the clever, vain, vulgar, honest Pepys waiting in the crowd to see the new Chancellor when Clarendon was unseated. The high-minded Evelyn carries us into the presence of overthrown grandeur on t'other side the way. Whatever may be men's opinions of the balance of Lord Clarendon's virtues and faults, elevation and weaknesses, he must be admitted to be one who fought stoutly in the long earnest struggle from 1641 to the Restoration: he had a powerful mind, and a tragic interest attaches to his fall. "1667. August 27. Visited the Lord Chancellor, to whom his Majesty had sent for the seals a few days before: I found him in his bed-chamber very sad. The Parliament had accused him, and he had enemies at court, especially the buffoons and ladies of pleasure, becaused he thwarted some of them and stood in their way.

I could name some of the chief. The truth is, he made few friends during his grandeur among the royal sufferers, but advanced the old rebels. He was, however, though no considerable lawyer, one who kept up the form and substance of things with more solemnity than some would have had. * * * 28th. I dined with my late Lord Chancellor: * * * His Lordship pretty well in heart, though now many of his friends and sycophants abandoned him.—December 9. To visit the late Lord Chancellor. I found him in his garden, at his new-built palace, sitting in his gout-wheel-chair, and seeing the gates setting up towards the north and the fields. He looked and spake very disconsolately. Next morning I heard he was gone."

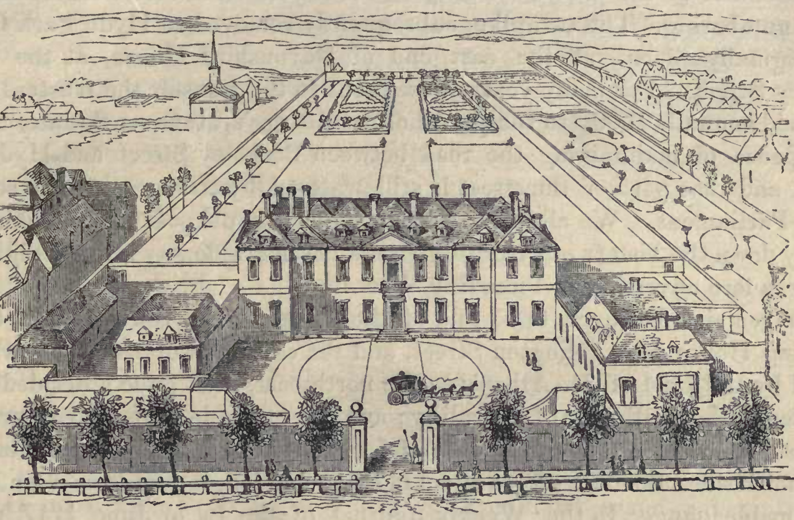
The same kind and delicate chronicler who notes the exit of the founder records the fate of the building he reared and loved so well:—" 19th June, 1683. I returned to town with the Earl of Clarendon: when passing by the glorious palace his father built but a few years before, which they were now demolishing, being sold to certain undertakers, I turned my head the contrary way till the coach was gone past it, lest I might minister occasion of speaking of it, which must needs have grieved him that in so short a time their pomp was fallen." And on the 18th of September—" I went to survey the sad demolition of Clarendon House, that costly and only sumptuous palace of the late Lord Chancellor Hyde, where I have often been so cheerful with him, and sometimes so sad. * * The Chancellor gone and dying in exile, the Earl, his successor, sold that which cost 50,000*l.* building to the young Duke of Albemarle for 25,000*l.* to pay debts, which how contracted remains yet a mystery, his son being no way a prodigal. Some imagine the Duchess, his daughter, had been chargeable to him. However it were, this stately palace is decreed to ruin, to support the prodigious waste the Duke of Albemarle had made of his estate since the old man died. He sold it to the highest bidder, and it fell to certain rich bankers and mechanics, who gave for it and the ground about it 35,000*l.*; they design a new town as it were, and a most magnificent piazza. 'Tis said they have already materials towards it, with what they sold of the house alone, more worth than what they paid for it. See the vicissitude of earthly things! I was astonished at the demolition, nor less at the little army of labourers and artificers levelling the ground, laying foundations, and contriving great buildings, at an expense of 200,000*l.* if they perfect their design."

Lord Berkeley's house, begun, according to Pepys, about the same time with that of Lord Clarendon, on the west side of it, is described by Evelyn in these terms:—" 25th September, 1672. I dined at Lord John Berkeley's. It was in his new house, or rather palace, for I am assured it stood him in nearly 30,000*l.* It is very well built, and has many noble rooms, but they are not very convenient, consisting but of one *Corps de logis:* they are all rooms of state, without closets. The staircase is of cedar; the furniture is princely; the kitchen and stables are ill placed, and the corridor worse, having no respect to the wings they join to. For the rest, the fore-court is noble, so are the stables, and, above all, the gardens, which are incomparable, by reason of the inequality of the ground, and a pretty *piscina.* The holly hedges on the terrace I advised the planting of. The porticoes are in imitation of a house described by Palladio, but it happens to be the worst in his book, though my good friend, Mr. Hugh

May, his Lordship's architect, affected it." In June, 1684, Evelyn writes:—" I went to advise and give directions about building two streets in Berkeley Gardens, reserving the house and as much of the garden as the breadth of the house. In the mean time I could not but deplore that sweet place (by far the most noble gardens, courts, and accommodations, stately porticoes, &c., anywhere about town) should be so much straitened and turned into tenements. But that magnificent pile and gardens contiguous to it, built by the late Lord Chancellor Clarendon, being all demolished and designed for piazzas and buildings, was some excuse for my Lady Berkeley's resolution of letting out her gardens, also for so excessive a price as was offered, advancing near 1000*l.* *per annum* in mere ground-rents; to such a mad intemperance was the age come of building about a city by far too disproportionate already to the nation. I have in my time seen it almost as large again as it was within my memory." Independently of the beauties of the house and gardens, but slender interest attaches to Berkeley House. Its founder is represented by Pepys as " a passionate and but weak man as to policy; but as a kinsman brought in and promoted by my Lord St. Alban's." The house was destroyed by fire, in what year we have been unable to ascertain. Devonshire House, which now stands between the two streets built, " reserving the house and as much of the gardens as the breadth of the house," was erected by the third Duke of Devonshire (the second Duke died 4th June, 1729), from one of Kent's designs, at an expense of 20,000*l.*; including 1000*l.* presented to the architect for his plans.

Regarding the house mentioned by Pepys as begun by Sir John Denham on the opposite side of Clarendon House from Lord Berkeley's, we find the Secretary to the Admiralty recording on the 28th of September, 1668—" From St. James's to my Lord Burlington's house, the first time I ever was there, it being the house built by Sir John Denham, next to Clarendon House." How the transfer came to be made does not appear, but in the time which elapsed between the commencement of the building by Denham and Pepys's visit to the house when occupied by Lord Burlington, a dark episode had occurred in Sir John's history. In June, 1666, Pepys remarks—" Pierce, the surgeon, tells me how the Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham, going at noon-day, with all his gentlemen with him, to visit her in Scotland Yard, she declaring she will be owned publicly." In September he notes the progress of the intrigue:—" At night went into the dining-room and saw several fine ladies; among others, Castlemaine, but chiefly Denham again, and the Duke of York taking her aside and talking to her in the sight of all the world, all alone; which was strange, and what also I did not like. Here I met with good Mr. Evelyn, who cries out against it and calls it bickering; for the Duke of York talks a little to her, and then she goes away, and then he follows her again like a dog." In November comes the catastrophe:—" 10th. I hear that my Lady Denham is exceeding sick, even to death, and that she says, and everybody else discourses, that she is poisoned.—12th. Creed tells me of my Lady Denham, of whom everybody says she is poisoned, and he hath said it to the Duke of York.—January 7th. Lord Brouncker tells me that my Lady Denham is at last dead. Some suspect her poisoned, but it will be best known when her body is opened to-day." The rest is silence.

But Pepys's visit to Burlington House was troubled with no such tragic recollections. His memorabilia of the occasion are:—" Here I first saw and saluted my Lady Burlington, a very fine-speaking lady and good woman, but old and not handsome; but a brave woman. Here I also, standing by a candle that was brought for sealing a letter, do set my periwig a-fire; which made such an odd noise nobody could tell what it was till they saw the flame, my back being to the candle."



[Burlington House.]

The present front of Burlington House and the colonnade within its court were designed and erected by Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington and fourth Earl of Cork, at whose death the title (since revived) became extinct. The Earl was so passionate an architectural amateur that he designed houses for his friends as well as for himself: among others, one for General Wade, in Cork Street, of which it was said by the public that it was too small for living in and too big to be hung at a watch. Lord Chesterfield said—" Since the General could not live in it at his ease, he had better take a house over against it, and look at it." Nightingale (vol. iv. p. 613) says, " Burlington House was left to the Devonshire family, on the express condition that it should not be demolished." The fact may be so, but the authority is none of the best. The crude compiler who makes the statement tells this story in the same breath:—" The first good house that was built in this street (Piccadilly) was Burlington House, the noble founder of which said that he placed it there because he was certain no one would build beyond him." Something to the same purpose is told of the founder of Northumberland House in the Strand; and as to Burlington House, it was founded not by a nobleman, but by Sir John Denham; and Clarendon House and Berkeley House were founded at the same time, whilst Goring House had been built many years before. Immediately to the east of Burlington House, on the site now occupied by the Albany, stood the house and gardens of the versatile Earl of Sunderland, the treacherous minister of James II. The date of the erection of this villa we have not been able to ascertain.

These scattered notices enable us to form an idea both of the appearance of the part of Piccadilly extending from St. James's Church to the west end of Devonshire House, towards the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries; and also of the tastes and pursuits of the noble occupants of the villas we have been describing, and the process by which some of them were converted into streets, and those which remained gradually surrounded by a populous city. The houses in that part of Piccadilly east of Devonshire House continued to be numbered separately from those to the west of it down to the commencement of the present century. The Court Guide for 1816 retains this double numbering. The turnpike, subsequently removed to Hyde Park Corner, was originally placed at the east end of Devonshire House, at the end of Berkeley Street. For many years subsequent to the transfer the trustees of the roads paid annually 1000*l.* to the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, towards the expense of maintaining the road between Berkeley Street and Hyde Park Corner, and that part of the street is still watered by trustees under a separate Act of Parliament. We allude to these facts for the purpose of explaining why we carry down the history of Piccadilly East a considerable way into the eighteenth century before adverting to Piccadilly West.

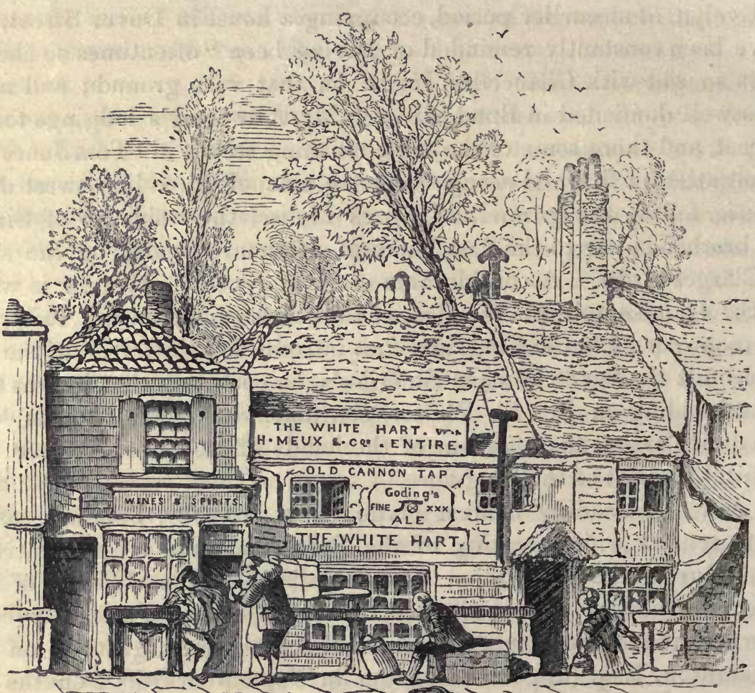
Little remains, however, to be told of the former. The conversion of the site of Goring House into Arlington Street, and the extension of the new town commenced by the Earl of St. Alban's to the north-east, soon gave a decidedly town character to the south side of Piccadilly; and the example of the adventurers who purchased Clarendon House, and that of Lady Berkeley, produced a similar effect on the north side. Bond Street—a street of shops and lodging-houses—soon became a fashionable lounge. In the 'Weekly Journal' of the 1st of June, 1717, we read —"The new buildings between Bond Street (*i. e.* Old Bond Street) and Mary-le-bone go on with all possible diligence; and the houses even let and sell before they are built. They are already in great forwardness. Could the builders have supposed their labours would have produced a place so extremely fashionable, they might probably have deviated once at least from their usual parsimony by making the way rather wider: as it is at present, coaches are greatly impeded in the rapidity of their course, but this is a fortunate circumstance for the Bond Street *loungers,* who are by this defect granted glimpses of the fashionable and generally titled fair, who pass and repass from two till five o'clock; and for their accommodation the stand of hackney-coaches was removed, though by straining a point in the powers of the Commissioners." While New Bond Street was thus advancing northwards, the Earl of Burlington was converting what seems to have been originally called "Ten-acres-field," at the back of his gardens, into a semi-private town bounded by the thoroughfares Bond Street and Swallow Street on the west and east, and by the school founded by Lady Burlington "for the maintenance, clothing, and education of eighty females" on the north. At the south end of Old Burlington Street is a stately mansion, built by Leoni for Gay's patron, the Duke of Queensberry, the proprietor of which was allowed to erect his house so that it commanded a view into Burlington Gardens. This mansion, after remaining for some time in a state of dilapidation, was purchased by the Earl of Uxbridge, who repaired it, and gave it his own title. In Cork Street is General Wade's house already alluded to. Returning to the west side of Bond Street, we are informed that in 1723 the Duke of Grafton and the Earl of Grantham purchased the waste ground at the upper end of Albemarle and Dover Streets for gardens, and turned a road leading into May Fair another way. This accounts for the termination to the north given by Grafton Street, which consists of two streets meeting at right angles, and uniting Dover Street with Bond Street.

Fielding, discoursing of the mob (1740-50) as the fourth estate of the realm, describes it as gradually encroaching upon people of fashion, and driving them from their seats in Leicester, Soho, and Golden Squares, to Cavendish Square and the streets in its vicinity. The discomfited fashionables seem to have swept along or across Piccadilly East without attempting to make any settlement there; for the villas of noblemen enclosed by the street dwellings must be considered as among—not of—them. It is true that a letter from Sir William Petty to Pepys in September, 1687, is dated from Piccadilly: but an item in the inventory of theatrical properties inserted in the 'Tatler' of the 16th of July, 1709—"Aurungzebe's scymeter, made by Will Brown of Piccadilly"—seems to express more correctly the class by which it was chiefly inhabited. The fashionables occupied the streets opening into Piccadilly. Thus we find Sir Robert Walpole residing in Arlington Street; Evelyn, at an earlier period, occupying a house in Dover Street, where he must have been constantly reminded of having been "oftentimes so cheerful and sometimes so sad with Chancellor Hyde" on that very ground; and at a later period Boswell domiciled in Bond Street. Mr. Allworthy's lodgings too were in Bond Street, and there some of the most touching scenes in 'Tom Jones' are laid.

The first attempt to build along the north side of Piccadilly, west of Devonshire House, fell to the ground. Clarges House, the residence of Sir Thomas Clarges, brother-in-law to the first Duke of Albemarle, stood on the site of the present Clarges-street. A considerable piece of ground adjoining it was let on lease by Sir Thomas, towards the close of the seventeenth century, to Mr. Thomas Neale, Groom-porter to the King, and first introducer of lotteries on the Venetian plan, who built the Seven Dials in St. Giles's, on condition that he was to lay out 10,000*l.* in building on it. Sir Walter, son and heir of Sir Thomas, with considerable difficulty got the lease out of the hands of Neale, who never took any steps to fulfil his part of the bargain.

At the end of Piccadilly nearest Hyde Park, however, building, as we had occasion to remark while treating of the Parks, began at a comparatively early period. "During the Usurpation," says Faulkner, in his 'History of Kensington,' "several houses were built on the skirts of the Park, between Hyde Park Corner and Park Lane. These were afterwards granted on lease to James Hamilton, Esq. (appointed ranger in September 1660, on the death of the Duke of Gloucester), and the lease was renewed to Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, for ninety-nine years, in 1692. Hamilton Street takes its name from this family." Faulkner adds, "Apsley House stands on the site of the old lodge, and is held under the Crown. Apsley House was built by Lord Bathurst, while Chancellor; that is, between 1771 and 1778. Hamilton Place was built about thirty-five years ago. The three houses contiguous to Apsley House were erected before any of the other large houses on that side of Hamilton Place; the exact time we have not been able to ascertain, but it must have been previous to 1787, for in the April of that year M. Calonne was obliged to resign the office of Comptroller of the Finances, and take refuge in England. He threw the houses Nos. 146 and 147 into one, and furnished them in a most superb style. It is therefore only since 1780 that this part of Piccadilly changed its primitive appearance.

Before that time, where Apsley House now stands, stood a tavern called the Hercules Pillars, the same at which the redoubted Squire Western, with his clerical satellite, is represented as taking up his abode on his arrival in London, and conveying the fair Sophia. The character of the house in Fielding's time is implied in the speech put into the Squire's mouth when he says he looked upon the landlord as a fit person to give him information respecting fashionable people, seeing their carriages stopped at his house. It seems to have been a comfortable low inn in the outskirts of the town, at which gentlemen's horses and grooms were put up, and whither farmers and graziers resorted. In front of the inn (and in front of Apsley House till a comparatively recent period), a square, rather pyramidical column stood by the kerb-stone, on which was engraved the distance from the Standard in Cornhill. Between the three houses next to Apsley House and Hamilton Place was a row of small houses, one of them a public-house called the Triumphant Chariot. It was a watering-house for hackney-coaches, and by the kerb-stone in front of it was a bench for the porters, and a board over it for depositing their loads. Such resting-places for that strong-backed fraternity were once universal in front of this class of houses, and they are still bright spots in our memory, associated with sunny days in June, tempered by light breezes, with watering troughs for the horses, and with deep draughts of stout for the men, such as are idealised in Hogarth's 'Beer Street.' About forty yards west of Hamilton Place was the street mentioned by Faulkner as deriving its name from the Hamilton family; it contained twenty small houses, and two or three on a larger scale; they were pulled down, and



[Watering-house, Knightsbridge.—1841.]

Hamilton Place built, about thirty-five years ago. Where the opening of Hamilton Place is now, was a one-storied building occupied by a barber, as we have been told by one upon whom that functionary has operated, before the march of comfort had taught every man to handle his own razor as well as to be present at the shaving of his own beard. Between Park Lane and Hyde Park Corner there was a terrace elevated some feet above the road, which was lowered within the last thirty years; the houses between Hamilton Place and Apsley House are sometimes called the Terrace still. In this part of Piccadilly a Mr. Winstanley had, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, his "water theatre,"—a house distinguished from its neighbours by a "windmill on the top of it, in which curious effects produced by hydraulic pressure were exhibited in the evenings." Evelyn speaks of Winstanley as an ingenious man, and Steele alludes to his theatre in the 'Tatler.' The eccentric Sir Samuel Moreland, also a mechanical genius and acquaintance of Evelyn, dates a letter from his "hut near Hyde Park Gate."

The ground intervening between Park Lane and Devonshire House was from a very remote period the scene of May Fair—an annual occasion of rude festivity, which, although repeatedly presented by grand juries as a nuisance, kept its ground till far in the last century. The annual fair granted by Edward I. to the Hospital of St. James's was removed at the time of the enclosure of St. James's Park by Henry VIII. to Brook Fields,—the ground on both sides of the rivulet of Tyburn, which formerly crossed Piccadilly east of where the ranger's lodge now stands, probably under "the new bridge" mentioned by Stow in his narrative of Sir Thomas Wyatt's rash enterprise. Pepys, in 1660, calls it "St. James's Fair." An advertisement quoted by Malcolm,* which appeared in the London journals of 27th April, 1700, conveys an idea of the character of the fair at that time:—"In Brookfield market-place, at the east corner of Hyde Park, is a fair to be kept for the space of sixteen days, beginning with the 1st of May; the first three days for live cattle and leather, with the same entertainments as at Bartholomew Fair, where there are shops to be let ready built for all manner of tradesmen that usually keep fairs, and so to continue yearly at the same place." The May Fair of 1702 opened with great *éclat*. There was Mr. Miller's booth "over against" Mr. Barnes, the rope-dancer's, where was "presented an excellent droll, called 'Crispin Crispianus, or a Shoemaker a Prince,' with the best machines, swinging, and dancing ever yet in the fair." The pickpockets and others of the dishonest fraternity were, however, so active that the magistrates felt called upon to interfere; and some soldiers taking part with the mob against the constables, Mr. John Cooper, a peace-officer, was killed; he was buried at St. James's Church, and a funeral sermon preached on the occasion by Dr. Wedgewood before the justices, high constable, &c. &c., of Westminster.

The 'Observator,' a paper published twice a week, said next year of May Fair, in reference to these events—"Oh the piety of some people about the Queen, who can suffer things of this nature to go undiscovered to her Majesty, and consequently unpunished! Can any rational man imagine that her Majesty would permit so much lewdness as is committed at May Fair for so many days together so near her royal palace, if she knew anything of the matter? I do not believe the patent for that fair allows the patentees the liberty of setting up the

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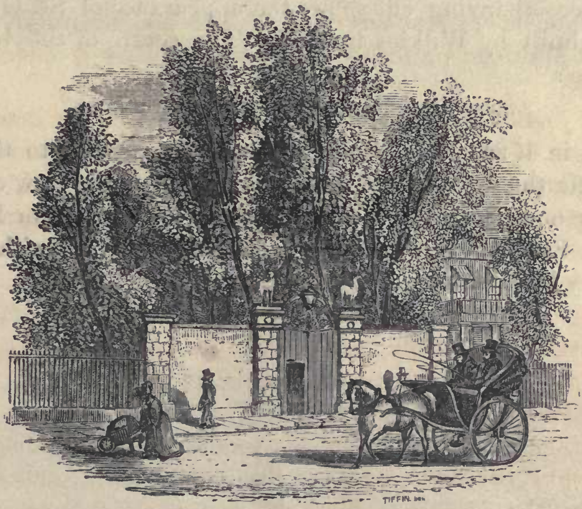
* Anecdotes, &c., ii. 108.

Devil's shops, and exposing his merchandise to sale; nor was there ever one fair or market in England constituted for this purpose. But this fair is kept contrary to law, and in defiance of justice; for the last fair, when the civil magistrates came to keep the Queen's peace there, one constable was killed and three others wounded." In 1708 the grand jury of Westminster presented the fair as a nuisance, and for the time it appears to have been discontinued, if not absolutely suppressed. In the 'Tatler' of 18th April, 1709, it is observed—"Advices from the upper end of Piccadilly say that May Fair is utterly abolished; and we hear Mr. Pinkethman has removed his ingenious company of strollers to Greenwich." And on the 24th of May—"May Fair is now broke. * * The downfal of May Fair has quite sunk the price of this noble creature (a tame elephant), as well as of many other curiosities of nature. A tiger will sell almost as cheap as an ox; and I am credibly informed a man may purchase a calf with three legs for very nearly the value of one with four. I hear likewise that there is great desolation among the gentlemen and ladies who were the ornaments of the town, and used to shine in plumes and diadems, the heroes being most of them pressed, and the queens beating hemp." May Fair survived, however; for the newspapers of the time inform us that in 1736 "an ass-race attracted vast crowds to May Fair;" and in 1744 the grand jury of Middlesex, among several gaming-houses and places frequented by people of bad character, presented "The proprietors of a place called Hallam's New Theatre, at May Fair, within this county, where there are usually great meetings of idle and disorderly persons." And in the edition of Maitland published in 1756 May Fair is mentioned as still annually celebrated.

What neither justice, grand jury, nor constable could put down, seems to have been squeezed out of existence by the progress of building leaving no room for its fantastic gambols. A paragraph in the 'London Journal,' 27th May, 1721, states—"The ground on which May Fair formerly stood is marked out for a large square, and several fine streets and houses are built upon it." After Sir Walter Clarges obtained possession of the lease granted by his father to Neale, his grounds were soon let on building-leases; and before the middle of the eighteenth century Piccadilly West had an almost continuous range of houses on the north side. Between the end of Dover Street and the bottom of the hill westward there was originally a terrace raised some three feet above the carriage-road. The old pavement of this elevation, of a kind of stone resembling cobblers' lapstone, has never been removed, but is now four feet below the surface. The proprietor of a house in that part of Piccadilly came upon it some years since in digging a cellar. Seventy years ago there were no houses in Piccadilly to the west of Devonshire House (with the exception of Bath House) more than one or two stories high. Many of them were inns or watering-houses, like the Hercules Pillars or the Triumphant Chariot. Halfmoon Street and White Horse Street appear to have been named after public-houses which stood at their corners in Piccadilly. The Peartree livery-stables received that name from a man called Peartree, who kept them for forty or fifty years. At the bottom of the hill, where Engine Street now is, was a large mason-yard, known by the name of the Figure-yard, which was built up about sixty years ago.

Bath House, already alluded to, was the first house of any pretensions erected to the west of Devonshire House. It was built by Pulteney Earl of Bath, after Sir Robert Walpole, by forcing him into the House of Peers, had contrived to place him on the shelf in the very moment of his fancied triumph. This house, after being transformed into the Pulteney Hotel, to which the title of Imperial was subsequently added, on account of its having been occupied by the Emperor Alexander during his visit to London, has been replaced by the mansion of Lord Ashburton. Apsley House and the three mansions adjoining it seem to stand next in point of seniority. One of the houses occupied by ex-financier Calonne is now the residence of the ruler of the European money-market. About sixty years ago a house was built for the late Lord Barrymore on the site of the "Figure-yard." It was burned down a few years after its erection, and the house now leased out in chambers erected where it stood. Hamilton Place was built by Mr. Adams, about thirty-five years ago. The house with a bow-window fronting Piccadilly, a little to the east of Hamilton Place, nearly opposite the new entrance into the Green Park, was the residence of the notorious Duke of Queensberry, better known as "Old Q.," with an adjunctive epithet we care not to repeat. The house built by the father of Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor for the Duke of Grafton came next in order. A view of the Ranger's house in the Green Park was engraved and published fifty years ago, with the designation "*Rus in urbe;*" the stags over the gateway were placed there by the late Lord William Gordon, when Deputy Ranger. It would be in vain to attempt enumerating all: suffice it to say that the one and two storied houses of this part of Piccadilly have of late years been for the most part either replaced by finer buildings or have had their fronts entirely altered.



[Entrance to Ranger's Lodge, Green Park, Piccadilly.—1841.]

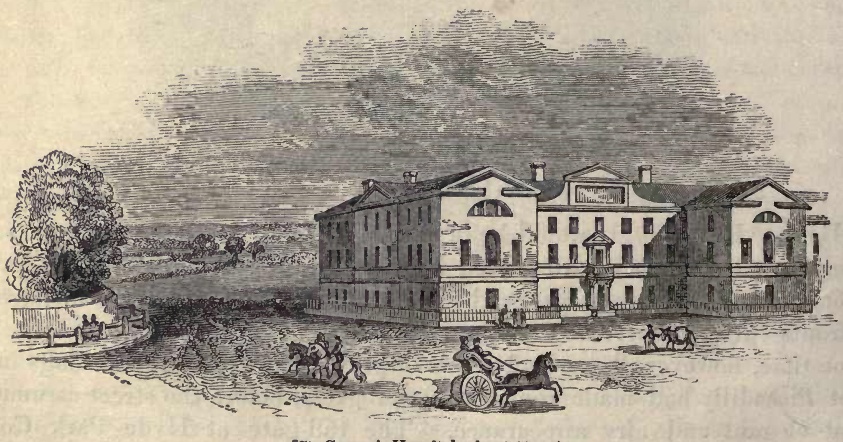
Some time, however, elapsed after this improvement upon the buildings in this part of Piccadilly had made considerable progress, before the street assumed its present elegant and airy appearance. The toll-gate at Hyde Park Corner, which narrowed and interrupted the thoroughfare, and gave a confined appearance to the street, was only removed about the end of 1825. Where an iron railing now permits pleasing glimpses of the Park, was, within the memory of many who have not yet passed the middle stage of life, a long blank line of dead wall. There might be seen, strung in a long line, ballads—not as now, "one hundred choice new songs for one penny" crammed into one huge sheet, but each apart on its tiny strip of whity-brown paper, "fluttering in the breeze," or, if a somewhat violent pun can be tolerated, dancing on the air to which they were set. The foot-path under this wall was considered fifty or sixty years ago unsafe at night for solitary passengers, many robberies being committed there. It was under this Park wall that the Prince of Wales, described in his epitaph as "Fred, who was alive and is dead," dutifully sat to huzza the voters on their way to Brentford, who went to vote against his father's government. This, and the commotion, what time the Sergeant at Arms, if we may believe a poet of the day, serenaded Sir Francis Burdett, then occupying the house now the Duke of St. Albans', after this fashion—

> "The lady she sate and she play'd on the lute,
> And she sung, 'Will you come to the bower?'
> The sergeant-at-arms had stood hitherto mute,
> But now he advanc'd, like an impudent brute,
> And said, 'Will you come to the Tower?'"—

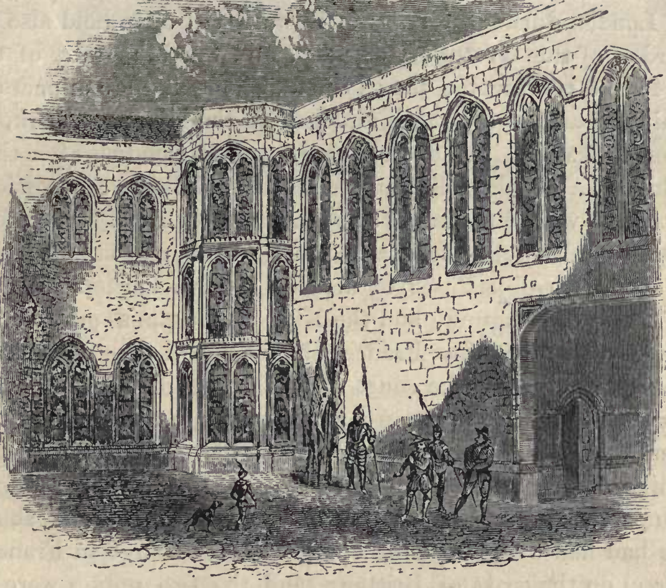
may serve to show how differently we manage these affairs from the way they set about them in the days of Sir Thomas Wyatt. The outside of the toll-gate was equally disfigured by the dead wall of Hyde Park extending towards Knightsbridge. The accompanying cut shows the appearance of St. George's Hospital before it was rebuilt by Wilkins in 1827. The centre of the building was the mansion of Pope's

> "Sober Lanesborough dancing with the gout,"

who died here in 1724. The wings were added previous to the first opening of the hospital for the reception of patients in 1734. The view of the open country beyond it is now intercepted by the houses in Grosvenor Place—indeed so completely has Pimlico been built up, that we might say with more propriety the open country has ceased to exist.



[St. George's Hospital, about 1750.]



[Exterior of the Hall of Crosby Place.]

XVIII.—CROSBY PLACE.

There are few things more striking by way of contrast in London than the sudden change which one may almost everywhere obtain from the noise, bustle, and apparent confusion of the narrow and crowded streets of the city, to the serene quiet of some fine old edifice lying close beside them, utterly undisturbed by the eternal roar of the great Babel. And to all those who feel, whether as a passing mood or as a more enduring sentiment, that consciousness of solitude in populous places which Byron has so beautifully described, what can be more refreshing than to come unexpectedly upon these green spots in the desert—what more delightful than to step out of the whirl and the throng into some peaceful place where the echo of your own footsteps is the loudest sound you may hear, and the rush of interesting recollections, which people the silent but most eloquent walls, the only crowd that can arrest your wanderings? No happier example of this contrast between the fancy-stirring Past and the matter-of-fact Present, which London so frequently and so forcibly presents, can perhaps be found than in the instance of the subject before us. Crosby Place is certainly one of the most interesting edifices in London; and little as its history or even its existence is known to the thousands who pass daily through Bishopsgate Street, yet does it stand within a very few yards of the busiest part of that most busy of thoroughfares. Pass those few yards, and you will soon forget the locality of Crosby Place. It appears itself too absorbed in the remembrance of its past glories, and of the great men who have lived within its sheltering arms, to heed the tumult without; and as to the visitor, the antique impressive air of the place soon subdues his thoughts to its own colour.

Crosby Place derives its name from Sir John Crosby, its reputed builder, an alderman of London during the reign of Edward IV. He held also the offices of Sheriff, Warden of the Grocers' Company, and the Mayoralty of the Staple of Calais; in 1461 he represented the city in Parliament. He appears to have distinguished himself among the party attached to the House of York, and was one of those whom Edward knighted on his approach to London, after the landing at Ravenspur in 1471. In the following year a most delicate commission was given to him, in common with Sir John Scott, Marshal of Calais, Watcliffe, the King's Secretary, Dr. John Russell, Archdeacon of Berkshire, and other eminent persons. Their chief ostensible object was to arrange various matters then in abeyance between the Duke of Burgundy and the King of England, and, we presume, to form a treaty of alliance against France, which Edward then meditated attacking. From thence they passed to the court of the Duke of Brittany, where, besides concluding a similar treaty, they were, says Stow, "to have gotten there the two Earls of Pembroke and of Richmond." Had they succeeded in this object, in what very different channels might not the history of this country have run! Soon after the defeat of the Lancastrians at the battle of Tewkesbury, the Earl of Pembroke had fled with his young charge to seek refuge in France. A storm drove his vessel on the coast of Brittany, and the two nobles were detained by Francis, the reigning Duke. Edward now claimed them as enemies and fugitive traitors, but in vain; he could get no other assurance than that they should never be allowed to disturb his government. This was far from satisfactory; hence the secret mission given to Sir John Crosby and his companions, who, by profession of friendship for the exiles, succeeded at last in persuading both them and the Duke of the propriety of returning to England. The future conqueror of Bosworth Field was already at St. Malo on the point of embarkation, when Landois, the minister of the Duke, suddenly arrived, and prevented his sailing on various pretexts, till Richmond took the alarm, and fled from the agents of the man who had probably the same fate in store for him that had awaited Henry VI. The lease of the site of Crosby Place, with a great tenement then standing on it, formerly in possession of Cataneo Pinelli, a merchant of Genoa, was granted to Sir John by Alice Ashfield, prioress of the Convent of St. Helen's, adjoining: this tenement was most probably pulled down to make way for the magnificent erection that soon appeared upon its site, and of which there is no reason to doubt but the more ancient parts of the present structure are the genuine remains. Sir John Crosby died in 1475, so that he could have enjoyed but for a short time the splendour of Crosby Place, then noticed as the highest domestic building in London. A beautiful tomb in the church of St. Helen's marks the last resting-place of his and his wife's remains.

The well-known passage in Shakspere will occur to all readers, where the Duke of Gloster, at the conclusion of his successful wooing of the Lady Anne, thus addresses her:—

"And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne.—What is it?
Glo.—That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby House;*
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monastery this noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you."

This passage is of great importance; for the preservation of Crosby Hall, through all the vicissitudes of its fortunes, is attributable to the popularity it derived from it. What its own intrinsic beauty and historical character might not have accomplished for it, has been done by a mere incidental notice in the great poet's writings. Richard's residence here, however, at the time of his marriage, 1473, is very doubtful, as Sir John Crosby was then alive. But a much more important event than the poet refers to unquestionably did take place in this building in connexion with Richard. It was in the hall of Crosby Place that he determined upon the deposition, perhaps the death, of the young King, Edward V., and it was here that all the plans were concocted for his own elevation to the vacant throne. When Edward IV. died, on the 9th of April, 1483, his eldest son, the Prince of Wales, was with his maternal uncle, the Earl of Rivers, at Ludlow Castle, and the younger with his mother, Elizabeth, in London. Richard Duke of Gloster was at the same moment at the head of an army devoted to his service in the marches of Scotland. He immediately marched upon York, where he caused his nephew to be proclaimed King, and from thence proceeded towards London. The Prince or King was also, by his mother's directions, advancing towards the metropolis. The Duke, aware of his movements, so well timed his own that they met at Stony Stratford, without any appearance of intention on the part of the uncle. There the unsuspicious youth and his guardians were seized, the former being conveyed with all outward marks of respect and allegiance to London, and the latter to Pontefract, where they were almost immediately beheaded. The news of these events preceded the chief actor in them. Elizabeth withdrew with the Duke of York to the sanctuary at Westminster, and great was the commotion among the citizens. But the Lord Hastings, another of Richard's destined victims, quieted their minds by assuring them that the Duke was faithful to his Prince, and that the Earl Rivers and his companion had merely been arrested for matters attempted by them against the Duke and the Duke of Buckingham. A curious kind of proof was displayed to the populace—barrels filled with arms, which their conductors said the traitors had privately got together to destroy the two noble lords. "It were alms to hang the traitors!" was the exclamation, as the spectators turned away perfectly satisfied with this species of optical logic. Such was the state of things when Richard arrived in London, and, having lodged the young King in the Tower, took up his own residence for a short time at Crosby Place. For what follows we are indebted to the graphic pen of Sir Thomas More.

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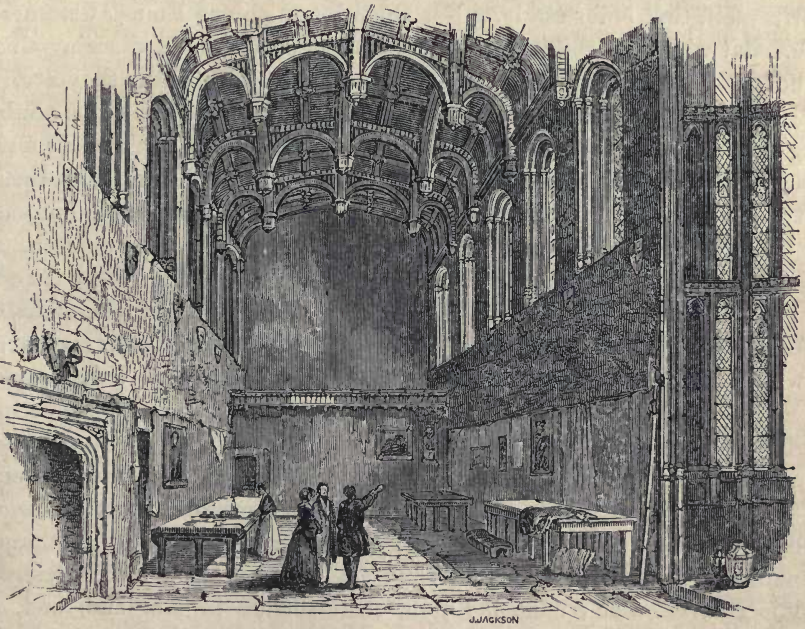
* In the quarto edition of Richard III., printed in Shakspere's lifetime, we have "Crosby *Place*." In 1623, the date of the folio edition, it is called "Crosby *House*."

Richard and the Duke of Buckingham now "went about to prepare for the coronation of the young King, as they would have it seem; and that they might turn both the eyes and minds of men from perceiving of their drifts otherwhere, the Lords, being sent for from all parts of the realm, came thick to that solemnity. But the Protector and the Duke, after that they had set the Lord Cardinal, the Archbishop of York, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Ely, the Lord Stanley, and the Lord Hastings, then Lord Chamberlain, with many other noblemen, to commune and devise about the coronation in one place, in part were they in another place contriving the contrary, and to make the Protector King. To which council albeit there were admitted very few, and they very secret, yet began there, here and there about, some manner of muttering among the people, as though all should not long be well, though they neither wist what they feared, nor wherefore; were it that before such great things men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them, as the sea without wind swelleth of itself some time before a tempest; or were it that some one man haply somewhat perceiving, filled many men with suspicion, though he showed few men what he knew. Howbeit, somewhat the dealing itself made men to muse on the matter, though the council were close; for, by little and little, all folk withdrew from the Tower, and drew to Crosby's Place, in Bishopsgate Street, where the Protector kept his household. The Protector had the resort, the King in a manner desolate; while some for their business made suit to them who had the doing, some were by their friends secretly warned that it might haply turn them to no good to be too much attendant about the King without the Protector's appointment; who removed also divers of the Prince's old servants from him, and set new about him. Thus many things coming together, partly by chance, partly of purpose, caused at length not common people only who wave with the wind, but wise men also, and some Lords eke, to mark the matter and muse thereon. So far forth that the Lord Stanley, who was afterwards Earl of Derby, wisely mistrusted it, and said with the Lord Hastings that he much misliked these two several councils; 'for while we,' quoth he, 'talk of one matter in the one place, little wot we whereof they talk in the other place.'"

The wily Earl soon perceived that he had not mistaken the meaning of these separate councils, for at the very next meeting of the members of both, Gloster accused Hastings of witchcraft, and sent him instantly to the block; and Lord Stanley himself, in the mêlée, escaped destruction only by bending below the council board to escape a blow aimed at him by one of the Duke's attendants. The murder of the children, the insurrection and death of Buckingham, and Richard's own defeat and death at Bosworth, followed in rapid succession; and Richmond, the young Prince whom Sir John Crosby had so nearly entrapped a few years before, reigned, the universally acknowledged King of England. He married Elizabeth of York, and then the rival roses became once more blended in a common stock. Soon after the death of her son Prince Arthur, in 1502, within a few months of his marriage, the Queen also died. When "Maximilian, the Emperor of Germany, sent into England a solemn embassy, of the which the Lord Casimir, Marquis of Brandenburg, his cousin, accompanied with a Bishop, an Earl, and a great number of gentlemen well apparelled, was principal ambassador, which were triumphantly received into London, and were lodged at Crosby's Place. This embassy was sent for three causes: one, to visit and comfort the King, being mournful and sad for the death of so good a queen and spouse; the second, for the renovation of the old league and amity; the third, which was not apparent, was to move the King to marry the Emperor's daughter, the Lady Margaret, Duchess Dowager of Savoy."* The first two objects succeeded, the latter failed. The ambassadors on this occasion were guests of Bartholomew Read, Mayor of London 1501-2, who evidently purchased Crosby Place in order that he might have a home befitting the splendour which he had determined should signalize his mayoralty. Read was a member of, and at his death a great benefactor to, the Goldsmiths' Company; and it was supposed that he had given his inauguration dinner in their Hall. Stow, referring to this supposition, writes,—"the Goldsmiths' Hall, a proper house, but not large. And therefore to say that Bartholomew Read, goldsmith, mayor in the year 1502, kept such a feast in this hall as some have fabled, is far incredible, and altogether impossible, considering the smallness of the hall and number of the guests, which as they say were more than 100 persons of great estate. For the messes and dishes of meats to them served, the paled park in the same hall furnished with fruitful trees, beasts of venery, and other circumstances of that pretended feast well weighed, Westminster Hall would hardly have sufficed, and therefore I will over pass it."† Stow was quite unaware, when he wrote this, that Read was, at the time referred to, master of the largest hall in London, next to Westminster, and therefore all his argument against the truth of the report concerning the magnificence of the feast falls to the ground. We are sorry to be obliged, like Stow, to "over pass it" with the above short notice; but all our endeavours to discover his authority have been useless. He refers to



[The Great Hall.]

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* Hall's Chronicles, 1548, fol. lvi.

† Survey, Ed. 1633, p. 321.

Grafton; but neither in his pages, nor in the pages of any of the other old chroniclers that Stow was likely to have read, can we find any account of this evidently most magnificent feast. The next possessor of Crosby Place was Sir John Rest, who held the office of Mayor in 1516 (the year of the Evil May-Day*), and by him it appears to have been sold, though at what time is uncertain, to the illustrious Sir Thomas More. From the period of More's marriage, in 1507, he resided for some years in Bucklersbury. Perhaps it was soon after his return from the mission on which he had been sent to Bruges, in company with Cuthbert Tunstal, in 1514-15, that he purchased Crosby Place, for his advancement then became rapid. He was made Privy Councillor in 1516, and in 1517 Master of the Requests. The journey to which we have referred forms the groundwork of his famous romance the 'Utopia.' At Bruges he supposes himself to have met with Raphael, the learned traveller who had seen the country of Utopia, and describes to Sir Thomas the manners and customs of its inhabitants. It is far from impossible but that this delightful work was written in Crosby Place. In the preface we have a complete picture of Sir Thomas's domestic habits about this period, and which, if it does not directly apply to Crosby Place, may certainly be applied to it with the mere substitution of his 'Life of Richard the Third' for the 'Utopia,' there being little or no doubt but the former work was written within its chambers, however it may be with the latter. He writes, "Whilst I daily either plead other men's causes, or hear them sometimes as an arbiter, otherwhiles as a judge—whilst this man I visit for friendship, another for business, and whilst I busy myself abroad about other men's matters all the whole day; I leave no time for myself, that is for study. For when I come home I must discourse with my wife, chat with my children, speak with my servants; and seeing this must needs be done, I number it amongst my affairs; and needful they are, unless one will be a stranger in his own house; for we must endeavour to be affable and pleasing unto those whom either nature, chance, or choice hath made our companions; but with such measure it must be done that we do not mar them with affability, or make them of servants our masters by too much gentle entreaty and favour. Whilst these things are doing, a day, a month, a year passeth. When then can I find any time to write? for I have not yet spoken of the time that is spent in eating and sleeping, which things alone bereave most men of half their life. As for me, I get only that spare time which I steal from my meat and sleep, which, because it is but small, I proceed slowly; yet it being somewhat, I have now at the length prevailed so much as I have finished, and sent unto you, Peter, my 'Utopia.'"†

We must add to this account of More's domestic life, that his royal master's favour became now so great, that the latter was accustomed not unfrequently to come and spend the day with his witty and learned favourite, without even the formality of previous notice. In 1523 Sir Thomas More sold Crosby Place to Antonio Bonvisi, a merchant of Lucca, then settled in England, and, as we learn from More's own words, his dearest friend. When he was lying in the Tower he wrote a letter to Bonvisi with a piece of coal, the cruel enemies of More having actually debarred him from any better medium of correspondence.

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* See the 'Old Spring-Time in London,' p. 172.

† As translated from the original by Sir Thomas More's great grandson, in his Life of his illustrious ancestor.

As this letter is little known, as it was the last but one written by the great chancellor, and as it contains some interesting proofs of the close intimacy that existed between him and Bonvisi, we make no apology for giving a part of it from the collection of More's English works formed by his nephew William Rastell, who was an eminent printer. The original is in Latin, but Rastell has translated it.

"The faithful prosperity of this amity and friendship of yours towards me (I wot not how) seemeth in a manner to counterpoise this unfortunate shipwreck of mine, and, saving the indignation of my Prince, of me no less loved than feared, else as concerning all other things, doth almost move the counterpoise. For all those are to be accounted among the mischances of fortune. But if I should reckon the possession of so constant friendship (which no storms of adversity hath taken away, but rather hath fortified and strengthened) amongst the brittle gifts of fortune, then were I mad; for the felicity of so faithful and constant friendship in the storms of fortune, which is seldom seen, is doubtless a high and a noble gift proceeding of a certain singular benignity of God. And, indeed, as concerning myself, I cannot otherwise take it nor reckon it, but that it was ordained by the great mercy of God that you, good Master Bonvyse, amongst my poor friends, such a man as you are, and so great a friend, should be long afore provided; that should by your consolation assuage and relieve a great part of these troubles and griefs of mine, which the hugeness of fortune hath hastily brought upon me. I therefore, my dear friend, of all mortal men to me most dearest, do that which now only I am able to do, earnestly pray to Almighty God, which hath provided you for me, that sith He hath given you such a debtor as shall never be able to pay you, that it may please Him of his benignity to requite this bountifulness of yours, which you every day thus plenteously pour upon me; and that, for His mercy's sake, He will bring us from this wretched and stormy world into His rest, where we shall need no letters, where no wall shall dissever us, where no porter shall keep us from talking together, but that we may have the fruition of the eternal joy with God the Father, and with His only begotten Son, our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, with the Holy Spirit of them both, the Holy Ghost proceeding from them both. And in the mean season, Almighty God grant both you and me, good Master Bonvyse, and all mortal men everywhere, to set at nought all the richness of this world, with all the glory of it, and the pleasure of their life also, for the love and desire of that joy. Thus of all friends most truly, and to me most dearly beloved, and as I was wont to call you the apple of mine eye, right heartily fare ye well. And Jesus Christ keep you safe and sound, and in good health all your family, which be of like affection towards me as their master is.—THOMAS MORE. I should in vain put to it—yours, for thereof can you not be ignorant, since you have bought it with so many benefits; nor now I am not such a one that it forceth whose I am." But for Bonvisi, with possibly another friend or two of his stamp, and Margaret Roper, More's daughter, this great and good man would have been left by his murderers without proper clothes to cover him, or proper food to eat. When the order for his execution came to the Tower, and Sir Thomas Pope, "his singular good friend," having informed More of his fate

—he was to die before nine in the morning of that same day—had left him to himself, Sir Thomas, as one that had been invited to a solemn banquet, changed himself into his best apparel, and put on his silk camlet gown, which his "entire friend, Mr. Antonie Bonvisi," gave him whilst he was in the Tower. He was induced, however, by the representations of the lieutenant, to take it off again, as it would have otherwise become a perquisite of the executioners. He then went cheerfully to the block, his wit and humour flashing brightly to the last. "Mr. Lieutenant, see me safe up," said he, referring to the danger that had been expressed of the weakness of the scaffold, "and for my coming down let me shift for myself." So perished this the greatest of the inhabitants of Crosby Place. His connexion with it can be scarcely said to have ended even then; for Bonvisi in 1547 leased Crosby Place to William Roper, the husband of More's favourite daughter, Margaret, the affectionate and noble and high-spirited woman who so greatly contributed to the comfort of her father in his worst trials; and to William Rastell, his nephew before mentioned. In the reign of Edward VI., Bonvisi, Roper, and Rastell appear to have been all driven abroad by religious persecution, and the estate of Crosby Place forfeited. It was then granted to Sir Thomas D'Arcy, knight, Lord D'Arcy of Chule. But immediately on the accession of Mary, the persecution having changed sides, Bonvisi and his friends were free to return, which they did in the first year of her reign, and immediately regained their property. The next proprietors were Peter Crowle, Germayne Cioll, who married a cousin of Sir Thomas Gresham's, (the daughter of Sir John Gresham, with whom Thomas was apprenticed,) and William Bond, Alderman of London, and his sons. Some extensive alterations are supposed to have been made during the alderman's proprietorship; a turret in particular is mentioned as having been built by him, which greatly increased the height of the building. No traces of this turret are now to be found. From the inscription on the alderman's tomb in the adjoining church of St. Helen's it appears that he had been in his day a personage of considerable energy and importance:—"Here lieth the body of William Bond, alderman, and some time Sheriff of London, a merchant adventurer, and most famous in his age for his great adventures both by sea and land." In 1594 Sir John Spencer purchased Crosby Place, and kept his mayoralty that year in it, doubtless with great splendour. He was perhaps the richest citizen of his day, as he died worth nearly a million sterling. He was called "The Rich Spencer." His daughter and sole heiress married William, the second Lord Compton, afterwards Earl of Northampton, who was so transported at the value of his inheritance that he lost his wits, and remained for some years in that state. If he had weighed a little more closely the capabilities of his wife to spend the enormous wealth she brought him, it would perhaps have somewhat moderated his transports. Her fortune was large certainly, but we may see from the following unique letter, written to her husband soon after their marriage, that her ideas of her wants were fully "equal to *any* fortune."

"My sweet Life,—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me. I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of 2,600*l.*, quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have 600*l.*, quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither will be, accountable for. Also I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let; also, believe it, it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also when I ride a-hunting or a-hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so for either of these said women I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fine horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth, and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only coaches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all; orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chambermaid's, nor theirs with wash-maids'. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before the carriages, to see all safe; and the chambermaids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, for that it is undecent for me to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also I would have to put in my purse 2000*l.* and 200*l.*, and so you to pay my debts. Also I would have 6000*l.* to buy me jewels, and 4000*l.* to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing-chambers in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also my desire is that you would pay your debts, build up Ashley House, and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my Lord Chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life. * * * * So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me 2000*l.* more than I now desire, and double attendance."

This lady, who so considerately values herself upon her reasonableness, most probably occasionally resided here with her husband, during Sir John Spencer's lifetime, as well as after his death, which took place in 1609. Sir John, it appears, made some alterations in the place, and "builded a most large warehouse near thereunto." Ambassadors were entertained on several occasions here. The most important event of this kind took place during the "Rich Spencer's" proprietorship; when no less important a person than M. de Rosney, afterwards the Duke of Sully, Henry IV. of France's great adviser, was entertained in Crosby Place. He came to London on a special embassy to James I., in the hope of inducing James to maintain the league which had existed between Elizabeth, France, and the Hollanders, and to prevent him from making peace with Roman Catholic Spain. Sully had one difficulty to contend with. Many excesses had been committed by the retinue of a former ambassador, and he therefore anticipated finding a strong popular prejudice against him. Referring to this and to the discredit which he felt such transactions cast upon his country, Sully writes, "I was fully resolved that if my conduct could not clear France from this reproach, it should not at least be incurred by those over whom I had authority. But in these cases precepts are seldom effectual; I therefore enforced them by an example, for which an opportunity happened almost immediately. I was the next day accommodated with apartments in a very handsome house (Crosby Place), situate in a great square, near which all my retinue were also provided with the necessary lodgings. Some of them went to entertain themselves with common women of the town. At the same place they met with some English, with whom they quarrelled, fought, and one of the English was killed. The populace, who were before prejudiced against us, being excited by the family of the deceased, who was a substantial citizen, assembled, and began loudly to threaten revenge upon all the French, even in their lodgings. The affair soon began to appear of great consequence; for the number of people assembled upon the occasion was presently increased to upwards of three thousand, which obliged the French to fly for an asylum into the house of the ambassador. I did not at first take notice of it; the evening advanced, and I was playing at primero with the Marquis d'Oraison, Saint-Luc, and Bleranccourt. But observing them come in at different times, by three and four together, and with great emotion, I at last imagined something extraordinary had happened, and, having questioned Terrail and Gadancourt, they informed me of the particulars. The honour of my nation, my own in particular, and the interest of my negotiation, were the first objects that presented themselves to my mind. I was also most sensibly grieved that my entry into London should be marked at the beginning by so fatal an accident; and at that moment I am persuaded my countenance plainly expressed the sentiments with which I was agitated. Guided by my first impulse, I arose, took a flambeau, and, ordering all that were in the house (which was about a hundred) to range themselves round the walls, hoped by this means to discover the murderer, which I did without any difficulty, by his agitation and fear. He was for denying it at first, but I soon obliged him to confess the truth. He was a young man, and the son of the Sieur de Combant, principal examiner in Chancery, very rich, and a kinsman likewise of Beaumont's (the resident French ambassador), who, entering at the moment, desired me to give the young Combant into his hands, that he might endeavour to save him. 'I do not wonder,' I replied to Beaumont, with an air of authority and indignation, 'that the English and you are at variance, if you are capable of preferring the interest of yourself and your relations to that of the King and the public; but the service of the King, my master, and the safety of so many gentlemen of good families, shall not suffer for such an imprudent stripling as this.' I told Beaumont in plain terms, that Combant should be beheaded in a few minutes. 'How, Sir!' cried Beaumont, 'behead a kinsman of mine, possessed of two hundred thousand crowns, an only son!—it is but an ill recompense for the trouble he has given himself, and the expense he has been at to accompany you.' I again replied, in as positive a tone, 'I had no occasion for such company,' and, to be short, I ordered Beaumont to quit my apartment; for I thought it would be improper to have him present in the council, which I intended to hold immediately, in order to pronounce sentence of death upon Combant. In this council I made choice only of the oldest and the wisest of my retinue; and the affair being presently determined, I sent Arnaud to inform the Mayor of London of it, and to desire him to have his officers ready the next day to conduct the culprit to the place of execution, and to have the executioner there ready to receive him. The mayor returned me for answer, that his first care had been to quiet the tumultuous populace, not doubting but I would do him justice, and that he was just coming to demand it of me when he received my letter and the sentence; he moreover exhorted me to moderate it, either because my severity had disarmed his, or, which seemed most probable, because he had already suffered himself to be corrupted by presents from the friends of the criminal. I sent again to this magistrate to inform him that as no superior authority, nor respect for any person whatever, had determined me to pronounce this sentence, I could not consent to revoke it; that by carrying it into execution I should justify the King my master, and give the English nation a convincing proof that I had done everything upon the occasion which my duty required; therefore, in such an affair, I could only acquit myself of it by committing it to him, and by resigning the prisoner to such punishment as justice and the laws of England required. I accordingly sent Combant to him; so that the whole procedure became a particular affair between the mayor and Combant, or rather Beaumont, who, without much difficulty, obtained this magistrate's consent to set Combant at liberty,—a favour which none could impute to me; on the contrary, I perceived both the French and English seemed to think that if the affair had been determined by me, it would not have ended so well for Combant; and the consequence of this to me, with respect to the English and French, was that the former began to love me, and the latter to fear me more."* Although the character of Sully precludes the idea that he would have hesitated in allowing the civic authorities to put Combant to death, had they so wished, yet it seems to us tolerably evident that Sully deserves great credit for his finesse; his severity disarmed that of more dangerous judges, and we have no doubt saved the young man's life. We may dismiss the Duke de Sully with the remark that by his address, his winning manners, *and his gold* (it is said he bribed the Queen herself), he completely succeeded in his objects. During the proprietorship of Lord Compton and his rich wife, another distinguished tenant graced the halls of Crosby Place. This was the lady whose name was so affectionately attached by Sir Philip Sidney to his famous romance : 'The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia' is its title, in compliment to his beloved sister. We need scarcely add that this also was the lady whom Ben Jonson has celebrated in one of the prettiest epitaphs in our language. The Countess of Pembroke lived so many years in Crosby Place that her history is a part of its own.

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* Memoirs of the Duke of Sully. 4to. London, 1756. Vol. ii. p. 174.

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou canst find another
Good, and fair, and wise as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!"

Spencer, Earl of Northampton, the son of the last-mentioned proprietor, resided here in 1638. This nobleman was one of the most strenuous supporters of Charles I., and almost the first of his order who shed his blood in his service. He was killed by the King's side at Hopton Heath, in Staffordshire, in 1642. Two years before Crosby Place had been leased to Sir John Langham, who was sheriff in 1642, during whose occupation it is said to have been used as a prison for royalists. His son, Sir Stephen Langham, succeeded him, and it is supposed that it was during his tenancy that the fire occurred by which Crosby Place was so greatly injured, that from that period it ceased to be used as a dwelling. In 1672 the hall was converted into a Presbyterian meeting-house, and so remained for nearly a century (a son of the eminent divine, Calamy, was one of the assistant preachers here about 1726), and in 1677 the present houses in Crosby Square were built on the ruins of the parts of the old mansion that had been destroyed. Its history is now nearly brought to a conclusion. After the disuse of the hall as a meeting-house it was degraded into a packer's warehouse, and whilst thus occupied, received the most serious injury from the alterations which were made in it. In 1831 the lease upon which the hall had been held expired; and from that time the most unremitting exertions have been made by a committee of gentlemen, who had taste to appreciate the historical and architectural value of Crosby Place, to restore the remaining parts of the structure to their pristine state: and the subscriptions received have in a great measure enabled them to accomplish this object. Extensive reparations have taken place, and much of the original mansion has been rebuilt. The first stone of the new works was laid on the 27th of June, 1836, by the Right Honourable W. T. Copeland, Lord Mayor, when a plan of them, with other documents of the subject, were deposited in a bottle, and the latter placed in a cavity of the stone formed to receive it. After that portion of the ceremony was over the Lord Mayor led the way into the hall, which was fitted up in a characteristic manner for the occasion. Banners floated along the walls, the floor was strewed with rushes, and a genuine old Elizabeth breakfast, including a noble baron of beef, was spread upon the tables.

Our description of Crosby Place will necessarily be but brief, when compared with the space we have devoted to its history. For although, as a work of art, Crosby Place presents some unrivalled features, the roof of its hall for instance, yet its historical recollections constitute its greatest charm. If we take as our guide the plan of the vaults still existing beneath the site of

Crosby Place and the neighbourhood, it will be evident that the original edifice must have been as magnificent for its extent as for the general beauty of its decorations. Large as is the space occupied by the hall and the council-chamber, with the throne-room above, (the only remaining portions of Crosby Place,) yet it scarcely occupies half the extent denoted by the remains below the soil. Among these remains there is one particularly interesting feature, a crypt with a finely groined roof, now occupied as a wine cellar. From its situation it appears highly probable that this stood beneath a chapel belonging to Crosby Place; although we must also state that it is the opinion of persons well qualified to judge that it belonged to a chapel of the old Priory of St. Helen's. The entrance to Crosby Place is through a small gateway; as we pass through this, the view shown at the commencement of our paper meets the eye. This is the exterior of the hall, consisting of one story only, with its lofty and elegant windows, and its exquisitely beautiful oriel window, reaching from the ground to the top of the building, and the exterior of the council-chamber, with the throne-room above. It may be noticed that the two windows to the extreme right of the hall differ from the remainder, in being closer together. These give light to a part of the building which formed the gallery of the hall, extending over the gateway seen in the drawing, which leads into Crosby Square, formerly the inner court of the great mansion. Beneath this gateway, it is supposed, was the original entrance to the hall; at present, however, we reach the interior of Crosby Place through a low postern doorway, situated in the angle between the wall of the council-chamber and the great oriel window. We first enter upon the council-chamber, or, as it is sometimes called, the dining-room. This is lighted by two windows which look into the small quadrangle we have just quitted, and by one situated in the left-hand corner of the opposite wall. This window is large, lofty, and of a very unique character—a restoration of a former work. There was formerly also a beautiful bay window looking into the quadrangle, and the blank arch of which still remains. The only other peculiar features of this room are the flat, massy-ribbed ceiling, which is modern, (and although in accordance with the character of the room, forms still but a poor substitute for the elaborately elegant work of stucco and gold, with dropping pendants, which formerly met the eye in the same place;) and the chimney-piece, which consists of a low, pointed, and very broad arch, set within square deep mouldings. We next ascend to the throne-room: why so called it is impossible to say. This is a very beautiful room, with a rounded ceiling, divided into small compartments by slender ribs of oak, and lighted in a very similar manner to the room beneath. One of the windows, however, looking into the quadrangle has the additional ornament of a richly-painted border, and the window in the corner is still more unique, as well as infinitely more beautiful, than that of the council-chamber directly below. It extends from floor to ceiling, is situated within a small recess panelled at the sides and beautifully ornamented at the top, and is divided into two compartments by a slender stem in the centre, which at the top has a small knot of ornament falling, like a bunch of fruit, a little on each side, and giving to the stem, when seen from the opposite wall, one of the most graceful forms that it is possible to conceive. Descending to the council-chamber, we find, besides the low postern door through which we entered, a larger one, which admits us into the innermost sanctuary of the place,—the Great Hall. The noble proportions of this place, and the surpassing beauty of its roof, built not less than three hundred and sixty years ago, will be more evident to our readers from an attentive examination of the engraving of the hall than from any written description that we could give them. We pass on, therefore, to notice such other of its chief features as the engraving does not or cannot convey. And first as to its dimensions. It is 54 feet long, 27½ broad, and 40 feet high. The breadth of the oriel window is 10 feet 10 inches, and its height the height of the hall. This window is richly decorated with a series of armorial bearings, the tasteful and munificent present of Thomas Willement, Esq., and which, though of so recent an origin, have all the appearance of ancient works of art. We see among them the arms of St. Helen's Priory, the earliest proprietor of the place, of Sir John Crosby the builder, of the City of London, so many of whose eminent citizens have made the hall ring again with the sound of festive hospitality, of Richard the "crook-backed tyrant," whose few days' residence here will preserve the name of Crosby Place when the last vestige of its architectural glories shall have disappeared, and of Henry's murdered Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, the wise, learned, amiable, and witty author of the 'Utopia.' The remainder comprise the arms and badges of Richard's Queen, and of the House of York, Sir Thomas D'Arcy, William Bond and his company, and the "Rich Spencer" and his company. The other windows of the hall are similarly decorated, those on the same side containing the arms of various subscribers to the expenses of the restoration, and those on the opposite, among others, of Sir John Rest, the Duke of Sully, Lord Compton, and the present owner, W. P. Williams Freeman, Esq. In the very beautiful roof of the oriel window we perceive, among the knots of foliage that still bloom for us as they bloomed for our ancestors hundreds of years ago, a boss of superior size, on which is carved in relief a ram trippant,—the crest of Sir John Crosby, and which is looked upon, and in all probability correctly, as having been placed there by Sir John himself to commemorate his name as the founder of the magnificence around. The louvre, or opening in the centre of the roof, has caused much discussion. In ancient halls the smoke had frequently no other mode of escape than by the louvre; but here there is a regular chimney, with a front like that of the council-chamber:—perhaps the chimney was of later construction. The aperture of the louvre is now closed by the same piece of woodwork that was formerly elevated above it. The pavement of the hall remains to a certain extent in its original state, when it was paved with stone in small square slabs arranged diagonally, the whole being divided by five lines formed in a similar manner, running from one end of the hall to the other. "It is singular," says Mr. Blackburne,* "that Crosby Hall shows no indication of a *raised* dais; and the only instance I recollect of a similar departure from the general custom is to be met with at Sawston Hall, Cambridgeshire." The walls of the part thus distinguished were usually hung with arras, and this was no doubt the case in Crosby Hall. The dais here must have occupied a very large space, as the oriel window, which was always included in it, stands at some considerable distance from the northern wall. In this wall there was most probably a communication with a little room still existing behind it, from which a handsome doorway, with three lights above (lately restored), led into the part which was then, it is supposed, the small private garden or "pleasaunce" of the mansion, but which now forms an open space in front of St. Helen's Church. Lastly, we may notice the gallery of the hall, which still remains, though stripped of all its decoration, and hidden by the canvass which covers that end of the room. We have taken the liberty to restore it in our engraving to what we may conceive to be something like its original aspect. Galleries of this kind were generally denominated the Minstrels' Gallery, and the name bespeaks its use. At the first commemoration of Sir Thomas Gresham, celebrated on the 12th of July, 1832, the gallery of Crosby Hall was occupied by the choir engaged in the musical performance of that interesting festival after the conclusion of the service in the church. This, if we may adopt the opinion of the eloquent Gresham professor of music, given in a lecture delivered in Crosby Hall in 1838, was but a type of the rich musical memories of the place. Referring to one of the many madrigals, and other vocal pieces, composed in honour of the "fair vestal throned by the west," under the poetical appellation of Oriana, and which it has been supposed Elizabeth herself could not resist from encouraging, Mr. Taylor says, and with his remarks we conclude:—

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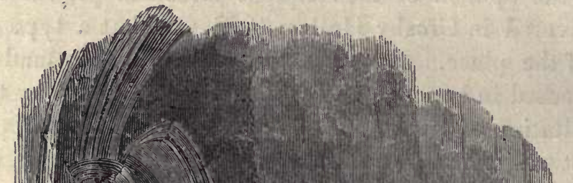
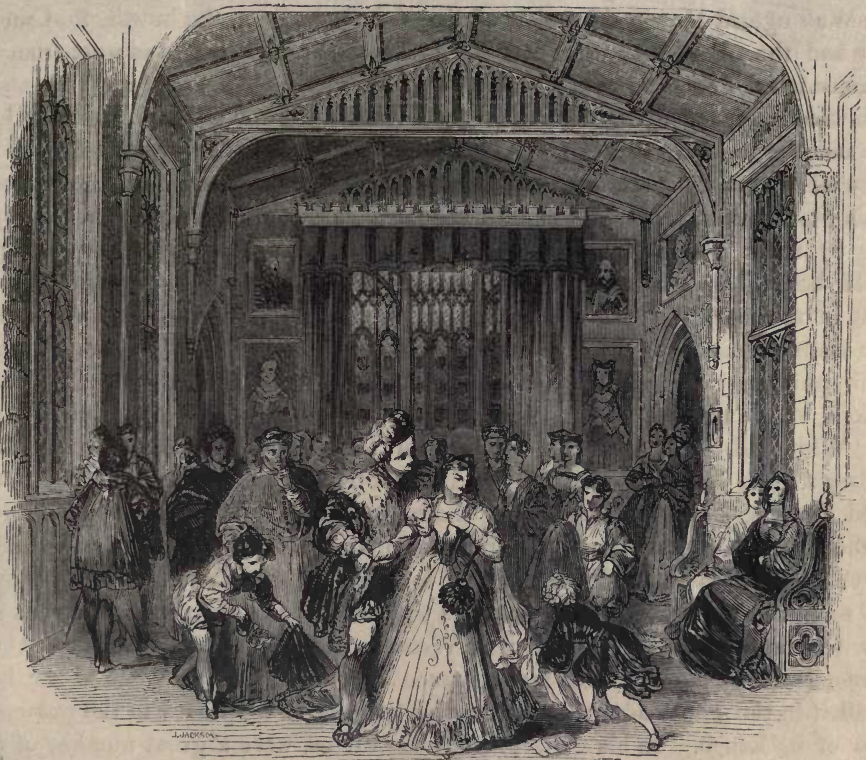
* Architectural and Historical Account of Crosby Place.

"In this spacious and beautiful hall we may not only be sure that these compositions have often been sung, but this is the only remaining edifice in London in which we may feel equally assured that some of our greatest vocal writers have assembled to give and to receive pleasure in the social performance of their own compositions. Near to this spot was born and lived the celebrated William Byrde, whose writings remain to this day monuments of splendid genius and profound erudition; from whom his scholar, Morley, gratefully confessed to have 'received the will and the power to enter into the contemplation and searching out of the hidden mysteries and divine enjoyments of his art, and derived the wish and the means to live in after times.' Near to this spot was also born the pupil whose affectionate gratitude is recorded in these words, and whose works abundantly prove that he had indulged in no vain and visionary anticipations in predicting their prolonged existence. Near to this spot also lived the sweetest of all that illustrious choir, who enriched our art with never-dying strains, John Wilbye. Near this spot were produced those compositions which are still the study and delight of his successors, and which are destined to charm generations yet to come. Near this spot, too, stood the princely mansion of Gresham, bequeathed by him to the use and benefit of his fellow-citizens, where he designed instruction in religion, in science, and in art, to be freely and liberally dispensed to all; founding a temple of learning, whose doors should be open, and whose advantages should be accessible, to every inquirer after knowledge, however humble in station or mean in acquirements; and, lastly, near this spot repose the honoured remains of its founder (in the same church that contains the ashes of Sir John Crosby, the founder of the splendid 'Place'). Here, then, a thousand interesting associations crowd upon the mind, and connect themselves with the lives and labours of these illustrious men; for here the musician, as well as the architect and the historian, feels that he is treading classic ground. Imagination calls up the time when this hall was thronged with the noble, the learned, the graceful of past ages; when the hospitable board was here spread, and among the guests, Gresham, the princely merchant, the friend, and the neighbour; Byrde, Wilbye, Morley, the most accomplished musicians of their time, all living under the shadow of this building, when this spacious roof echoed to the sound of their harmonies, and when 'The health of the Queen' was followed by some madrigal in praise of fair Oriana."



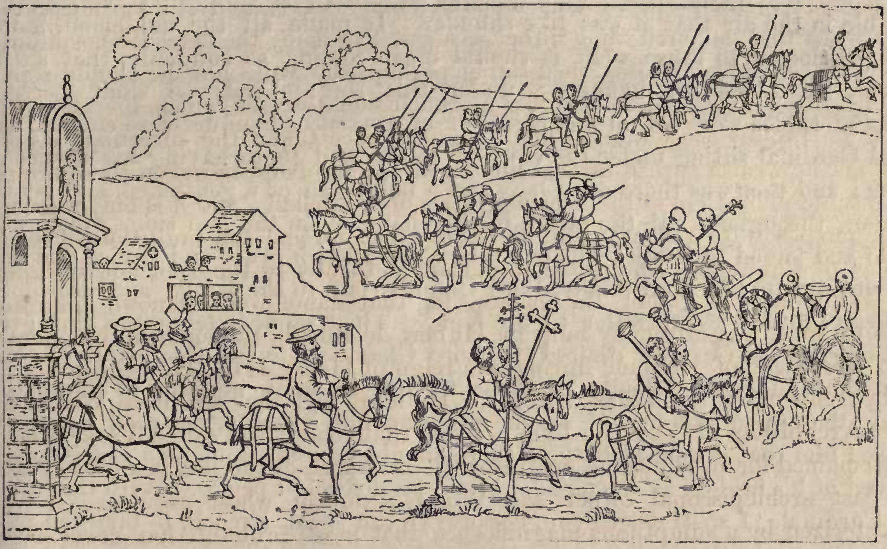
[Tomb of Sir John Crosby.]



[Presence Chamber, York Place.]

XIX.—OLD WHITEHALL.

There are, doubtless, few of our metropolitan readers who have not, like ourselves, often stood by the Horse Guards to gaze on that magnificent work, the Banqueting House, opposite, and to ponder on the solemn and momentous event, the execution of Charles I., which seems (so instantaneously does the sight of the one recal the memory of the other) to be recorded in indelible characters on the very walls. They have also, we have no doubt, wondered, as we have often wondered, through which of those beautiful windows the King passed to the funereal-looking scaffold, with its central block and axe, masked executioner, and surrounding sea of faces; and reviewed, as we have reviewed, all the long train of associations connected with that act, and with the men by whose agency it was achieved. And, absorbed in such thoughts, there, perhaps, have generally ended our mutual reminiscences of Whitehall. The Banqueting House only dates from the time of Charles and his father; and there are no other remains of any importance of the once famous palace to direct the attention to its earlier history. The scene is, indeed, strangely altered. The spectators of the King's execution stood where we now stand; but the present busy street was then the enclosed court-yard of the royal mansion, which consisted of an immense irregular mass of buildings, extending from Scotland Yard and Wallingford House (the site of the Admiralty) on the north, to Cannon Row and the top of Downing Street on the south, and east and west from the Thames to St. James's Park. Where we now find the Treasury and the offices of the Secretaries of State, then stood the Tennis Yard and Cockpit, carrying back the memory to their sport-loving founder, Henry VIII., and still earlier, to the times when that monarch came hither as a guest to enjoy the splendid hospitality of his great minister, Wolsey, meditating perhaps the while how he should repay him by utter disgrace and ruin; a conclusion towards which his thoughts would be rapidly accelerated, when they had once taken the direction, by the sight of the wealth spread around him on all sides. Now, however, there are no such visible indications of the ancient glories of Whitehall; and it is only when we begin purposely to reflect upon its history that we find the multitude of recollections of the highest interest that pertain naturally to the spot flow in upon us. Whitehall, or rather the palace, for that name was unknown till after Wolsey's time, was originally built by Hubert de Burgh, the eminent but persecuted Justiciary of England during the reign of Henry III. He bequeathed it to the convent of the Black Friars in Holborn, and they sold it to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York, in 1248. From that time it was called York House, and remained for nearly three centuries the residence of the prelates of that see. The last archiepiscopal owner was Wolsey; during whose residence it was characterized by a sumptuous magnificence that most probably has never been equalled in the house of any other English subject, or surpassed in the palaces of many of its Kings. In his gallery, on divers tables, were a great number of rich stuffs of silk, in whole pieces, and of all kinds and colours, as velvet, satin, damask, taffeta, &c. The walls were hung with cloth of gold and tissue, cloth of silver, and other rich cloths of divers colours. Here hung his suit of copes, which Cavendish, his gentleman-usher and biographer, says was the richest he had ever seen in this country. In two chambers, called respectively the Gilt and the Council Chambers, were set in each two broad and long tables, upon trestles, with an almost incredible quantity of the most valuable plate. In the Gilt Chamber all was gilt, and a cupboard, standing under the window, was furnished wholly with plate of solid gold, whereof a part was enriched with pearls and other precious gems. In the Council Chamber all was silver, and parcel gilt. He maintained a train of eight hundred persons, among whom were nine or ten lords, fifteen knights, and forty squires. His very domestics must have thought themselves personages of no little consideration, for his cook wore a satin or velvet jerkin, and a chain of gold round his neck. Wolsey's own appearance was worthy of the central object of this rich picture. His portly figure was set off with silk and satins of the finest texture and the richest scarlet or crimson dyes. On his neck and shoulders he wore a tippet of costly sables; his gloves were of red silk, his Cardinal's hat of scarlet, and his shoes silver gilt, inlaid with pearls and diamonds. When he appeared in public the hat was borne before him by a person of rank; he was immediately preceded by two priests of stately height and noble appearance, each carrying a ponderous silver cross; before these rode two gentlemen bearing silver staves; and in front of all marched his pursuivant-at-arms, with a huge silver-gilt mace. Wolsey, as a priest, rode on a mule, with saddle and saddle-cloth of crimson velvet, and stirrups of silver gilt; but his followers were all mounted on beautiful horses, richly caparisoned, perfect in training and spirit.



[Wolsey and his Suite.*]

At his levee, which he held every morning at an early hour, after a very short mass, he always appeared clad in red. And thus "he lived a long season," says Cavendish, "ruling all within this realm appertaining unto the King by his wisdom; and all other weighty matters of foreign regions with which the King of this realm had any occasion to intermeddle. All ambassadors of foreign potentates were always despatched by his discretion, to whom they had always access for their despatch. * * * *

"And when it pleased the King's Majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the Cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship; such pleasures were then devised for the King's comfort and consolation as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth, with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time, with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the King suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torchbearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the water-gate, without any noise: where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet; under this sort:—First, ye shall perceive that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, my Lord Cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, and there having his service all alone; and then was there set a lady and a nobleman, or a gentleman and gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made and joined as it were but one table. All which order and device was done and devised by the Lord Sands, Lord Chamberlain to the King; and also by Sir Henry Guilford, Comptroller to the King. Then immediately after this great shot of guns the Cardinal desired the Lord Chamberlain and Comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They, thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and showed him that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. With that quoth the Cardinal, 'I shall desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive them according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages, sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime.' Then they went incontinent down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together at one time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the Cardinal where he sat, saluting him very reverently; to whom the Lord Chamberlain for them said, 'Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers and can speak no English, they have desired me to declare unto your grace thus: They, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at mumchance, and then after to dance with them, and so to have of them acquaintance. And, sir, they furthermore require of your grace licence to accomplish the cause of their repair.' To whom the Cardinal answered that he was very well contented they should do so. Then the maskers went first and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold, with crowns and other pieces of coin, to whom they set divers pieces to cast at. Thus in this manner perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, and to some they lost, and of some they won. And thus done, they returned unto the Cardinal, with great reverence, pouring down all the crowns in the cup, which was about two hundred crowns. 'At all,' quoth the Cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won them all at a cast; whereat was great joy made. Then quoth the Cardinal to my Lord Chamberlain, 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'show them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some noble man, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my Lord Chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my Lord Cardinal's mind, and they rounding him again in the ear, my Lord Chamberlain said to my Lord Cardinal, 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the Cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last quoth he, 'Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight, of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the King's person in that mask than any other. The King, hearing and perceiving the Cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing, but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the King to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The Cardinal eftsoons desired his highness to take the place of estate; to whom the King answered that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the King's absence the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the tables spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the King and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the King took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the King's Majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes, or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the King, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled."

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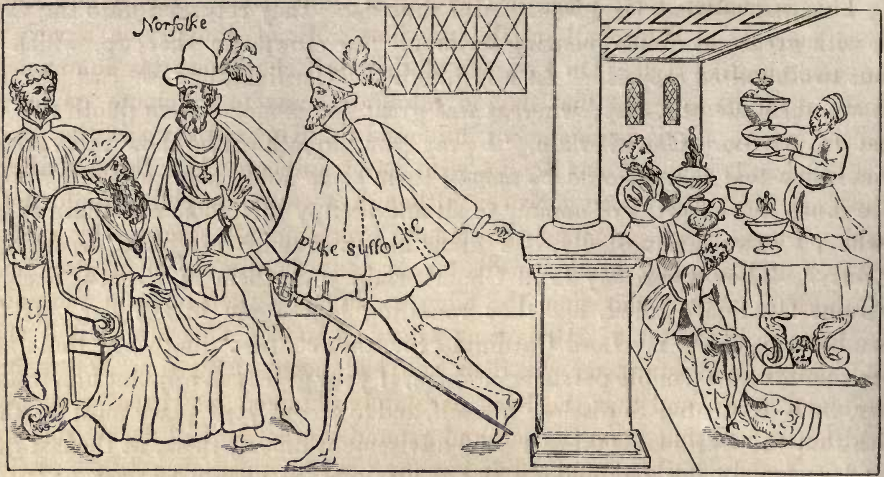
* From a drawing in Mr. Douce's copy of Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.

This account derives additional interest from the circumstance that Shakspere, in his Henry VIII., has almost literally followed it in most of its details, and with great dramatic skill made it the foundation of the scene where Henry, in "perusing all the ladies," first sees Anne Boleyn, and is smitten with her beauty. And what a contrast does not all this festivity, and mirth, and "full-blown" enjoyment, present to the heart-sickening despair felt by the same prelate, in the same place, a few years later, when the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk waited upon him in the very chambers which had witnessed all that festivity, and told him he must quit York Place, for the King meant to live there himself!



[Wolsey surrendering the Great Seal.*]

The next day he did quit it, and from his barge on the Thames looked perhaps for the last time on the halls and towers of York Place, and bade

"Farewell—a long farewell—to all *his* greatness."

Fiddes, in his Life of Wolsey, says that the Cardinal built a great part of York House; and the statement is strengthened by a passage in Storer's Metrical History of Wolsey (1599), in which are the following lines:—

"Where fruitful Thames salutes the learned shore
Was this grave prelate and the muses plac'd,
And by those waves he *builded* had before
A royal house with learned muses grac'd,
But by his death imperfect and defac'd."

It has been supposed that among these erections a "White Hall, properly so called, was erected by Wolsey, and obtained its name from the freshness of its appearance, when compared with the ancient buildings of York House;" and hence the origin of the present appellation. On Wolsey's fall, in 1529, we know that the name of York Place was prohibited, though no other appears to have been immediately substituted for it, except by the popular voice. Shakspere refers to this change in his Henry VIII., in a passage interesting not on that account only. One gentleman is giving to two others a description of the coronation of Anne Boleyn, in which occur the following lines:—

"So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.
1 *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York-place—that is past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost;
'T is now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.
3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me."

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* From a drawing in Mr. Douce's copy of Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.

This coronation took place on the 1st of June, 1533. Henry and Anne had been married at Whitehall on the previous 25th of January in a very secret, un-sovereignlike style. Dr. Lee, one of the court chaplains, was summoned very early in the morning of that day to celebrate mass in a remote garret of the palace, where, to his astonishment, he found the King with two of the grooms of his bedchamber, and Anne Boleyn, with her trainbearer Mrs. Savage, afterwards the Lady Berkeley. Lee, however, although a court chaplain, would not, it is said perform that ceremony till Henry overcame all scruples by saying the Church of Rome had decided in his favour as to the divorce of his previous wife, Katherine. About this time the King made many alterations in the palace, as we learn from an Act of Parliament passed in 1536. This act recited that the old palace of Westminster was then and had been a long time before in utter ruin and decay, and that the King had lately obtained one great mansion-place and house, and that upon the soil and ground thereof he had "most sumptuously and curiously builded and edified many, and distinct, beautiful, costly, and pleasant lodgings, buildings, and mansions," and adjoining thereunto "had made a park, and walled and environed it round with brick and stone, and there devised and ordained many and singular commodious things, pleasures, and other necessaries, apt and convenient to appertain to so noble a prince for his pastime and solace." It was then enacted that all the said ground, mansion, and buildings, together with the said park and the entire space between Charing Cross and the Sanctuary at Westminster, from the Thames on the east side to the park wall westward, should be deemed and called the King's Palace of Westminster. Among these was a gallery which Wolsey had set up at Esher not long before his disgrace. As Pennant observes in a striking passage—"Henry had an uncommon composition; his savage cruelty could not suppress his love of the arts; his love of the arts could not soften his savage cruelty. The prince who could, with the utmost *sang froid*, burn Catholics and Protestants, take off the heads of the partners of his bed one day, and celebrate new nuptials the next, had notwithstanding a strong taste for refined pleasures." He was a scholar, a lover—performer—and composer of music, a writer of ballads, and so good an architect that it has been considered as a matter of regret that a tomb he designed for himself was never completed. He formed a collection of pictures at Whitehall, which afterwards became the nucleus of the splendid collection of Charles I. He made munificent proposals to Raffaelle and Titian, neither of whom however accepted them, though the former painted a "St. George" for him. One eminent artist, however, was prevailed upon to come over to England by the reputation of his taste and generosity; we allude to Hans Holbein, who was introduced to Henry VIII. by Sir Thomas More, at his house at Chelsea, where a number of the painter's works had been previously distributed round the walls. The King immediately took him into his service, gave him an apartment in Whitehall and a pension, besides paying him for his pictures. From Holbein, who was a universal genius, he received the design of a magnificent Gate-house, which he built in front of the palace, opposite the entrance into the Tilt-yard. This edifice was constructed of small square stones and flint boulder, presenting two different colours, glazed, and disposed in a tessellated manner. On each front were four naturally-coloured and gilt busts, which resisted all the influences of the weather. Three of these busts were traced by the activity of Mr. Smith into the possession of a gentleman of Essex, Peter Luard Wright, Esq., where he had the pleasure of seeing and of having drawings made from them to engrave in his work. They were of terra cotta, larger than life, and, it is said, representations of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. Mr. Smith supposes them to be the work of Torregiano. The fourth, it has been stated, has been recently found in a cottage near Windsor. The gate was removed in 1750, in order to widen the street, when it was begged by William Duke of Cumberland, the son of George II., with the intention of erecting it at the end of the long walk in the Great Park at Windsor, of which he was ranger. But the intention was never fulfilled. A very forcible proof of the estimation in which Henry held this distinguished artist is given in the following anecdote:—A nobleman of high rank one day roused Holbein's anger to so high a degree by intruding upon him whilst he was occupied at his easel, that the latter thrust him down stairs. Alarmed at what might be the consequences of so rash an act, Holbein instantly sought the King's protection by telling the whole story. The nobleman followed to present his complaint, but found that his royal master not only defended the painter, but threatened himself with his severest displeasure if he contrived or adopted any mode of revenge. "You have not now to deal with Holbein," said the King to his irritated but humbled listener, "but with me. Remember, that of seven peasants I can make as many lords, but I cannot make one Holbein." We should make the most of all these genial and excellent traits in Henry's character, not only that it is but justice to do so, but also that the imagination may be a little sweetened after the disgust it must always experience at the mention of his name, on account of the illustrious blood he has shed, the countless hearts he must have broken, and the general baseness of his character as regards all those who should have been nearest and dearest to him. If those he had injured panted for vengeance, his last hours at Whitehall must have satisfied them. So great was his fear of death that several persons had actually been executed for saying he was dying. Consequently, when he *was* in the condition he so much dreaded, there were none to tell him that the awful fiat had gone forth, and enable him to spend his last hours in the most fitting manner. "The physicians, on the approach of certain symptoms, wished his courtiers—friends he had none—to warn him of his state; but they all hung back in affright, like unarmed men in the presence of a wounded and dying beast of prey."* Sir Anthony Denny at length undertook the task, and successfully accomplished it. Henry, finding there was no hope, began to reflect on his course of life, which he much condemned, but still professed himself confident that through Christ all his sins, though they had been more in number and weight, might be pardoned. Cranmer was sent for in great haste, who, on his arrival, found the King speechless. He bent over the bed, exhorting him to hope for God's mercy through Christ, on which Henry grasped his hand as hard as he could, and expired—we may add, just in time to save the Duke of Norfolk, who was to have died at an early hour on the same day, the 28th January, 1547.

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* Pictorial History of England, Book vi. p. 451.

In neither of the following reigns, those of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, do we find any record of importance connected with Whitehall, further than that the latter sovereign went from Whitehall by water to her coronation at Westminster, Elizabeth bearing the crown before her. It is said that the Princess could not help whispering to Noailles, the French ambassador, that it was very heavy. "Be patient," replied the ready-witted diplomatist; "it will seem lighter when it is on your own head." From the time of the splendid entertainments of King Henry to that anticipated by Noailles, when Henry's daughter ascended the throne of England, Whitehall must have been but a dull place. Edward's boyhood, and Mary's cheerless bigotry, alike prevented Mirth and all her crew from rioting in the palace-chambers of Whitehall. But Elizabeth reigned, and the court was more than ever the great centre of attraction to the young and light-hearted—to the scholar, wit, statesman, and poet—to all, in short, who could adorn or dignify it by their beauty or their accomplishments, their talents or their character. This is the poetical era of Whitehall. The virgin queen, as writers have delighted to call her, was not long after her succession in asserting her determination to remain unmarried. Her very first parliament sent a deputation with an address to Whitehall, "the principal matter whereof most specially was to move her grace to marriage." Elizabeth received the deputation in the great gallery built by her father, and, having heard the message, answered them at some length, and in a most characteristic style. For instance, having stated her preference for a single life, and the temptations she had had to withdraw her from it, she continued: "The manner of your petition I do like and take in good part, for it is simple, and containeth no limitation of place or person. If it had been otherwise I must have misliked it very much, and thought it in you a very great presumption, being unfit and altogether unmeet to require them that may command." This was pretty well for a young queen to her first parliament, and showed that with the blood she inherited no small portion of the absolute spirit of Harry the Eighth. She concluded her address with the observation—"And for me it shall be sufficient that a marble stone declare that a queen, having reigned such a time, lived and died a virgin." If Elizabeth's conduct has not been misrepresented, she exhibited occasionally no very great solicitude as to the strict performance of her determination; though, after all, vanity was perhaps the ruling passion that seduced her into such equivocal situations with her worthless favourite, Leicester. It was something to show that not even time could reduce the number or affect the constancy of her lovers. Thus, in her forty-seventh year, her persevering suitor, the Duke of Anjou, whom she had formerly refused, had nearly obtained her permission for the marriage by playing upon this weakness. He sent over Simier, a nobleman peculiarly qualified, by his appearance, manners, and abilities, to plead for him, and who represented to Elizabeth that the Duke was almost dying of love for her. He also obtained possession of an important secret, the marriage of the Earl of Leicester to the widow of the late Earl of Essex. Still Elizabeth protested she would never agree to marry a man whom she had not seen. In the following summer the Duke of Anjou suddenly appeared at the palace at Greenwich, having travelled thither incognito. The romance of the affair delighted the queen; and the adventurous lover's appearance made a favourable impression. But the desire for her marriage had ceased on the part of Burleigh and her other advisers, and, although no opposition was offered, she is said to have shed passionate tears that they did not, as before, unanimously petition her to marry. In a short time she declared again her determination to remain unmarried. But, in the spring of 1581, a splendid embassy arrived in London from Catherine de Medici, the Duke's mother, when it was agreed the marriage should take place within six weeks. The Queen attested her own sense of the importance of the occasion by building a banqueting-house "on the south-west side of Her Majesty's palace at Whitehall, made in manner and form of a long square, three hundred thirty and two feet in measure, about thirty principals made of great masts, being forty foot in length a-piece, standing upright; between every one of these masts, ten feet asunder or more. The walls of this house were closed with canvass, and painted all the outsides of the same most artificially, with a work called rustic, much like stone. This house had two hundred ninety and two lights of glass. The sides within the same house were made with ten heights of degrees for people to stand upon, and in the top of this house was wrought cunningly, upon canvass, works of ivy and holly, with pendants made of wicker rods, garnished with bay, ivy, and all manner of strange flowers garnished with spangles of gold, as also beautified with hanging toscans made of holly and ivy, with all manner of strange fruits, as pomegranates, oranges, pompions, cucumbers, grapes, with such other like, spangled with gold, and most richly hanged. Betwixt these works of bays and ivy were great spaces of canvass, which was most cunningly painted, the clouds with stars, the sunne and sunbeams with diverse other cotes of sundry sorts belonging to the Queen's Majesty, most richly garnished with gold." The Queen also ordered a great tournament to be given in the Tilt Yard, which was considered to be the most sumptuous celebration of the kind ever known in England. Nor was this all. The Queen placed herself in the gallery of the palace, which was accordingly called "the castle or fortress of perfect beauty;" and a mimic fight took place between Her Majesty's defenders and Desire, with his four foster-children, who stoutly attacked the castle. The combatants on both sides were persons of the first rank, and one of them bore a name that the world will not willingly let die,—Master Philip Sidney. A regular summons was first sent by Desire to the garrison, with the delectable song of which the following is a specimen:—

"Yield, yield, O yield, you that this fort do hold,
Which sealed is in spotless honour's field;
Desire's great force no forces can withhold;
Then to Desire's desire, O yield! O yield!"

Not even this very mild and considerate message being attended to, "two cannons were fired off, one with sweet powder, and the other with sweet water; and after there were store of pretty scaling ladders, and then the footmen threw flowers and such fancies against the walls, with all such devices as might seem shot from Desire." Whilst this was going on in Elizabeth's presence, a regular tourney and jousting took place in the Tilt Yard, where Sir Harry Lee, the Queen's devoted and veteran knight, broke six staves in her honour. On the following day, the four foster-children of Desire entered " in a brown chariot, very finely and curiously decked, as men sore wearied and half overcome," whilst " very doleful music" was played by a band concealed within the chariot, on the top of which sat Desire herself, represented by a beautiful lady, in company with the knights. On approaching the Queen, a herald expressed the challengers' despair of victory; yet, as " their souls should leave their bodies rather than Desire should leave their souls," they besought her Majesty to vouchsafe the eyes of her peerless beauty upon their death or overthrow. "Then went they," continued Holinshed, " to the tourney, where they did very nobly, as the shivering of the swords might very well testify; and after that to the barriers, where they lashed it out lustily, and fought courageously, as if the Greeks and Trojans had dealt their deadly dole. No party was spared, no estate excepted, but each knight induced to win the golden fleece that expected either fame or the favour of his mistress, which sport continued all the same day. And towards the evening, the sport being ended, there was a boy sent up to the Queen, clothed in rich-coloured garments, in token of humble submission, who, having an olive-branch in his hand, and falling down prostrate on his face, and then kneeling up, concluded this noble exercise," by requesting her Majesty to accept the challengers as her perpetual bondmen, notwithstanding their degeneracy and unworthiness in making " Violence accompany Desire."*

The people now began to think Elizabeth was really going to be married. The Duke was formally elected Sovereign of the Netherlands, partly through her influence, and when he marched into the country to take possession of his new dominions she sent him 100,000 crowns as a present, to assist him in dislodging the Spaniards. On the approach of winter he put his troops into winter-quarters and hurried over to England. His arrival was welcomed with fireworks and other rejoicings; and the Queen, before her whole court, was seen one day to take a ring from her finger and put it on his. The very next morning, however, Anjou found his affianced bride pale and in tears: she had been talking overnight with some of her council, and the result was that before he left her she assured him she never could marry. The Duke returned to his lodgings stung with the deepest mortification; where in his anger, it is said, he threw the ring she had given him on the ground, and gave loose to many bitter reflections on the fickleness of Englishwomen. After a three months' stay Anjou departed, *pledging his word however to the Queen* that he would soon return; and she actually accompanied him to Canterbury, and there took a weeping farewell. " The departure was mournful betwixt her Highness and Monsieur; she loth to let him go, and he as loth to depart. Her Majesty will not come to Whitehall, because the place shall not give cause of remembrance to her of him with whom she so unwillingly parted."† Almost immediately after his return to France the Duke was seized with an illness which proved mortal in a few months; and so ended this affair, which is said once to have approached so near to the conclusion anticipated, that Elizabeth had the pen in her hand to sign the proper documents, when she laid it down and refused to proceed. Hentzner, who visited England in

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* For a view of the animated scene presented by the Tilt Yard on these occasions, see 'The Parks,' p. 191.

† Letter of Lord Talbot, in Lodge, Illustrations.

1598, has given us some interesting particulars of the Queen's appearance and habits, and of the royal palace of Whitehall. He describes her (she was now in her sixty-sixth year) as having a wrinkled face, red periwig, little eyes, hooked nose, shining lips, and black teeth; yet listening with as great delight as ever to the gross flattery of her courtiers concerning her beauty, &c. Of the "truly royal" palace he notices the library as being well stocked with books in the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French languages. Among others was a little one in her own beautiful handwriting, addressed to her father. The books were all bound in velvet of different colours, chiefly red, and with gold or silver clasps; some even had pearls and precious stones set in their bindings. He also notices a number of curiosities, such as two little silver cabinets of exquisite workmanship, in which Elizabeth kept her writing materials;—her bed, ingeniously formed of woods of different colours, and with quilts of silk, velvet, gold, silver, and embroidery;—a little chest decorated all over with pearls, in which the Queen kept the most valuable of her jewels;—numerous portraits;—a piece of clock-work, an Æthiop riding upon a rhinoceros, with four attendants, who all made their obeisance when it struck the hour;—lastly there was in the garden a jet d'eau, with a sun-dial, at which while strangers were looking they were suddenly sprinkled with a quantity of water forced by a wheel, which the gardener turned at a distance, through a number of little pipes.

Elizabeth died at Richmond on the 24th of March, 1603, and immediately the lords of the council proceeded in great haste to Whitehall, where they drew up a proclamation, stating that the right of succession was wholly in James King of Scots, and caused it to be signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Keeper Egerton, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Robert Cecil, Sir J. Fortescue, and Sir J. Popham. Within five hours after the Queen's death this proclamation was read by Sir R. Cecil in front of Whitehall, and the multitude with one consent cried aloud "God save the King!" James was not long in taking personal possession of the sovereignty he had so much coveted. He set out on the 6th of April, though he did not reach London till the 7th of May: what with feasting, and what with the pleasure of examining his new dominions and exercising his new rights in dubbing almost everybody who came in his way, he seems to have found this progress very pleasant. Although by the time he reached Whitehall James had already knighted two hundred persons, he was by no means yet satiated with the gratification it afforded him. On the 22nd of July, all the judges, all the serjeants at law, and among them Bacon, all the doctors of civil law, all the gentlemen-ushers, and "many others of diverse qualities," were summoned to the garden of Whitehall, and there dubbed by the King. The next incident of any importance connected with the history of Whitehall is the examination of the bold, courageous fanatic, whose name is so indissolubly connected with one of the most terrible plots of wholesale vengeance and murder that oppressed and despairing men ever devised. Guy Fawkes was brought to Whitehall immediately after his arrest at the door of the cellar by Sir Thomas Knevett, a magistrate of Westminster. He was led into the King's bedchamber, and there, pinioned hand and foot, interrogated by the trembling King and his council; even in that state he appears to have terrified them by his bold voice and steady air, and by the scorn and defiance with which he answered their inquisitive glances. They asked his name; he said it was John Johnson,—his condition that of a servant to Mr. Thomas Percy. He unflinchingly avowed his intentions, and regretted they had not been carried into execution. When pressed to disclose the names of his accomplices, he replied that he could not resolve to accuse any. James asked how he could have the heart to destroy his children, and so many innocent souls that must have suffered? "Dangerous diseases require desperate remedies," was the answer. A Scottish courtier inquired why he had collected so many barrels of gunpowder. "One of my objects," replied Fawkes, "was to blow Scotchmen back into Scotland." From Whitehall he was sent on the following morning to the Tower; and the unutterable horrors of the torture began. One would have thought that an affair of this kind would have brought some serious and useful meditations into the king's mind on the subject of the people committed to his charge, and the necessity for some amelioration of the dreadful state of things indicated by the plot from which he had so narrowly escaped; or, if this were out of the question, that it would at least have left him better and wiser as a man. What says Sir John Harrington on the subject in a letter written shortly after the conclusion of the event referred to? "I will now in good sooth declare to you, who will not blab, that the gunpowder fright is got out of all our heads, and we are going on hereabouts as if the devil was contriving every man should blow himself up, by wild riot, excess, and devastation of time and temperance."* The occasion of all this unseemly display was the visit of Christian IV. King of Denmark; when a round of most costly feasts, hunts, and entertainments was given. The writer of the paragraph we have just transcribed observes satirically that the parliament had voted the subsidies in good season. "This short month of his stay," says another contemporary, who appears also to allude to the gunpowder plot in his concluding words, "carried with it as pleasing a countenance on every side, and their recreations and pastimes flew as high a flight as Love mounted upon the wings of Art and Fancy, the suitable nature of the season, or Time's swift foot could possibly arrive at. The court (at Whitehall), city, and some parts of the country, with banquetings, masques, dancings, tiltings, barriers, and other gallantry (besides the manly sports of wrestling and the brutish sports of baiting wild beasts), swelled to such a greatness, as if there were an intention in every particular man this way to have *blown up himself*."† Like other spendthrifts, James found the "reckoning" for these extravagances always an unpleasant matter. The parliament grew less and less inclined to vote the necessary funds; and although James's minister, Cecil, went boldly to work and imposed duties on various kinds of merchandise by orders under the great seal, this by no means lessened the difficulty: the parliament had still to be applied to, where a strong opposition had grown up, and had been made resolute and clamorous by this last and most illegal act. The King at first intimated to them by a message that they must not talk on such subjects; and the practical answer was that they talked louder than ever. James now called both houses before him at Whitehall, and delivered a speech which we may safely say has never been paralleled in this country for its blasphemy and absurdity:—"Kings are justly called gods," said this brilliant specimen of earthly divinity, "for that they exercise a manner or resemblance of divine power upon earth; for if you will consider the attributes of God, you shall see how they agree in the person of a King. God hath power to create or destroy—to make or unmake—at his pleasure; to give life or send death; to judge all, and to be judged nor accountable to none; to raise low things, and to make high things low, at his pleasure; and to God both soul and body are due. And the like power have Kings; they make and unmake their subjects; they have power of raising and casting down of life and death, judges over all their subjects and in all causes, and yet accountable to God only. They have power to exalt low things and abase high things, and make of their subjects like men of chess—a pawn to take a bishop or a knight, and to cry up or down any of their subjects as they do their money. And to the King is due both the affection of the soul and the service of the body of his subjects." Who can read this, and—remembering that James's successor held the same notions with infinitely greater ability and ambition to carry them into action—wonder that a civil war should have deluged England with blood within the next forty years? The principle of divine right was here so fairly and fully asserted, that no alternative was left to the English people but to accept it and become the veriest slaves that ever breathed, or oppose it—peacefully, constitutionally, and legally, whilst they might—but to oppose it at all events, through all dangers and in spite of all consequences. James ended his speech in the same spirit in which he had commenced, by telling the members that it was sedition in subjects to dispute what a King might do in the fulness of his power; that Kings were before laws, and that all laws were granted by them as a matter of favour to the people. With whatever disgust the Commons heard all this, they acted with admirable prudence and in a most business-like manner. In answer to all the impious parallelism that James had instituted, and the theoretical deductions made therefrom, they contented themselves with laying down their rights in distinct language, and, whilst leaving the doctrine of the King's power to make and unmake his subjects, decidedly objected to his laying any duties upon *currants* and *broad-cloth* without their consent! All this while the court was furnishing matter for continual illustration of the nature of kingly divinity, in the characters of its chief personages, and in the base intrigues that were perpetually set on foot within its precincts. We may particularly instance the divorce of the beautiful but unchaste and vindictive Countess of Essex from her husband (a son of the Earl of Essex, executed by order of Elizabeth), and her subsequent marriage with her lover, the Viscount Rochester, James's great favourite. The wedding took place on the 25th of December, 1613, in the royal chapel of Whitehall, in the presence of the King and Queen, Prince Charles, and a splendid assemblage of the spiritual and temporal aristocracy. The countess appeared with her hair hanging down in loose curls to her waist, the costume of a virgin bride. The Bishop of Bath and Wells united the hands of the guilty pair, and the Dean of Westminster preached the marriage sermon. At night the lords of the court presented a gallant masque; and for some days there was a continued succession of amusement. "The glorious days were seconded with as glorious nights, where masques and dancings had a continual motion; the King naturally affecting such high-flying pastimes and banquetings as might wrap up his spirit and keep it from descending towards earthly things."* No doubt earthly things, and the opinions of earthly people, would have given him but little satisfaction. This shameful marriage spread abroad a general sentiment of disgust, fast verging into emotions of a still deeper character, from the remembrance of one of its attendant circumstances. Rochester's friend, Sir Thomas Overbury, who had assisted him in his stolen interview with the then Countess of Essex, when the marriage was proposed, objected very naturally to it, urging the "baseness of the woman." Rochester, in his infatuation, told the Countess what Sir Thomas had said, who from that moment determined to destroy him. The unfortunate man was seduced by Rochester's professions of friendship to refuse an embassy which had been purposely offered to him, and that refusal was made matter of accusation with the King. He was thrown into the Tower; Sir William Wade, the lieutenant, removed, and a creature of Rochester's and the Countess put in his place; and the very day before the sentence of divorce from the Earl of Essex was obtained, Sir Thomas Overbury *died in his dungeon.* Among the feasts given in honour of Rochester, now Earl of Somerset, and his bride, was one where the gentlemen of Gray's Inn were the entertainers; who, it appears, did it very unwillingly, for Bacon claimed the entire merit of vanquishing their reluctance. He had his reward for this and other equally sycophantic acts. He was created Chancellor in November 1616; and when James visited Scotland in 1617 he was intrusted with such extraordinary powers, that the great philosopher turned giddy with the elevation. According to Sir Anthony Weldon, a caustic reporter of his conduct, Bacon immediately began to believe himself King, to lie in the King's lodgings at Whitehall, and give audience in the great banqueting-house to ambassadors and others; to make the members of the council attend him with the same state that they observed toward the King, and when they sat with him for the despatch of business to know their proper distance. "Upon which Secretary Winwood rose, went away, and would never sit more; but instantly despatched one to the King, to desire him to make haste back, for his seat was already usurped; at which," says Weldon, "I remember the King reading it unto us, both the King and we were very merry. * * * * * In this posture he lived until he heard the King was returning, and began to believe the play was almost at an end, that he might personate a King's part no longer, and therefore did again re-invest himself with his old rags of baseness, which were so tattered and poor at the King's coming to Windsor." The passage is in all probability an exaggeration of Bacon's conduct, and both his pride and his humility might receive a worthier explanation than Sir Anthony Weldon has given. The Banqueting House which witnessed Bacon's temporary exercise of one of the attributes of sovereignty was not the building erected by Elizabeth, but the splendid edifice so familiar to our own eyes, which had been but recently erected. The history of this building has some features of too great interest and importance to be hastily passed over at the conclusion of the present paper; we postpone it therefore to the commencement of the next. The old Whitehall of Wolsey, Henry VIII., and Elizabeth, which had become thoroughly decayed and worn out by James's time, and the Whitehall of modern times—of Charles I., Cromwell, and Charles II., of which the Banqueting-room remains to us—are essentially distinct buildings, and in connexion with the length of our subject point naturally to the division we have adopted. We have now concluded the history of the one; our next number will embrace the history of the other.

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* Letter in Nugæ Antiquæ.

† Arthur Wilson.

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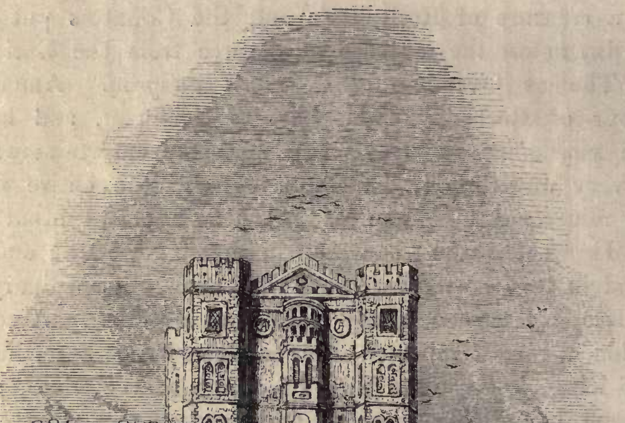
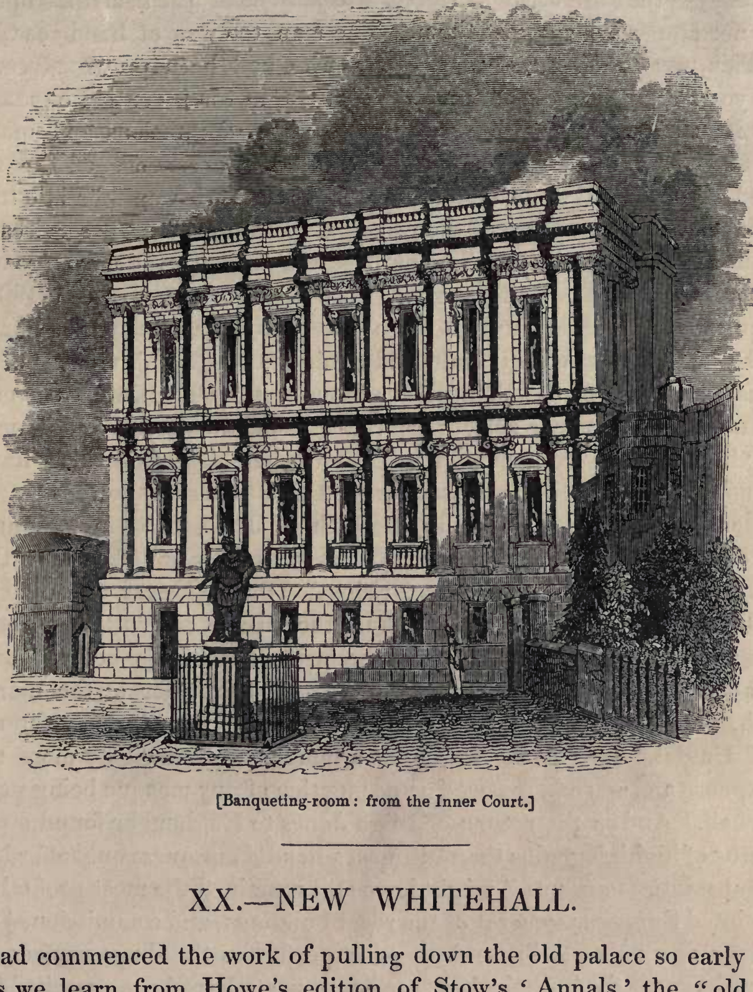
* Wilson.



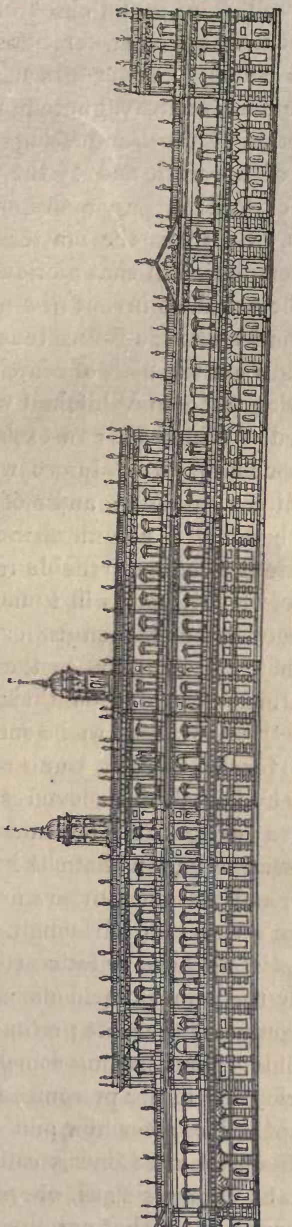
[Holbein's Gate.]



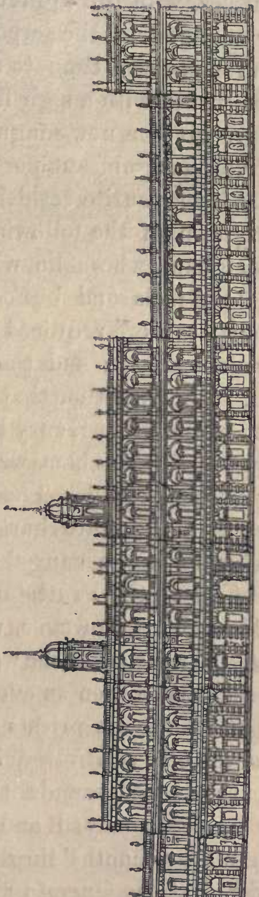
[Banqueting-room: from the Inner Court.]

XX.—NEW WHITEHALL.

James had commenced the work of pulling down the old palace so early as 1606, when, as we learn from Howe's edition of Stow's 'Annals,' the "old, rotten, slight-builded Banqueting House," which Elizabeth had erected, was removed, and a new one built in the following year, "very strong and stately, being every way larger than the first: there were also many fair lodgings new builded and increased." Their strength and stateliness, however, could not defend them from a destruction as sudden as it was unexpected. "About ten o'clock in the morning upon Tuesday, the 12th of January, 1619, the fair Banqueting House at Whitehall was upon the sudden all flaming a-fire, from end to end, and side to side, before it was discerned or descried by any persons or passengers, either by scent or smoke; at sight whereof the Court, being sore amazed, sent speedy news to the great lords of the council, who were then but newly set in the Guildhall in London, about excessive and disorderly buildings, but they all arose and returned to Whitehall, and gave directions to the multitude of people to suppress the flame, and by hook to pull down some other adjoining buildings, to prevent the furious fire; and so by their care and the people's labour the flame was quite extinct by twelve o'clock." We know not at what period the King first determined upon the plan of entirely rebuilding the palace of Whitehall, but it is not improbable that the accident referred to may have quickened his operations, if it did not altogether suggest them. The man too was at hand ready for the work. This was the famous Inigo Jones, who had been previously employed for some years about the court, with Ben Jonson, in the invention of masques to entertain it; the one having charge of the scenery, decorations, and machinery, and the other of the poetical composition. Of the excellence of the masques performed at Whitehall when under such management, it would be idle to speak; but we may notice two or three of the principal occasions when the services of these great men were in requisition. The earliest was probably the marriage of Philip Herbert, another of James's favourites, with Lady Susan Vere, in 1605, when the masque was played in the hall. On the twelfth day following, Charles was created Duke of York at Whitehall, and at night the Queen's masque of 'Blacknesse' was presented in the Banqueting House; the Queen, with eleven of the most beautiful ladies of her suite, performing the characters of the daughters of Niger; "because," as the poet tells us, "it was her Majesty's will to have them black-a-mores at first." This masque cost three thousand pounds. "A most glorious masque" was also given on the 12th of June, 1610, in honour of the creation of Prince Henry as Prince of Wales, which continued "till within half an hour of the sun's not setting but rising." Prince Henry was Jones's chief patron at this period, and on the death of the prince, in 1612, our artist went for the second time to Rome to study the principles of his beloved art. His absence appears to have been felt at the court at least; for at the marriage of Elizabeth, James's daughter, to the Elector Palatine (from whom the reigning family of England derives its descent)—a marriage attended by more than ordinary expense and splendour—we find no mention of any masque being performed at Whitehall. And on the return of Inigo Jones to England he found occupation more worthy of his high genius than the most splendid masques could afford, though the "unsubstantial pageants" might have still remained the most profitable. He was appointed Surveyor-general of the royal buildings, and commissioned to make designs for a new palace. These designs, imperfect as the shape confessedly is in which they have reached us (the best are supposed to have been compiled from the artist's drawings by a second hand), are alone sufficient to raise their author's reputation to the very highest rank; but fortunately the Banqueting House remains to us to this day, as a specimen of the style of the whole, of which it was the only portion erected. The very extent of the space to be covered would have alarmed, or at least bewildered, any ordinary architect. In Jones's plans the exterior buildings measured eight hundred and seventy-four feet on the east and west sides, and one thousand one hundred and fifty-two feet on the north and south. Within these were to be no less than seven courts. Two of the sides are here shown. The Banqueting House was commenced in 1619, and completed in about two years. Its entire cost was seventeen thousand pounds. It will surprise many of our readers to know what was the amount of the architect's remuneration for his labours whilst engaged upon what, if completed, would have been the grandest



[The front towards Charing Cross.]



[The front towards the Park.]

production of modern architecture. He was allowed, it appears, eight shillings and fourpence a day as surveyor, and forty-six pounds per year for house-rent, a clerk, and other incidental expenses; Nicholas Stone, "master-mason," being paid "four shillings and tenpence the day." The King's extravagance prevented the prosecution of these designs beyond the erection of the Banqueting House, and his son Charles, with full appreciation both of the work and of the author, was too busily engaged in the impossible task of building up a despotism in England to find money or time to raise palaces. So there the matter rested, and Inigo Jones turned with a sigh from the contemplation of that glorious work, which would have given a new magnificence to the world, to invent new masques for a comparatively insignificant portion of it, Charles and his young consort.

James died at his favourite residence, Theobald's, on the 27th of March, 1625, and in the afternoon of the following day Charles came to Whitehall with the Duke of Buckingham, where he was proclaimed. Whitehall now experienced some change: "the fools and buffoons and other familiars of James were dismissed; the courtiers were required to be attentive to religion, and modest and quiet in their demeanour; and they generally became, if not more moral, far more decorous;"* but whether that change made it a more agreeable residence to the daughter of the great Henry IV. of France, whom Charles had married by proxy, and whom Buckingham was immediately commissioned to escort to England, may be questioned. The royal pair met at Dover, and on the 16th of June they passed in the state barge through London Bridge on their way to Whitehall. This marriage caused a great variety of surmises to be set on foot respecting its effect on the Protestant religion, Henrietta Maria being of course a Catholic. Much hope, however, was excited by trivial circumstances, and a general expectation raised that she would turn out a very good Protestant. But the facts proved as stubborn then as ever. It soon became known that she had nine-and-twenty Roman Catholic priests in her train, and that on Sundays and saint-days mass was secretly celebrated in the Queen's closet at Whitehall. If the people were enraged and scandalized at the belief of these priestly attendants, the King was no less annoyed and irritated by their presumptuous, meddling conduct, which in a few months' time became perfectly unendurable: so one day he suddenly appeared at the Queen's side of the house, "and, finding some Frenchmen, her servants, unreverently dancing and curvetting in her presence, took her by the hand and led her into his lodgings, locking the door after him, and shutting out all save only the Queen. Presently upon this my Lord Conway called forth the French Bishop and others of that clergy into St. James's Park, where he told them the King's pleasure was, all her Majesty's servants of that nation, men and women, young and old, should depart the kingdom; together with the reasons that enforced his Majesty so to do." The Bishop "stood much upon it," but was at last silenced by the remark "that England would find force enough to convey him hence . . . . . . The women howled and lamented, as if they had been going to execution, but all in vain, for the yeomen of the guard, by that Lord's appointment, thrust them and all their country's folk out of the Queen's lodgings, and locked the doors after them. It is said also the Queen, when she understood the design, grew very impatient, and broke the glass windows with her fist; but since then her rage is appeased, and the King and she, since they went together to Nonsuch, have been very jocund together."* The same day the King went to Somerset House, where the French were temporarily accommodated, and, addressing them in a conciliatory, yet manly and dignified manner, "prayed them to pardon him if he sought his own ease and safety," and concluded by informing them that he had ordered his treasurer to reward every one of them for his year's service. Accordingly, on the following day, there was distributed among them money and jewels to the value of about 22,000*l.* A few of the more useful and humble order of domestics were allowed to remain with the Queen; the rest were shipped off from Dover a few days after. The business was not yet entirely concluded. Charles was soon informed that the "gallant, witty, splendid, and profligate" Marshal Bassompière desired audience of him at Whitehall—of course to obtain explanations. This audience was refused at first, but ultimately the Marshal was admitted privately to the King's presence. The latter then explained the real provocation he had received, but grew so warm in the discussion, that he abruptly cried out, "Why do you not execute your commission at once, and declare war against me?" "I am not a herald to declare war," was Bassompière's happy reply, "but a marshal of France to make it when declared." The Ambassador's conduct at another period of their meeting was equally characterised by wit, presence of mind, and a dignified consciousness of his position as the representative of a great monarch, which nothing could disturb. "I witnessed there," writes Bassompière himself, "an instance of great boldness, not to say impudence, of the Duke of Buckingham, which was, that, when he saw us the most heated, he ran up suddenly and threw himself between the King and me, saying, I am come to keep the peace between you two." "Steenie," as James had delighted to call him, most probably wished to hear what was passing; but the Marshal at once took off his hat, intimating thereby that it was no longer an audience, but a private conversation. The reproof was the more exquisite, that Buckingham had not thought it necessary to take off *his* hat before his sovereign. Ultimately Charles gave way, and conceded that his wife should be allowed one French bishop and twelve French priests (none of them to be Jesuits), with numerous other French attendants. A more momentous struggle now engaged the King's attention, and one in which he was destined to be still less successful. The intervals of the great contest between the King and the Parliament were not altogether destitute of events that showed how much Charles might have added to the glory of his country, had he limited his notions of the kingly prerogative by a due consideration of the social changes that rendered it impossible that England should be governed by the Stuarts as by the Tudors. His patronage of the arts is an honour to his memory; and we may judge, from what he did under such unfavourable circumstances, how much he would have done if his wealth and his energies had not been absorbed in the conflict with his people. "The amusements of his court," says the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, "were a model of elegance to all Europe, and his cabinets were the receptacles only of what was exquisite in painting and sculpture; none but men of the first merit found encouragement from him, and those abundantly." The cabinet-room of the palace, designed by Inigo Jones for Prince Henry, which was erected about the centre of Whitehall, running across from the Thames towards the Banqueting House, and fronting westward to the Privy Garden, was perhaps the richest room in the world in works of art. To Henry VIII.'s original collection had been added a separate one, begun by Prince Henry; but Charles himself was the principal author of its almost incalculable treasures. He bought the cabinet of the Duke of Milan, then considered the most valuable in Europe, entire; for which he paid 18,000*l.* The *Cartoons* of Rafaelle were obtained in Flanders through the agency of Rubens. Fresh additions were also continually made either by purchase, or by gift to the King, than which nothing could be more acceptable. The "cream" of the collection was at Whitehall, which contained four hundred and sixty pictures, including twenty-eight by Titian, eleven by Correggio, sixteen by Julio Romano, nine by Rafaelle, four by Guido, and seven by Parmegiano. Rubens' introduction to Charles I. was as an ambassador, and his success in the mission which had been intrusted to him was complete and in every way satisfactory. The King, indeed, held the painter in high esteem, and commissioned him to paint the ceiling of the Banqueting House. For this work Rubens received 3000*l.* With regard to the amusements of his court, they certainly deserved the praise Mr. Gilpin bestowed upon them. They were as magnificent as those of James, and in a thousand times better taste. A description of one of these exhibitions, which was presented before the King, Queen, and Court, at Whitehall, in 1633, by the members of the inns of court, will best illustrate the magnitude of this change. It consisted of a masque and an anti-masque. The first was arrayed and marshalled after the fashion of a Roman triumph, the figures composing which consisted of the comeliest men in England, dressed in the most splendid and becoming costume; the dresses, the chariots, and steeds were covered with ornaments of gold and silver, and blazed in the light of countless torches, while the whole solemn procession moved with measured steps to accompanying bands of music. No puppet or impersonation, whether of the classical, allegorical, or romantic world, intruded to mar the chasteness of the exhibition,—all was real, modern, and of the choicest and happiest selection.

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* Pictorial England, b. vii. p. 108.

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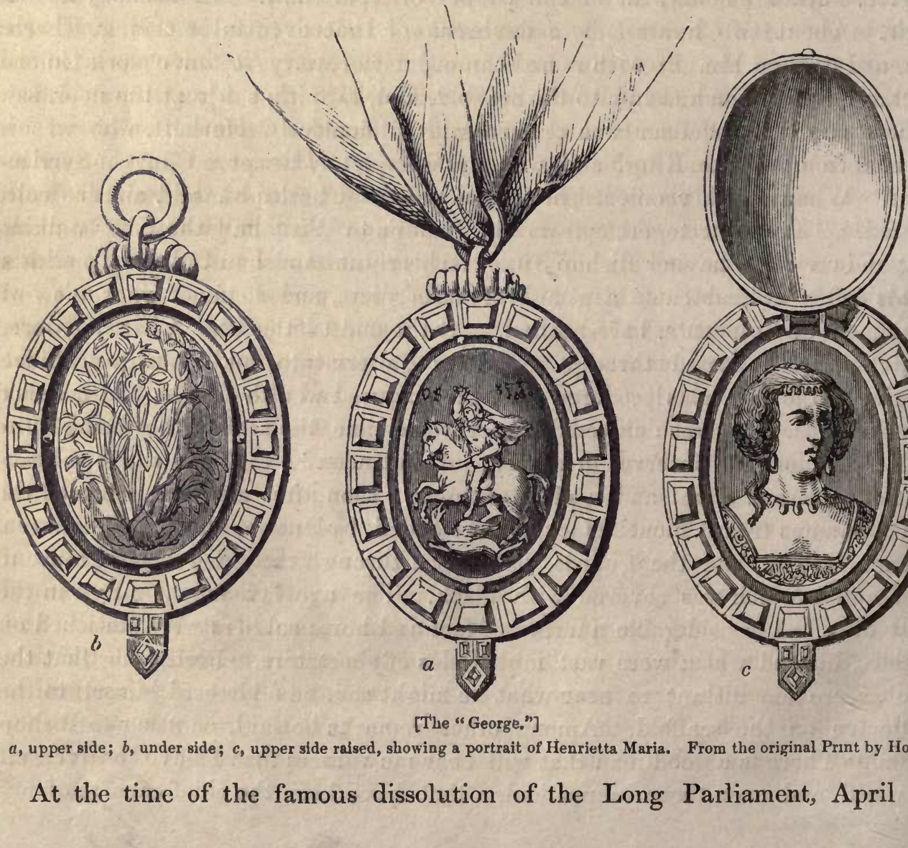
* Letter from John Pory to Meade, in Sir Henry Ellis's Collection of Letters.

It is with regret that we turn from these pleasant reminiscences of Whitehall and its accomplished owner to the darker events with which it is so permanently associated in our minds. As if utterly unconscious of the strength of the hostility he was evoking in England, Charles in some respects wantonly provoked a similar hostility in Scotland. Thus, for instance, in 1639 (but a few months after a "pacification" between him and the Scots, concluded whilst both parties were in armed array, and on the very eve of hostilities), when the Scottish parliament had been prorogued to prevent its carrying certain measures into effect which would have made it more independent of the royal authority, he rudely sent back without audience the noblemen who came as its deputies from Scotland to wait upon him; and when he did give permission to the Covenanters to send up some of their number to vindicate their conduct, he seized one of them, the Earl of Loudon, the moment he arrived, and sent him to the Tower; on account of his having signed, with other lords of the Covenant, a letter to the King of France, desiring his protection—this letter, be it observed, having been written prior to the "pacification." The Scottish lords immediately complained of this arrest as a violation of the law of nations, and the Duke of Hamilton, one of the King's party, assured him that, if Loudon were proceeded against capitally, Scotland was for ever lost. Charles, however, was determined upon his execution. "Sir William Balfour," says Oldmixon, in a very interesting passage, which we transcribe, "Governor of the Tower when Loudon was committed, some days after received a warrant from the King for the beheading that lord the next day within the Tower, for fear of any disturbance if it had been done openly on the hill. The lieutenant, who was at cards with Loudon, changed countenance, and, holding up his hands in amazement, showed his lordship the warrant; who said to him, 'Well, Sir, you must do your duty; I only desire time to make a settlement on some younger children, and that you will let my lawyer come to me for that end:' to which Balfour consented; and the lawyer carried away with him a letter to the Marquis of Hamilton, informing him of the matter, and telling him he was a Scotchman, and must answer it to his country. Balfour followed the lawyer to the Marquis, whom they could not presently find, it being night; at last they found him at Lady Clayton's, and having delivered him the Lord Loudon's letter, which Balfour further explained, the Marquis took Sir William with him to Court, not staying for his coach, and desired admittance about business of very great importance to his Majesty. He was told the King and Queen were in bed, and had given positive orders not to admit any one. The Marquis in vain insisted on his own right as one of the lords of the bedchamber, and the right of the Lieutenant of the Tower, especially when he had any state prisoner; upon which Sir William knocked at the King's bedchamber-door, which being opened unto him, he fell upon his knees, and having just mentioned the warrant, his Majesty stopped him, saying, 'It shall be executed.' Upon which the Marquis enters, and, falling on his knees, humbly expostulates with the King concerning it. The Queen expressed great displeasure at the intrusion, but the Marquis, taking her up short, let her know she was a subject as well as himself; and that the business he came about was of the highest concernment to his Majesty, to herself, to the whole nation, and to himself in particular. * * * * 'Sir,' says he, 'if you persist in this resolution, no Scotsman will ever draw a sword for you; or, if they would, who should command them?' The King replied, 'Yourself.' 'No, sir,' said Hamilton; 'I dare never appear in Scotland afterwards.' The King, nevertheless, swore twice, 'By God, Loudon shall die!' Then the Marquis, craving leave to speak one word more, said, 'Sir, I desire your Majesty to look out for another home, for within four-and-twenty hours there will not be one stone of Whitehall left upon another.' This touched the King more than all the arguments of pity, justice, or distant danger. He called for the warrant, tore it, and dismissed the Marquis and Lieutenant somewhat suddenly." Swift, turbid, and gloomy now rolled on the stream of events: Parliament again assembled on the 13th of April in the following year, with Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell among the members, and the discussion and redress of the public grievances once more engaged their attention. Untaught by all that had taken place previously, Charles sent for them, on the eighth day of their sitting, to the Banqueting House. He did not address them himself; it would have been better if he had. The King's spokesman on this occasion was the Lord-Keeper Finch, the very man whose conduct, whilst Speaker of the House of Commons, had only the day before been under their consideration, and been condemned. This man now told them that they ought to remember that Parliaments were called for obtaining of assistance and supplies of money. "When you have voted these," said he, "his Majesty will give you scope and liberty to present your just grievances, and then he will hear them with a gracious ear." It is surprising that the King, with all his shrewdness, should have understood so little the character of the chief men in that Parliament as to suppose that they would listen to such language with any other feeling than contempt: there were evidently but two modes of dealing with them—the one, to yield honestly what they demanded; the other, to overpower them by direct force. Finding this appeal utterly ineffectual, Charles sent them various messages to the same purpose; but the Commons continued their course, investigating all the great public grievances. At last he saw that all his efforts to obtain supplies without a redress of those grievances, which he was determined not to grant, were useless; so he again dissolved the Houses. The circumstances attending this dissolution were very striking. The King had been told on the previous evening that if the Commons sat another day they would pass such a vote against ship-money as would not only destroy that revenue, but also other branches of the King's receipts. To prevent this most undesirable consummation Charles hit upon a characteristic expedient. Before eight on the following morning he sent his secretary, Windebank, to the house of Serjeant Glanvil, the Speaker, in Chancery Lane, with a command to bring him to Whitehall. This was done; and when the Commons met, they were surprised for some time at the absence of their Speaker; but the secret was explained when they were summoned to the Upper House to hear the sentence of dissolution read. Could Charles have looked into the hearts and minds of some of the men who quitted his presence on that day in silence, he could not have been otherwise than startled at the danger of the course he was pursuing: so great an amount of moral and intellectual power was perhaps never before or since embarked at one time in the popular cause as he must there have witnessed in array against him; and from men, prepared themselves to encounter every danger, even to the block and the axe, in the event of their failure, he must also have perceived how little indulgence he ought to anticipate if matters proceeded to extremities and *he* was unsuccessful. Extraordinary revelations into men's minds and motives, however, were denied to him, and the ordinary he despised, or was unable rightly to appreciate. So he dissolved the parliament, little thinking that it would be the last he would be permitted to have any such control over. The famous Long Parliament was summoned in the course of the same year, and the scenes which composed the last act of the great drama passed on in rapid succession. Strafford and Laud, the King's ministers, were impeached, and the former beheaded; and the King's prerogative of calling and dismissing parliaments when he pleased was effectually put an end to by a bill for making them triennial, and by making the issue of the writs imperative on particular parties at fixed periods. Here the King endeavoured to stop the progress of the Commons: another lecture was read to them in Whitehall, but not the less did he find himself compelled to give way. The war now grew more and more imminent. On the 27th of December, 1641, after a day of great agitation produced by Charles's attempt to put Colonel Lunsford, a desperate soldier of fortune, into the governorship of the Tower, the train-bands of Westminster and Middlesex were commanded by Charles to guard the Palace, and from that time one or two companies were left on duty night and day. On the 4th of January "he gave," says May, "unhappily, a just occasion for all men to think that their fears and jealousies were not causeless." He spent the preceding evening in making preparations of a very significant character. Arms were brought from the Tower to the Palace, where a table was spread for the entertainment of a band of young hotheaded men, who were ready to proceed to any extremities. That very day he went to take into custody five of the most obnoxious members of the House of Commons, who, being timely warned, avoided the house in obedience to its orders. A week later Charles left Whitehall, with his Queen, children, and entire court, and removed to Hampton Court. When he again beheld the walls of his favourite home, it was as a prisoner at St. James's, waiting his trial and execution. The war, as is well known, broke out in the same year, 1642. Whitehall was now seized by the Parliament; who in 1645 ordered the "boarded masque house," an immense room built by Charles for these exhibitions, to be pulled down, and that "all such pictures and statues" as were at "York House," as were without any "superstition," should be forthwith sold, for the benefit of Ireland and the North. The superstitious pictures appear to have been those which contained representations of the second person of the Trinity, or of the Virgin Mary; these were to be burnt. We pass now to the "last scene of all." The King was sentenced to death on the 27th of January, 1649, and on the morrow, being a Sunday, the commissioners of the High Court of Justice, which had decided his fate, kept a solemn fast in the chapel of Whitehall. On Monday he was to die. About two hours before daybreak of that eventful morning, Charles rose, and dressed himself with more than ordinary care. At ten o'clock Colonel Hacker came to conduct him to the scaffold, and, tapping softly at the door, said all was ready. The door was opened with difficulty by Herbert, who was in attendance upon the King, and who was completely unnerved by the terrible event. When Hacker entered he was as pale as Charles himself, and his voice faltered. They went together from St. James's to Whitehall, the King walking erect and very fast, having Bishop Juxon on his right hand, and Colonel Tomlinson on his left. Behind came a guard of halberdiers, and some of Charles's own gentlemen and servants, bare-headed. At the end of the Park Charles entered Whitehall, and passed through the long gallery into his favourite cabinet-chamber, no longer, alas! covered with the pictured wealth that he had lavished upon its walls. He was delayed here for some time, the scaffold not being quite ready; he spent the interval in prayer. About noon he took the slight refreshment of a glass of claret and a piece of bread; soon after which he received the final summons from Colonel Hacker. Attended by Juxon, Colonel Tomlinson, Colonel Hacker, and the guards, he passed through the Banqueting House to the scaffold, which was covered with black. The axe lay on the block in the midst of it. A considerable number of foot and horse soldiers were stationed on all sides, beyond whom were vast multitudes of spectators. Perceiving that the people were too distant to hear what he might say, he addressed himself to the gentlemen on the scaffold. Among other remarks he said, pointing to Bishop Juxon, "There is a good man that will bear me witness that I have forgiven all the world, and even those in particular that have been the chief causers of my death." He told them that they would never have peace till they gave his son and successor his due. He still adhered to his old principles of sovereignty, and assured them that the people ought never to have a share in the government, *that* being a thing "nothing pertaining to them;" while, with an apparent inconsistency, he added "that he died the *martyr of the people*." While he was speaking, one of the gentlemen on the scaffold touched the edge of the axe. "Hurt not the axe," said the King, "that may hurt me." He declared that he died a Christian according to the profession of the Church of England, as he found it left by his father. Addressing himself to Colonel Hacker, he said, "Take care that they do not put me to pain." Two men in disguises and vizors stood by the block; to one of these he said, "I shall say but very short prayers, and then thrust out my hand for the signal." Receiving his nightcap from Bishop Juxon, he put it on, asking the executioner at the same time, "Does my hair trouble you?" And he then, with the aid of the headsman and the Bishop, put it all up under his cap. Thus prepared, he turned to Juxon, saying, "I have a good cause and a gracious God on my side." "You have now," returned Juxon, "but one stage more; the stage is turbulent and troublesome, but it is a short one; it will soon convey you a very great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven." The King's last sentence was, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be." He now took off his cloak, and gave his *George* to Juxon, with the single but emphatic word "Remember;" then stooped to the block, and in a few seconds had ceased to exist.



[The "George."]

a, upper side; *b*, under side; *c*, upper side raised, showing a portrait of Henrietta Maria. From the original Print by Hollar.

At the time of the famous dissolution of the Long Parliament, April 20, 1653, Cromwell resided at Whitehall, and when he had finished that extraordinary act he returned with the keys of the house in his pocket to his lodging in the palace. On the 10th of July following, the Little or Barebones Parliament met in the council-chamber of Whitehall; and the members being seated round the council-table, and Cromwell and his officers standing near its centre, the lord-general made a long and devout speech, showing the cause of their being called together, and explaining why he had dismissed the late Parliament. A friendly biographer says, "This speech was pronounced in so excellent a manner as sufficiently manifested (as the lord-general himself was thoroughly persuaded) that the spirit of God acted in and by him."* When he had concluded, he delivered to them an instrument in writing, whereby he intrusted to them, with the consent and advice of his officers, the supreme authority and government of the Commonwealth. Commending them to the grace of God, he then retired with his officers. Their subsequent meetings took place in the parliament-house as usual. Five months after, having failed to satisfy Cromwell, they were induced to dissolve themselves, and surrender their trust to him from whom they had received it. Cromwell was now made Lord Protector, and on the 16th of December he proceeded from Whitehall to the Chancery Court, where the Great Seal of England was formally delivered to him, amidst great ceremony and magnificence. From the Court he returned in state to the Banqueting House, the Lord Mayor carrying the sword before him, the soldiers shouting, and the ordnance firing. The Royalists and Republicans were each alike dissatisfied with these arrangements; and members of both parties, it is melancholy to add, sought to get rid of Cromwell by assassination. Indeed plots of this kind were so frequent that the Protector had found it necessary to have spies in all directions. By their agency it was discovered in 1656 that a republican officer of the name of Syndercombe had arranged to murder Cromwell on one of his journeys from Whitehall to his favourite residence at Hampton Court. Syndercombe was seized in his bed, tried, condemned, but escaped the traitor's death by suicide. It has been common enough to suppose that, in wishing to be made King, Cromwell was seeking only to gratify an unnatural ambition; yet such a conclusion is, at least, doubtful; for at this very period there were men of honour and intelligence who thought that the restoration of the House of Lords, and of the hereditary monarchy in Cromwell's person, would set at rest all the intrigues of the Royalists by destroying their hopes, and who dreaded the anarchy that might ensue in case of the Protector's sudden death. On the 23rd of February, Sir Christopher Pack, Lord Mayor of London, suggested in his place in parliament, that, as the best way of settling the nation, the Lord Protector should be desired to assume the title of King. Much violence ensued; but, after a debate which lasted more than a month, it was resolved on the 26th of March, by a majority of 123 to 62, to offer him the regal crown. On the 4th of April the Speaker and the House of Commons appeared at Whitehall, and desired "that his Highness would be pleased to magnify himself with the title of King." Among the arguments used on the occasion to persuade Cromwell to accede to their wishes was the very pertinent one that the title was interwoven in the laws, accommodated to the genius of the people, approved by the suffrages of parliaments. Cromwell, in answer, declared that he did not find it his duty to God and his country to accept the proffered new title. On the 14th, 16th, and 20th, the committee of the House again waited upon him. Whitelock says, "The Protector was satisfied in his private judgment that it was fit for him to take upon him the title of King, and matters were prepared in order thereunto; but afterwards, by solicitation of the Commonwealth-men, and fearing a mutiny and defection of a great part of the army in case he should assume that title and office, his mind changed; and many of the officers of the army gave out high threatenings against him in case he should do it: he therefore thought best to attend some better season and opportunity in this business, and refused it at this time with great seeming earnestness." Accordingly in the following month the Commons voted that Cromwell's title should continue to be Lord Protector. In 1657 an accident occurred to Richard Cromwell at Whitehall, which seriously troubled the Protector, who was an affectionate parent. His son came with other members of the House of Commons to pay their respects to his Highness, when the stairs of the Banqueting House gave way, and he narrowly escaped being crushed to death. Several of his bones were broken, but they were well set, and he soon recovered. "This hath been a great affliction to his Highness and family here," writes his secretary, Thurloe, in a letter to Richard's brother, Henry. "If a sparrow falls not to the ground without the providence of God, much less do such things fall upon a person of his quality by chance. This rod hath a voice, and the Lord give us all hearts to hear and obey it." Whitehall, at this period, presented a pleasing picture of sovereign dignity and domestic repose. The members of Cromwell's family were all persons of more than ordinary accomplishments, intellect, and moral character, and there was the greatest love and harmony existing among them. "His own diet was spare and not curious, except in public treatments, which were constantly given the Monday in every week to all the officers in the army, not below a captain, when he used to dine with them. A table was likewise spread every day of the week for such officers as should casually come to court. He was a great lover of music, and entertained the most skilful in that science in his pay and family. He respected all persons that were eximious * in any art, and would procure them to be sent or brought to him. Sometimes he would, for a frolic, before he had half dined, give order for the drum to beat, and call in his foot-guards, who were permitted to make booty of all they found on the table. Sometimes he would be jocund with some of the nobility, and would tell them what company they had lately kept; when and where they had drunk the King's health and the royal family's; bidding them, when they did it again, to do it more privately, and this without any passion, and as festivous, droll discourse."† He surrounded himself also with the master-minds of his time: Milton was his Latin secretary and intimate; Andrew Marvel was a frequent guest at his table; Waller was his friend and kinsman; and the youthful Dryden was not left unnoticed. The man who thus loved and honoured the poets of his country was not very likely to sympathise with the Puritans in their abhorrence of the fine arts. On the contrary, we find him exerting himself to restore the magnificent collection of Charles, as far as possible, to its pristine state. He repurchased many of the pictures which had been sold, and among them the most

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* Carrington.

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* Excellent,—eminent.

† Perfect Politician.

valuable works of art that England can now boast of, the Cartoons of Rafaelle. Evelyn, under the date of 1656, thus refers to the state of the palace under Cromwell's care:—"I ventured to go to Whitehall, where of many years I had not been, and found it very glorious and well furnished." It is a touching feature in the death of this great man, that it should be accelerated, as in the opinion of many it was, by the loss of his favourite daughter. Whilst sick he was brought from Hampton Court to Whitehall. On the 2nd of September, 1658, he was assured that his end was approaching, and was then heard, by Major Butler, to utter the following prayer:—"Lord, I am a poor foolish creature; this people would have me live; they think it will be best for them, and that it will redound much to thy glory. All the stir is about this. Others would fain have me to die. Lord, pardon them, and pardon thy foolish people; forgive them their sins, and do not forsake them; but love and bless them, and give them rest; and bring them to a consistency, and give me rest. * * * I am a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through Jesus Christ, who strengtheneth me." He died on the following morning, the anniversary of his great victories of Worcester and Dunbar. With the period of Cromwell's death all the great memories of Whitehall may be said to cease. There is plenty of matter in the ensuing reigns to keep up the interest we feel in it, but that interest is of a lower and less absorbing character. Richard Cromwell of course occupied Whitehall after his father's death, during the short period of his rule. That he did not suffer much by ceasing to be Protector is tolerably evident from his remark when quitting Whitehall. A friend noticed that he took particular care of one or two old trunks which stood in his wardrobe, and inquired the reason. "Why," replied Richard Cromwell, "they contain no less than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England."—Thus wittily did he satirize the congratulatory addresses which had been showered upon him from all parts of the country on his accession some nine months before. The Rump Parliament now proposed to sell Whitehall, with the other royal palaces of Somerset House and Hampton Court; but they were dismissed before the project could be carried into execution. A few months more, and Charles II. passed through the streets of London to Whitehall, amidst all the sights and sounds of a universal rejoicing. Another great change now took place in the palace. If his object had been to make Whitehall in every respect a contrast to what it had been in Cromwell's time, Charles could not have acted otherwise than he did. Here is a specimen from Evelyn of the scenes which were almost daily exhibited during this profligate reign:—"Following his Majesty this morning through the gallery, I went with the few who attended him into the Duchess of Portsmouth's dressing-room, within her bedchamber, where she was in her morning loose garment; her maids combing her, newly out of her bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her. But that which engaged my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, whilst her Majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's ladies in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry, for design, tenderness of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germain's, and other palaces of the French King, with huntings, figures, and landscapes, exotic fowls, and all to the life rarely done.

Then for Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, table-stands, chimney-furniture, sconces, branches, brasenas, &c., all of massy silver, and out of number, besides some of her Majesty's best paintings." Imagine, as a contrast to this picture, another, in which Charles sat in state in the Banqueting House, when a physician led certain patients up to him to be touched for the evil or scrofula, whilst a chaplain, standing by, was not ashamed to repeat over each the passage from Scripture, "He put his hands upon them, and healed them." Even at this period of degradation the palace possessed one great charm—the music of its Chapel-Royal. The choir, famous in Charles I.'s time, was now distinguished above all others by the great superiority of its officers, and by the number of excellent composers it produced. It will be sufficient to mention the most illustrious of its names, Henry Purcell, England's greatest musician. To Charles's taste and munificence this result was mainly owing; yet it is difficult to understand how he could step from the Chapel-Royal, with a full appreciation of its sublime strains, into such a scene as that described by Evelyn in the following striking passage, written the night after the King's death:—

"I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'nnight I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000*l.* in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust." Charles had long been suspected to be in his heart a Roman Catholic, and at the point of death his brother and successor, James, with great secrecy and some difficulty, brought to his bedside Father Huddlestone, a Catholic priest, who had aided Charles in his escape from Worcester. His death took place on the 6th of February, 1685. Among his last words were some that scandalised the bishops present very much, but which are touching and valuable were it only that they show that the King *had* a heart. "Do not," said he, "let poor Nelly (Gwynne) starve." Charles died; and although James was essentially little better, his court was more decent in all outward observances than his brother's. The new King's reigning mistress was Catherine Sedley, who had no pretension to beauty, but inherited much of her father's wit. Charles used to say that one might fancy his brother's mistresses were given him by his father-confessor as penances, they were all so ugly. According to Walpole, Miss Sedley (ennobled into the Countess of Dorchester when installed at Whitehall) was herself accustomed to wonder what James chose his mistresses for. "We are none of us handsome," she said, "and if we had wit, he had not enough to find it out." James's tendencies were very quickly made evident. On the 5th of March, only a month after his accession, Evelyn saw, "to his great grief," the "new pulpit set up in the Popish oratorie at Whitehall for the Lent preaching, mass being publicly said, and the Romanists swarming at court with greater confidence than had ever been seen in England since the Reformation." Other and less objectionable additions were made in the same year to the palace. James built a new range of buildings on the garden side, including a chapel, and lodgings for his Queen, Mary d'Este. The embroidery of her Majesty's bed cost 3000*l.*, and the carving about the chimney-piece, by Gibbons, was, says Evelyn, "incomparable." Statues of white marble, and an altar-piece by Verrio, decorated the chapel. Blind as his father had been to all the signs of the times, the King would not be content without rushing into conflict with the people; and though his head was allowed to remain on his shoulders, the result, as regards his throne, was the same. William came over; and, finding that James was in no hurry to leave Whitehall, sent some battalions of the Dutch guards into Westminster to quicken his departure: with so little dignity did he fall. The history of the palace is now near its conclusion. On the 10th of April, 1691, a considerable portion of it was burnt by a fire which broke out in the apartment of the Duchess of Portsmouth; and in 1698 the entire structure, with the exception of the Banqueting House and some small portion of its buildings, was destroyed by the same element. Evelyn thus generalises the results:—"Whitehall burnt; nothing but walls and ruins left."

The interior of the Banqueting House has been occupied as a chapel since the time of George I., who granted a stipend to certain clergymen to preach in it. About four years ago it underwent a thorough repair and restoration; when a gallery, built for the use of the Guards, was removed. The immense size and noble proportions of this room now appear in all their original grandeur. Over the door is a bust of the founder, James I. A lofty gallery runs along the two sides of the room, and across the end over the door of entrance, where there is a fine organ. But the great attraction of the Banqueting House is the ceiling, with its series of paintings by Rubens, before referred to, which, immediately the spectator enters the room, attract his eyes by their brilliant and harmonious colouring. Their great height, however, renders any close and accurate inspection impossible. Dr. Waagen, the celebrated German critic, gives on the whole, we think, the best account of them. "The ceiling," he says, "divided into nine compartments, is decorated with so many oil-paintings by Rubens. The largest, in the centre, of an oval form, contains the apotheosis of King James I. On the two long sides of it are great friezes with genii, who load sheaves of corn and fruits in carriages drawn by lions, bears, and rams. All the proportions are so colossal that each of these boys measures nine feet. The other two pictures in the centre row represent King James as protector of Peace, and sitting on his throne, appointing Prince Charles as his successor. The four pictures at the sides of these contain allegorical representations of Royal Power and Virtue. These paintings, executed in 1630, by commission from King Charles I., have by no means given me satisfaction. Independently of the inconvenience of looking at them, all large ceiling paintings have an oppressive, heavy, and, as ornaments to the architecture, unfavourable effect; for which reason, the refined judgment of the ancients never allowed of them, but was content with light decorations on a bright ground. Least of all are the colossal and heavy figures of Rubens adapted to such a purpose. Not to speak of the repulsive coldness of all allegories, the overcharging and clumsiness of those of Rubens are not calculated to make them attractive; and lastly, the character and reign of James I. could scarcely inspire him with any poetical enthusiasm. There is little doubt that the greater part was originally executed by the pupils of Rubens, as was subsequently the case with the series of the Life of Mary di Medicis, in the Louvre: add to this, that these pictures have already undergone four restorations, the last of which was completed a short time ago."*

The statue seen in our engraving of the Banqueting House is that of James II. This is the work of Gibbons, and in every way worthy of his reputation. The attitude of the figure is easy, yet dignified; and a calm but serious and very thoughtful expression is stamped upon the well-formed features and brow. James is habited in the costume of a Roman emperor, a somewhat incongruous association of ideas; indeed, the only circumstance connected with this beautiful work that at all interferes with our admiration of it is its association with a sovereign so little deserving of the permanent interest that art can confer upon all those with whom it has any connection.

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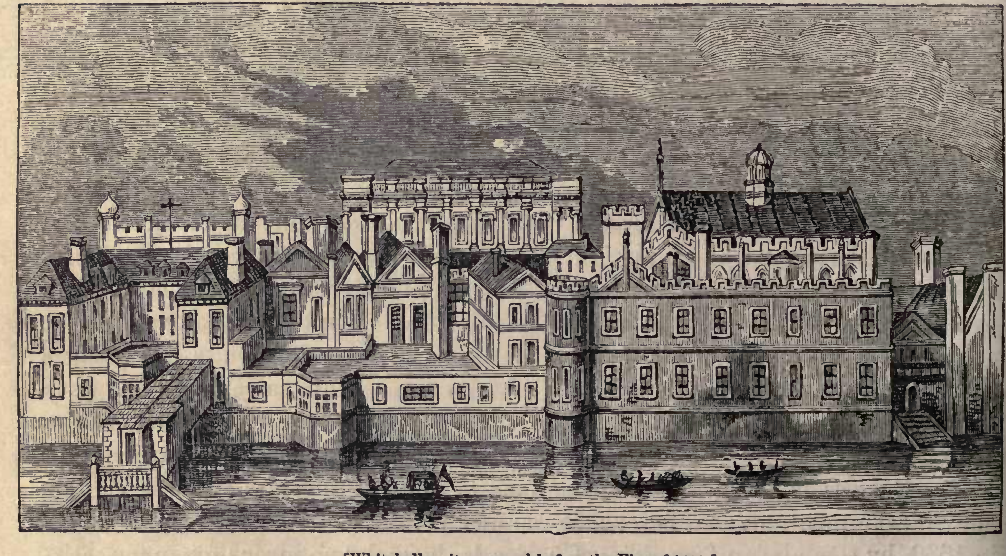
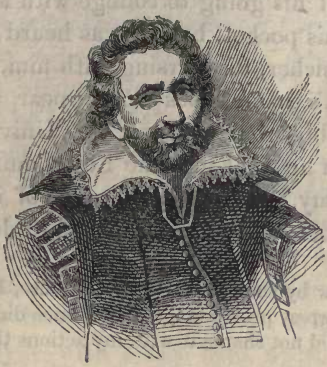
* Art and Artists in England, iii. 17.



[Whitehall as it appeared before the Fire of 1691.]



[Ben Jonson.]

XXI.—BEN JONSON'S LONDON.

In the map of London, according to the survey of Aggas in 1560, Chancery Lane presents to us only a few scattered houses at the ends which connect it with Fleet Street and Holborn. Nearly the whole of the eastern side exhibits one large enclosed garden; whilst the western has a corresponding garden of greater length, containing a smaller enclosure, that of Lincoln's Inn. In the reign of Elizabeth, when the militant spirit of the owners of the soil displayed itself in the battle-field of the Court of Chancery, and the law was fast rising into the most thriving of professions, Chancery Lane would of necessity partake more than an equal share of the common improvements of London. The garden of Lincoln's Inn was a pleasant place, with its formal walks and shady avenues; and the reverend benchers would naturally desire that the eye of the vulgar passenger should look not upon their solemn musings or their frequent mirth. And so they built a wall in Chancery Lane to shut out the garden. Upon that wall laboured with his own hands the most illustrious of bricklayers, Benjamin Jonson. "His mother, after his father's death, married a bricklayer, and it is generally said that he wrought some time with his father-in-law, and particularly on the garden-wall of Lincoln's Inn, next to Chancery Lane." This is Aubrey's account; and there can be no doubt of the fact of Jonson's early occupation. But the young bricklayer had been building up something better than the garden-wall of Lincoln's Inn. He had raised for himself an edifice of sound scholarship, as a boy of Westminster; and whilst his mother and step-father, according to Fuller, "lived in Hartshorn Lane near Charing Cross," he was studying under the great Camden, then a junior master of that celebrated school. The good old author of the 'Worthies' thus continues:—"He was statutably admitted into Saint John's College in Cambridge (as many years after incorporated a honorary member of Christ Church in Oxford), where he continued but few weeks for want of further maintenance, being fain to return to the trade of his father-in-law. And let not them blush that have, but those that have not, a lawful calling. He helped in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket."

Aubrey tells the story of his going to college with a little more romance. He had not only the book in his pocket, but he was heard to repeat "Greek verses out of Homer;" and a bencher, discoursing with him, gave him an exhibition at Trinity College. Jonson's name does not appear in any of the Cambridge registers; and he probably remained at the University a very short time. Aubrey continues, "Then he went into the Low Countries, and spent some time (not very long) in the army, not to the disgrace of it, as you may find in his epigrams." The little poem to which Aubrey alludes is an address 'To True Soldiers:'—

> "I swear by your true friend, my muse, I love
> Your great profession, which I once did prove;
> And did not shame it with my actions then."

In Jonson's 'Conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden' he is made to tell that "In his service in the Low Countries he had, in the face of both the camps, killed one enemy and taken *opima spolia* from him." Jonson was born in 1574; and there is little doubt that his feats of arms were performed before he was twenty. In 1597 we find him in London, a player and a writer for the stage. Philip Henslow, one of the theatrical managers in that prosperous time of theatres, records in his diary of July, 1597, a loan of four pounds to Benjamin Jonson, player; and on the 3rd of December of the same year he also advances him twenty shillings "upon a book which he was to write for us before Christmas next." At this time he had written 'Every Man in his Humour,' for Henslow's theatre; not, however, in its present state, but with its scene laid in Italy. In the 'Life of Alleyn,' recently published by Mr. Collier, there is a letter from Henslow to Alleyn, for the first time printed, which contains the following very curious passage:—"Since you were with me I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me greatly—that is Gabrell, for he is slain in Hogsden Fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer." This letter is dated in September, 1598. The use of the term "bricklayer," to designate Jonson's calling, is most remarkable. Either Henslow was ignorant (which appears very improbable) that the man who slew "Gabrell" was one of his own authors; or Jonson, with that manly independence which we cannot enough admire in his character, followed his step-father's laborious occupation even at the time when he was struggling to attain the honours of a poet. That he unhappily killed a man in a duel there can be no doubt; he himself told the story to Drummond. "Since his coming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversary, which hurt him in the arm, and whose sword was ten inches longer than his; for the which he was imprisoned and almost at the gallows." Aubrey, in his loose way, says, "He killed Mr. Marlowe, the poet, on Bunhill." Marlowe was killed in 1593. Gifford supposes that this unfortunate event happened in 1595; but, if there be no error as to the date of Henslow's letter, "Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer," was a poet of no mean reputation at the time of this event. His enemies never forgot that he had wielded the trowel. Dekker calls him the "lime-and-mortar poet." Jonson had precisely the mind to prefer the honest labour of his hands to the fearful shifts and hateful duplicities to which the unhappy man of genius was in those days too often degraded.

Thus, then, about four years before the death of Elizabeth, there was a dramatic writer in London who, though scarcely twenty-five years of age, had studied society under many aspects. He was a scholar, bred up by the most eminent teachers, amongst aristocratic companions; but his home was that of poverty and obscurity, and he had to labour with his hands for his daily bread. He delighted in walking not only amidst the open fields of ancient poetry and eloquence, but in all the by-places of antiquity, gathering flowers amongst the weeds with infinite toil: but he possessed no merely contemplative spirit: he had high courage and ardent passions, and whether with the sword or the pen he was a dangerous antagonist. This humbly-born man, with the badge of the "hod and trowel" fixed on him by his enemies—twitted with ambling "by a play-waggon in the highway"—with a face held up to ridicule as being "like a rotten russet apple when it is bruised," or "punched full of eylet-holes, like the cover of a warming pan"—described by himself as remarkable for

> "His mountain belly and his rocky face"—

with "one eye lower than t'other and bigger," as Aubrey has it—and, according to the same authority, "wont to wear a coat like a coachman's coat, with slits under the arm-pits;"—this uncouth being was for a quarter of a century the favourite poet of the court,—one that wrote masques not only for two kings to witness, but for one to perform in,—the founder and chief ornament of clubs where the greatest of his age for wit, and learning, and rank, gathered round him as a common centre; but, above all, he was the rigid moralist, who spared no vice, who was fearless in his denunciation of public or private profligacy, who crouched not to power or riches, but who stood up in the worst of days a real man. The pictures which Jonson has left of the London of his time are more full, more diversified, and more amusing, than those of any contemporary writer,—perhaps of all his contemporaries put together. He possessed a combination of the power of acute and accurate observation with unrivalled vigour in the delineation of what he saw. Aubrey, one of the shrewdest as well as the most credulous of biographers, has a very sensible remark upon the characteristics of Shakspere's comedy, as compared with the writers after the Restoration. "His comedies will remain wit as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum;* now, our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombeities, that twenty years hence they will not be understood." This is precisely the case with Jonson as compared with Shakspere; but he is on this account a far more valuable authority for what essentially belongs to periods and classes. Shakspere has purposely left this field uncultivated; but it is Jonson's absolute domain. Studied with care, as he must be to be properly appreciated, he presents to us an almost inexhaustible series of *Daguerreotypes,*—forms copied from the life with absolute certainty of the manners of three reigns,—when there was freedom enough for men to abandon themselves without disguise to what they called their *humours,* and the conflicts of opinion had not yet become so violent as to preclude the public satirist from attacking sects and parties. There is a peculiar interest, too, about Jonson and his writings, if we regard him as the representative of the literary class of his own day. In his hands the stage was to teach what the Essayists of a century afterwards were to teach. The age was to be exhibited; its vices denounced; its follies laughed at. Gifford has remarked that there is a singular resemblance between Benjamin Jonson and Samuel Johnson. Nothing can be more true; and the similarity is increased by the reflection that they are both of them essentially London men: for them there is no other social state. Of London they know all the strange resorts: they move about with the learned and the rich with a thorough independence and self-respect; but they know that there are other aspects of life worthy to be seen, and they study them in obscure places where less robust writers are afraid to enter. The subject of "Ben Jonson's London" is a very large one, and in looking therefore at his living pictures, either separately or in the aggregate, we pretend to no completeness. But if we fail to amuse our readers, we shall at any rate make them more familiar with some things that are worth remembering. Ben Jonson has been somewhat neglected; but he belongs to that band of mighty minds whose works can never perish.

We have said that Ben Jonson is essentially of London. He did not, like his illustrious namesake, walk into the great city from the midland country, and throw his huge bulk upon the town as if it were a wave to bear up such a leviathan. Fuller traces him "from his long coats;" and from that poor dwelling "in Hartshorn Lane near Charing Cross" he sees him through "a private school in St. Martin's Church" into the sixth form at "Westminster." What wanderings must the bricklayer's stepson have had during those school-days, and in the less happy period when they were passed! And then, when the strong man came back from the Low Countries, and perhaps on one day was driven to the taverns and the playhouses by the restlessness of his genius, and on another ate the sweeter bread of manual labour, how thoroughly must he have known that town in which he was still to live for forty years; and how familiarly must all its localities have come unbidden into his mind! There is no writer of that age, not professedly descriptive, who surrounds us so completely with London scenes as Ben Jonson does. As his characters could only have existed in the precise half-century in which he himself lived, so they could only have moved in the identical places which form the background in these remarkable groups. We open 'Every Man in his Humour:' Master Stephen dwells at Hogsden, but he despises the "archers of Finsbury and the citizens that come a-ducking to Islington ponds." We look upon the map of Elizabeth's time, and there we see Finsbury Field covered with trees and windmills; and we understand its ruralities, and picture to ourselves the pleasant meadows between the Archery-ground and Islington. But the dwellers at Hoxton have a long suburb to pass before they reach London. "I am sent for this morning by a friend in the Old Jewry to come to him; it is but crossing over the fields to Moorgate." The Old Jewry presented the attraction of "the Windmill" tavern; and near it dwelt Cob, the waterman, by the wall at the bottom of Coleman Street, "at the sign of the Water Tankard, hard by the Green Lattice." Some thirty years after this we have in 'The Tale of a Tub' a more extended picture of suburban London.

The characters move about in the fields near Pancridge (Pancras) to Holloway, Highgate, Islington, Kentish Town, Hampstead, St. John's Wood, Paddington, and Kilburn: Totten-Court is a mansion in the fields: a robbery is pretended to be committed in "the ways over the country" between Kentish Town and Hampstead Heath, and a warrant is granted by a "Marribone" justice. In London the peculiarities of the streets become as familiar to us as the names of the taverns. There is "a rare motion (puppet-show) to be seen in Fleet Street,"* and "a new motion of the city of Nineveh with Jonas and the Whale at Fleet Bridge."† This thoroughfare was the great show-place up to the time of the Restoration. Cromwell, according to Butler's ballad, was to be there exhibited. The Strand was the chief road for ladies to pass through in their coaches; and there Lafoole in the 'Silent Woman' has a lodging, "to watch when ladies are gone to the china-houses, or the Exchange, that he may meet them by chance and give them presents." Cole-Harbour, in the parish of All Hallows the Less, is not so genteel—it is a sanctuary for spendthrifts. Sir Epicure Mammon, in 'The Alchymist,' would buy up all the copper in Lothbury; and we hear of the rabbit-skins of Budge Row and the stinking tripe of Panyer Alley.‡ At the bottom of St. Martin's Lane was a nest of alleys (some remains of which existed within the last twenty years) the resort of infamy in every shape. Jonson calls them "the Straits," "where the quarrelling lesson is read," and the "seconds are bottle-ale and tobacco."§ The general characteristics of the streets before the Fire are not forgotten. In 'The Devil is an Ass' the Lady and her lover speak closely and gently from the windows of two contiguous buildings. Such are a few examples of the local proprieties which constantly turn up in Jonson's dramas.

Before we proceed to our rapid and necessarily imperfect review of the more prominent exhibitions of the social state of London to be found in Jonson's comedies, we may properly notice the personal relations in which this great dramatist stood in regard to his literary compeers; for indeed his individual history, as exhibited in his writings, is not an unimportant chapter in the history of the social state of London generally. The influence of men of letters even upon their own age is always great; it is sometimes all-powerful. In Jonson's time the pulpit and the stage were the great teachers and writers; and the stage, taken altogether, was an engine of great power, either for good or evil. In the hands of Shakspere and Jonson it is impossible to over-estimate the good which it produced. The one carried men into the highest region of lofty poetry (and the loftier because it was comprehensible by all), out of the narrow range of their own petty passions and low gratifications: the other boldly lashed the follies of individuals and classes, sometimes with imprudence, but always with honesty. If others ministered to the low tastes and the intolerant prejudices of the multitude, Jonson was ever ready to launch a bolt at them, fearless of the consequences. No man ever laboured harder to uphold the dignity of letters, and of that particular branch in which his labour was embarked. He was ardent in all he did; and of course he made many enemies. But his friendship was as warm as his enmity. No man had more friends or more illustrious. He was the father of many sons, to use the affectionate phrase which indicated the relation between the illustrious writer and his disciples. Jonson was always poor, often embarrassed; but his proper intellectual ascendency over many minds was never doubted. Something of this ascendency may be attributed to his social habits.

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* The Fox.

† Every Man out of his Humour.

‡ Bartholomew Fair.

§ Ib.

In the year 1599, when Henslow, according to his records, was lending Benjamin Jonson twenty shillings, and thirty shillings, and other small sums, in earnest of this play and that—sometimes advanced to himself alone, oftener for works in which he was joined with others—he was speaking in his own person to the audiences of the time with a pride which prosperity could not increase or adversity subdue. In 'Every Man out of his Humour,' first acted in 1599, he thus delivers himself in the character of "Asper, the Presenter:"—

"If any here chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
For if he shame to have his follies known,
First he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls
As lick up every idle vanity."

The spirit which dictated these lines was not likely to remain free from literary quarrels. Jonson was attacked in turn, or fancied he was attacked. In 1601 he produced 'The Poetaster;' and in his 'Apologetical Dialogue which was only once spoken upon the stage,' he thus defends his motives for this supposed attack upon some of his dramatic brethren:—

"Sure I am, three years
They did provoke me with their petulant styles
On every stage: and I at last, unwilling,
But weary, I confess, of so much trouble,
Thought I would try if shame could win upon 'em;
And therefore chose Augustus Cæsar's times,
When wit and arts were at their height in Rome,
To show that Virgil, Horace, and the rest
Of those great master-spirits, did not want
Detractors then, or practisers against them:
And by this line, although no parallel,
I hop'd at last they would sit down and blush;
But nothing I could find more contrary.
And though the impudence of flies be great,
Yet this hath so provok'd the angry wasps,
Or, as you said, of the next nest, the hornets,
That they fly buzzing, mad, about my nostrils,
And, like so many screaming grasshoppers
Held by the wings, fill every ear with noise."

If Dekker and Marston were the "wasps" and "hornets" attacked under the names of Crispinus and Demetrius, he has bestowed the most lavish praise upon another of his contemporaries under the name of Virgil. We believe with Gifford that the following lines were meant for the most illustrious of Jonson's contemporaries; and that "all this is as undoubtedly true of Shakspere as if it were pointedly written to describe him:"—

"That which he hath writ
Is with such judgment labour'd, and distill'd
Through all the needful uses of our lives,
That, could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.

* * * * *

> His learning savours not the school-like gloss
> That most consists in echoing words and terms,
> And soonest wins a man an empty name ;
> Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance
> Wrapp'd in the curious generalties of arts ;
> But a direct and analytic sum
> Of all the worth and first effects of arts.
> And for his poesy, 't is so ramm'd with life,
> That it shall gather strength of life with being,
> And live hereafter more admir'd than now."

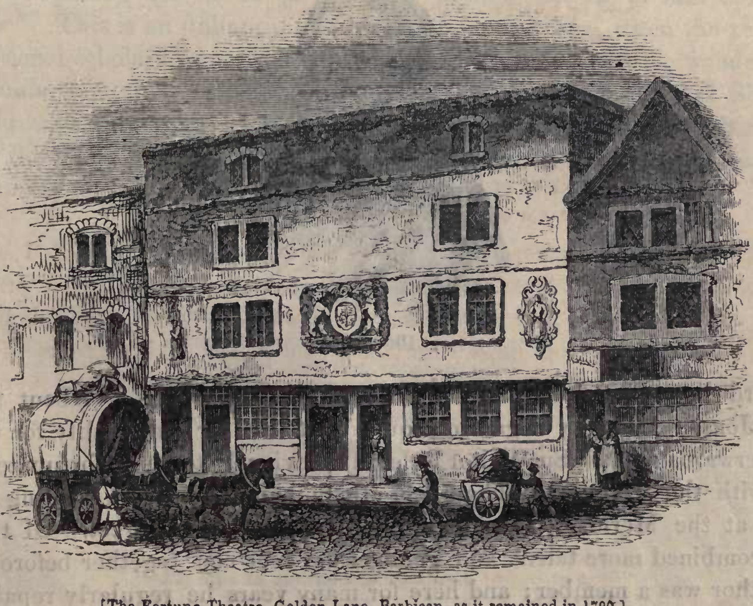
In 'The Poetaster' Jonson is characterised as Horace; and his enemy, Demetrius, says, "Horace is a mere sponge—nothing but humours and observations. He goes up and down sucking upon every society, and when he comes home squeezes himself dry again." This reminds one of Aubrey:—"Ben Jonson and he (Shakspere) did gather humours of men daily wherever they came." They used their observations, however, very differently; the one was the Raphael, the other the Teniers, of the drama. When we look at the noble spirit with which Jonson bore poverty, it is perhaps to be lamented that he was so impatient of censure. If the love of fame be

> "The last infirmity of noble minds,"

the horror of ridicule or contempt is too often its companion. The feelings are mixed in the fine lines with which Jonson concludes the 'Apologetical Dialogue:'—

> "I, that spend half my nights, and all my days,
> Here in a cell to get a dark, pale face,
> To come forth with the ivy or the bays,
> And in this age can hope no other grace—
> Leave me! There 's something come into my thoughts
> That must and shall be sung high and aloof,
> Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's hoof."

The actors come in for some share of Jonson's ridicule; and he seems to

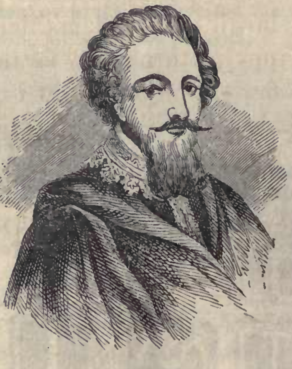


[The Fortune Theatre, Golden Lane, Barbican, as it remained in 1790.]

point more especially at some at the Fortune Theatre. But enough of these quarrels.

Every one has heard of the wit-combats between Shakspere and Ben Jonson, described by Fuller:—"Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson; which two I behold like a *Spanish great galleon* and an *English man-of-war:* Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; *solid,* but *slow* in his performances. Shakespeare, with the *English man-of-war,* lesser in *bulk* but lighter in *sailing,* could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." When Fuller says "I behold," he meant with his "mind's eye;" for he was only eight years of age when Shakspere died—a circumstance which appears to have been forgotten by some who have written of these matters. But we have a noble record left of the wit-combats in the celebrated epistle of Beaumont to Jonson:—

"Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters: what things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past—wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
'Till that were cancell'd: and when that was gone
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright fools, mere wise."



[Beaumont.]

Gifford has thus described the club at the Mermaid:—"About this time [1603] Jonson probably began to acquire that turn for conviviality for which he was afterwards noted. Sir Walter Raleigh, previously to his unfortunate engagement with the wretched Cobham and others, had instituted a meeting of *beaux esprits* at the Mermaid, a celebrated tavern in Friday Street. Of this club, which combined more talent and genius than ever met together before or since, our author was a member; and here for many years he regularly repaired with

Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect." Jonson has been accused of excess in wine; and certainly temperance was not the virtue of his age. Drummond, who puts down his conversations in a spirit of detraction, says, "Drink was the element in which he lived." Aubrey tells us "he would many times exceed in drink; Canary was his beloved liquor." And so he tells us himself in his graceful poem 'Inviting a Friend to Supper:'—

"But that which most doth take my muse and me
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine."

But the rich Canary was to be used, and not abused:—

"Of this we will sup free, but moderately;
Nor shall our cups make any guilty men:
But at our parting we will be as when
We innocently met. No simple word,
That shall be utter'd at our mirthful board,
Shall make us sad next morning, or affright
The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night."

This is not the *principle* of intemperance, at any rate; nor were the associates of Jonson at the Mermaid such as mere sensual gratification would have allied in that band of friendship. They were not such companions as the unhappy Robert Greene, whose genius was eaten up by his profligacy, describes himself to have lived amongst:—"His company were lightly the lewdest persons in the land, apt for pilfery, perjury, forgery, or any villany. Of these he knew the cast to cog at cards, cozen at dice; by these he learned the legerdemains of nips, foysts, conycatchers, crossbyters, lifts, high lawyers, and all the rabble of that unclean generation of vipers; and pithily could he point out their whole courses of craft: so cunning was he in all crafts, as nothing rested in him almost but craftiness." This is an unhappy picture; and in that age, when the rewards of unprofessional scholars were few and uncertain, it is scarcely to be wondered that their morals sometimes yielded to their necessities. Jonson and Shakspere passed through the slough of the theatre without a stain. Their club meetings were not the feasts of the senses alone. The following verses by Jonson were inscribed over the door of the Apollo Room in the Devil Tavern:—

"Welcome all who lead or follow
To the oracle of Apollo:
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower bottle;
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine.
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers;
He the half of life abuses
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us;
Wine—it is the milk of Venus,
And the poet's horse accounted:
Ply it, and you all are mounted.

'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker;
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.
Welcome all who lead or follow
To the oracle of Apollo!"

In the Apollo Room Jonson sat, the founder of the club, perhaps its dictator. One of his contemporary dramatists, Marmion, describes him in his presidential chair:—

"The boon Delphic god
Drinks sack, and keeps his Bacchanalia,
And has his incense, and his altars smoking,
And speaks in sparkling prophecies."

But "the boon Delphic god" had his *Leges Conviviales*, (written in the purest Latinity) engraved in black marble over the chimney. They were gone when Messrs. Child, the bankers, purchased the old tavern in 1787; but the verses over the door, and the bust of Jonson, still remained there. These laws have been translated into very indifferent verse, to quote which would give an imperfect idea of their elegance and spirit. They were not laws for common boon-companions; but for the "Eruditi, urbani, hilares, honesti." The tavern has perished: it has long been absorbed by the all-devouring appetite of commerce. But its memory will be ever fresh, whilst the laws of its club record that *there* were elegance without expense, wit without malice, high converse without meddling with sacred things, argumentation without violence. If these were mingled with music and poetry, and sometimes accomplished women were present, and the dance succeeded to the supper, we must not too readily conclude that there was licence,—allurements for the careless, which the wise ought not to have presided over. We must not judge of the manners of another age by those of our own. Jonson was too severe a moralist to have laid himself open to the charge of being a public example of immorality.

Such, then, was the social life of the illustrious men of letters and the more tasteful of the aristocracy of the reign of James I. But where did the great painters of manners "pick up humours daily?" Where did they find the classes assembled that were to be held up to ridicule and reproof? We open Jonson's first great comedy, 'Every Man in his Humour,' and there in the list of characters we find "Captain Bobadill, a Paul's man." Adventurers like Bobadill were daily frequenters of Paul's. The middle aisle of the old cathedral was the resort of all the idle and profligate in London. The coxcomb here displayed his finery, and the cutpurse picked his pocket. Serving-men here came to find masters, and tradesmen to attract purchasers by their notices on the pillars. Bishop Earle, in his 'Microcosmographie' (1628), has given a most amusing description of this habitual profanation of a sacred place:—"It is the land's epitome, or you may call it the lesser isle of Great Britain. It is more than this—the whole world's map, which you may here discern in its perfectest motion, justling and turning. It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages; and, were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees—a strange humming or buzz, mixed of walking, tongues and feet. It is a kind of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and afoot. It is the synod of all pates politic, jointed and laid together in the most serious posture: and they are not half so busy at the Parliament. It is the antic of tails to tails, and backs to backs, and for vizards you need go no further than faces. It is the market of young lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the general mint of all famous lies, which are here, like the legends of popery, first coined and stamped in the church. All inventions are emptied here, and not few pockets. The best sign of a temple in it is that it is the thieves' sanctuary, which rob more safely in the crowd than a wilderness, whilst every searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the ears' brothel, and satisfies their lust and itch. The visitants are all men without exceptions; but the principal inhabitants and possessors are stale knights and captains out of service—men of long rapiers and breeches—which after all turn merchants here, and traffic for news. Some make it a preface to their dinner, and travel for a stomach: but thrifty men make it their ordinary, and board here very cheap. Of all such places it is least haunted with hobgoblins, for if a ghost would walk more he could not."

Jonson has, up and down, constant allusions to Paul's, which abundantly testify to the correctness of Bishop Earle's description. It was here that, wrapped up in his old coachman's coat, he studied the fopperies in dress which were so remarkable a characteristic of his times. According to Dekker, in his 'Gull's Horn Book,' the tailors here caught the newest fashions:—"If you determine to enter into a new suit, warn your tailor to attend you in Paul's, who, with his hat in his hand, shall like a spy discover the stuff, colour, and fashion of any doublet or hose that dare be seen there; and, stepping behind a pillar to fill his table-books with those notes, will presently send you into the world an accomplished man, by which means you shall wear your clothes in print with the first edition."

It was here, probably, that Jonson got the hint of Bobadill's boots worn over his silk stockings, and the jewel in his ear. Here, too, he heard the gingle of the silver spurs which the gallants wore in spite of the choristers, who had a vigilant eye to enforce the fine called spur-money. Gifford has a note on the passage in 'Every Man out of his Humour' where Carlo Buffone talks of the "sound of the spur," in which he quotes "a presentment to the visitor," made in 1598, which reproves the choristers for "hunting after spur-money, whereon they set their whole minds, and do often abuse divers if they do not bestow somewhat on them." The practice is not yet obsolete. Here, too, Jonson might have seen the "wrought shirt" of Fastidious Brisk, embroidered all over with fruits and flowers, which fashion the Puritans imitated by ornamenting their shirts with texts of Scripture. Here he saw the "gold cable hatband"—"the Italian cut work band"—"the embossed girdle"—and the "ruffle to the boot" of the same distinguished fop. The "mirror in the hat," and the "finger that hath the ruby," could not fail to be noticed in Paul's by the satirist. The "love-lock" and the "cut beard" were displayed in every variety that caprice and folly could suggest. Jonson touches upon these, here and there; but Lyly, in his 'Midas,' has given us a complete description of these absurdities:—"How will you be trimmed, sir? Will you have your beard like a spade or a bodkin? A penthouse on your upper lip, or an alley on your chin? A low curl on your head like a ball, or dangling locks like a spaniel? Your mustachioes sharp at the ends like shoemakers' awls, or hanging down to your mouth like goat's flakes? Your love-locks wreathed with a silken twist, or shaggy to fall on your shoulders?"

The profanation of sacred edifices in London, by making them lounges and places of appointment, was not confined to the old cathedral. In 'The Alchymist' we have—

> " Here's one from Captain Face, sir,
> Desires you meet him in the *Temple Church*
> Some half-hour hence, and upon earnest business."

But the *Exchange* competed with Paul's in its attractions for loungers of every description. Samuel Rolle, who wrote of the burning of London, thus describes the treasures of the Exchange before the fire:—" What artificial thing could entertain the senses, the fantasies of men, that was not there to be had? Such was the delight that many gallants took in that magazine of all curious varieties, that they could almost have dwelt there (going from shop to shop like bees from flower to flower), if they had but had a fountain of money that could not have been drawn dry. I doubt not but a Mahomedan (who never expects other than sensual delights) would gladly have availed himself of that place, and the treasures of it, for his heaven, and thought there were none like it."

The upper walk of the Exchange, called " the Pawne," was one great bazaar. In a little work published in 1632, called 'London and the Country Carbonadoed,' the perils of the Exchange to the pocket are described as very fearful:—" Here are usually more coaches attendant than at church-doors. The merchants should keep their wives from visiting the upper rooms too often, lest they tire their purses by attiring themselves. . . . . . . There 's many gentlewomen come hither, that, to help their faces and complexions, break their husband's backs; who play foul in the country with their land, to be fair and play false in the city."

The doors were open till nine in the summer, and ten in the winter; and the crowd of loungers who came for any other purpose than to buy, after they had spent the afternoon in Paul's, gave the evening to the Exchange. An epigram " to Sir Pierce Pennilesse," by Hayman (1628), alludes to this variety in the daily exercise of those who lived upon the town:—

> " Though little coin thy purseless pockets line,
> Yet with great company thou 'rt taken up,
> For often with Duke Humfray thou dost dine,
> And often with Sir Thomas Gresham sup."

A dramatic author lived, of course, much about the theatres. Shakspere and Jonson, being actors at one period of their lives, must have been in the constant habit of familiarity with many of the frequenters of their respective stages. And these were not only the mere herd of the gay and the dissolute: Essex and Southampton, when banished from the Court, went daily to hear the lessons of philosophy which the genius of Shakspere was pouring forth at the Globe. This was their academy. The more distinguished portion of the audience—that is, those who could pay the highest price—were accommodated on the stage itself. Jonson has an exceedingly humourous passage in his Induction to 'Cynthia's Revels,' which very clearly describes the arrangements for the critics and gallants; and shows also the intercourse which the author was expected to have with this part of the audience. The play was originally performed by the children of the Queen's Chapel; and in this Induction they give us a picture of the ignorant critic and another gallant with remarkable spirit:—

"3 *Child.* Now, Sir, suppose I am one of your genteel auditors, that am come in, having paid my money at the door, with much ado, and here I take my place and sit down: I have my three sorts of tobacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I begin:—'By this light, I wonder that any man is so mad to come to see these rascally tits play here!—They do act like so many wrens, or pismires—not the fifth part of a good face amongst them all.—And then their music is abominable—able to stretch a man's ears worse than ten—pillories; and their ditties—most lamentable things, like the pitiful fellows that make them—poets. By this vapour, an 'twere not for tobacco—I think—the very stench of 'em would poison me. I should not dare to come in at their gates.—A man were better visit fifteen jails—or a dozen or two of hospitals—than once adventure to come near them.' How is't? Well?

"1 *Child.* Excellent. Give me my cloak.

3 *Child.* Stay; you shall see me do another now, but a more sober, or better-gather'd gallant; that is, as it may be thought, some friend or well-wisher to the house: and here I enter.

1 *Child.* What, upon the stage too?

2 *Child.* Yes; and I step forth like one of the children, and ask you, Would you have a stool, Sir?

3 *Child.* A stool, boy?

2 *Child.* Ay, Sir, if you'll give me sixpence, I'll fetch you one.

3 *Child.* For what, I pray thee? What shall I do with it?

2 *Child.* O Lord, Sir! Will you betray your ignorance so much? Why throw yourself in state on the stage, as other gentlemen use, Sir.

3 *Child.* Away, wag! What, wouldst thou make an implement of me? . . . . I would speak with your author; where is he?

2 *Child.* Not this way, I assure you, Sir; we are not so officiously befriended by him as to have his presence in the tiring-house, to prompt us aloud, stamp at the bookholder, swear for our properties, curse the poor tireman, rail the music out of tune, and sweat for every venial trespass we commit, as some author would, if he had such fine engles as we."

The two great *genera* into which society was divided in Jonson's time were, the gentry and the citizens. During the law-terms London was full of the country squires and their families; who sometimes came up to town with the ostensible purpose of carrying on their law-suits, but more generally to spend some portion of that superfluous wealth which the country could not so agreeably absorb. The evil—if evil it was—grew to be so considerable that James, by proclamation, directed them to return to their own counties. But this, of course, was mere idle breath. Jonson, though the theatres might be supposed to gain by this influx of strangers, boldly satirized the improvidence and profligacy of the squires, whom he has no hesitation in denouncing as "country gulls," who "come up every term to learn to take tobacco and see new motions." He does this in the spirit of the fine song of the Old and Young Courtier:—

" With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we must all begone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone,
Like a young courtier," &c.

Jonson's rules for making a town gentleman out of a country clown are drawn from the life :—

" First, to be an accomplished gentleman—that is, a gentleman of the time—you must give over housekeeping in the country, and live altogether in the city amongst gallants; where, at your first appearance, 't were good you turn'd four or five acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel,—you may do it without going to a conjurer: and be sure you mix yourself still with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least popular (vulgar) : study their carriage and behaviour in all; learn to play at primero and passage, and ever (when you lose) have two or three peculiar oaths to swear by, that no man else swears: but, above all, protest in your play, and affirm, 'Upon your credit,' 'As you are a true gentleman,' at every cast: you may do it with a safe conscience, I warrant you. . . . . You must endeavour to feed cleanly at your ordinary, sit melancholy, and pick your teeth when you cannot speak: and when you come to plays be humorous, look with a good starched face, and ruffle your brow like a new boot, laugh at nothing but your own jests, or else as the noblemen laugh. That 's a special grace, you must observe. . . . . . . You must pretend alliance with courtiers and great persons; and ever, when you are to dine or sup in any strange presence, hire a fellow with a great chain (though it be copper it 's no matter) to bring you letters, feigned from such a nobleman, or such a knight, or such a lady."

All this is keen satire. It is directed against what has been the bane of English society up to the hour in which we write—pretence—the aping to be what we are not—the throwing aside our proper honours and happiness to thrust ourselves into societies which despise us, and to sacrifice our real good for fancied enjoyments which we ourselves despise.

Turn we from the gentlemen to the citizens. The satire which we have transcribed is followed by a recommendation to get largely in debt amongst the " rich fellows that have the world, or the better part of it, sleeping in their counting-houses." According to Jonson's picture in another comedy ('The Devil is an Ass') the citizens were as anxious to get the gentlemen in their books as the gentlemen to be there. The following dialogue takes place between Gilthead, a goldsmith, and Plutarchus, his son :—

" *Plu.* O, but, good father, you trust too much.
Gilt. Boy, boy,
We live by finding fools out to be trusted.
Our shop-books are our pastures, our corn-grounds;
We lay 'em open, for them to come into;
And when we have them there, we drive them up
Into one of our two pounds, the compters, straight;
And this is to make you a gentleman!
We citizens never trust, but we do cozen:

For if our debtors pay, we cozen them ;
And if they do not, then we cozen ourselves.
But that 's a hazard every one must run
That hopes to make his son a gentleman !
Plu. I do not wish to be one, truly, father.
In a descent or two we come to be
Just in their state, fit to be cozen'd like them ;
For, since the gentry scorn the city so much,
Methinks we should in time, holding together,
And matching in our own tribes, as they say,
Have got an act of common-council for it,
That we might cozen them out of rerum natura.
Gilt. Ay, if we had an act first to forbid
The marrying of our wealthy heirs unto them,
And daughters with such lavish portions:
That confounds all.
Plu. And makes a mongrel breed, father.
And when they have your money, then they laugh at you,
Or kick you down the stairs. I cannot abide them:
I would fain have them cozen'd, but not trusted."

The age in which Jonson wrote was remarkable for two things which generally go together—boundless profusion, and the most extravagant desire for sudden wealth. The poet has left us two of the most vivid personifications of an insane abandonment to the longing for boundless riches that were ever conceived by a deep philosophical spirit working upon actual observation. Sir Epicure Mammon, in the 'Alchymist,' is a character for "all time." The cheating mysteries by which his imagination was inflamed have long ceased to have their dupes; but there are delusions in the every-day affairs of life quite as exciting, perhaps more dangerous. The delights which this unfortunate dupe proposes to himself when he shall have obtained the philosopher's stone are strong illustrations indeed of the worthlessness of ill-employed riches:—

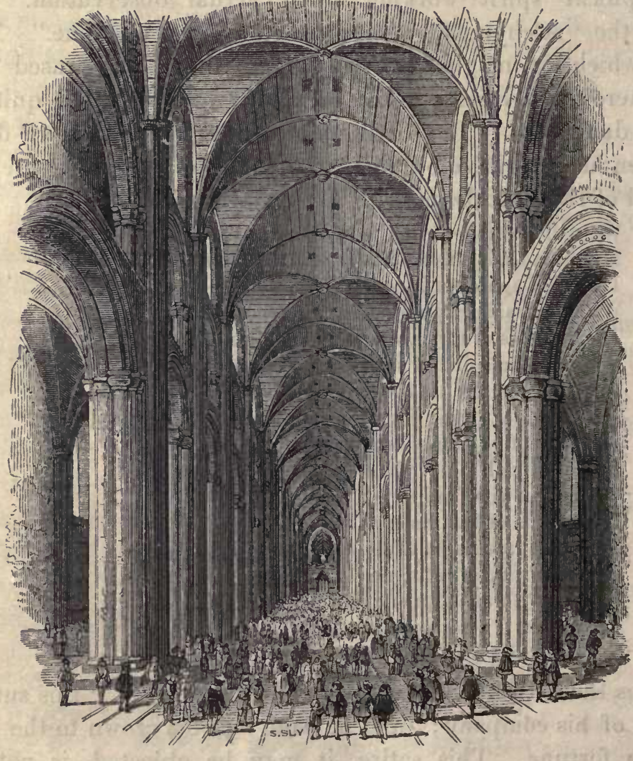
" We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the med'cine.
My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.
The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,
Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy :
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My footboy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbels serv'd instead of salads;
Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctious paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Dress'd with an exquisite and poignant sauce;
For which, I 'll say unto my cook, There 's gold ;
Go forth, and be a knight."

And then comes the little tobacconist, Abel Drugger, who "this summer will be of the clothing of his company;"[1] and he would give a crown to the Alchymist to receive back a fortune. This satire, it may be objected, is not permanent, because we have no alchymy now; but the passion which gave the alchymists their dupes is permanent: and Jonson has exhibited another mode in which it sought its gratification, which comes somewhat nearer to our own times. The

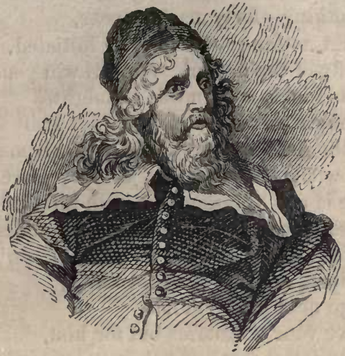
Norfolk Squire of 'The Devil is an Ass' meets with a projector—one who pretends to influence at court to obtain monopolies—an "undertaker," who makes men's fortunes without the advance of a penny, except a mere trifle of a ring or so by way of present to the great lady who is to procure the patent. But let the projector speak for himself:—

"He shall not draw
A string of 's purse; I 'll drive his patent for him.
We' ll take in citizens, commoners, and aldermen,
To bear the charge, and blow them off again,
Like so many dead flies, when it is carried.
The thing is for recovery of drown'd land,
Whereof the crown's to have a moiety,
If it be owner; else the crown and owners
To share that moiety, and the recoverers
To enjoy the t'other moiety for their charge.
Eng. Throughout England?
Meer. Yes; which will arise
To eighteen millions—seven the first year:
I have computed all, and made my survey
Unto my acre."

(To be concluded in No. XXII.)



[Paul's Walk.]



[Inigo Jones.]

XXII.—BEN JONSON'S LONDON.

(Concluded from XXI.)

The dupe thus recounts his great fortunes to his wife:—

"Wife, such a man, wife!
He has such plots! he will make me a duke!
No less, by heaven! six mares to your coach, wife!
That's your proportion! and your coachman bald,
Because he shall be bare enough. Do not you laugh;
We are looking for a place, and all, in the map,
What to be of. Have faith—be not an infidel.
You know I am not easy to be gull'd.
I swear, when I have my millions, else, I'll make
Another duchess, if you have not faith.
Mrs. Fitz. You'll have too much, I fear, in these false spirits.
Fitz. Spirits! O, no such thing, wife; wit, mere wit.
This man defies the devil and all his works;
He does 't by engine, and devices, he!
He has his winged ploughs, that go with sails,
Will plough you forty acres at once! and mills
Will spout you water ten miles off! All Crowland
Is ours, wife: and the fens, from us, in Norfolk,
To the utmost bounds in Lincolnshire! we have view'd it,
And measur'd it within all, by the scale:
The richest tract of land, love, in the kingdom!
There will be made seventeen or eighteen millions,
Or more, as 't may be handled! so therefore think,
Sweet-heart, if thou hast a fancy to one place
More than another, to be duchess of,
Now name it; I will have 't, whate'er it cost,
(If 't will be had for money,) either here,
Or in France, or Italy.
Mrs. Fitz. You have strange phantasies!"

Is this satire obsolete?

But there is another form of the passion whose permanency and universality cannot be denied. What the victims of gaming propose to themselves Jonson has delineated with inimitable humour:—

> "There 's a young gentleman
> Is born to nothing—forty marks a year,
> Which I count nothing:—he is to be initiated,
> And have a fly of the doctor. He will win you,
> By unresistible luck, within this fortnight,
> Enough to buy a barony. They will set him
> Upmost, at the groom-porters, all the Christmas:
> And for the whole year through, at every place
> Where there is play, present him with the chair;
> The best attendance, the best drink; sometimes
> Two glasses of Canary, and pay nothing;
> The purest linen, and the sharpest knife;
> The partridge next his trencher.
> You shall have your ordinaries bid for him,
> As playhouses for a poet; and the master
> Pray him aloud what dish he affects,
> Which must be butter'd shrimps: and those that drink
> To no mouth else will drink to his as being
> The goodly president mouth of all the board."

The line

> "You shall have your ordinaries bid for him"

will at once suggest to the reader the admirable scene in the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' where we breathe the very air of the ordinary of "Monsieur le Chevalier de Beaujeu, pink of Paris, and flower of Gascony." The cookery, the wine, the gaming, and the quarrelling, which Scott has so inimitably painted, are to be traced in every page of the comedies of this period. There is, however, amongst the 'Anecdotes and Traditions,' published by the Camden Society from the manuscript of Sir Nicholas L'Estrange, preserved in the Harleian collection, a story which shows us the manners of an ordinary with great truth and spirit:—"Old Jack Pinchback, a gamester and ruffler in London, came into an ordinary very brave and daubed with gold-lace, and, spying a country gentleman there, resolved to whet his wit upon him for that meal, and so seated himself by him; meat was no sooner upon the table but the gentleman boards the best dish before him: 'Soft, friend,' says Pinchback; 'in such places as these, give gentlemen of quality and your betters leave to be before you.' 'Say you so?' says he; 'why, they tell me in the country, that, when a man comes into an ordinary at London, every man is his own carver, and eats what he has a mind to.' 'O no,' says Pinchback, 'take it from me, 't is false doctrine.' The gentleman, being both wise and daring, and well enough acquainted with the fashions of London, dissembled himself; and observing that Pinchback loved his palate, as soon as the second course was set down, he had the first hand upon a pheasant. 'Fie!' says Pinchback; 'these country clowns neither know nor will learn good manners.' He held his pheasant for all that, and fed as fast upon it as Pinchback scoffed and played upon him; still answering that in the country he never heard of any such fashions. Well, dinner was no sooner done, and the company risen, but this country gentleman, well fleshed with the best meat, comes boldly up to Pinchback: 'I prithee,' says he, 'whose fool art thou?' Says Pinchback, 'What's thy meaning, friend, by that?' 'Why,' says he, 'by the loose liberty of thy tongue, and' (shaking on him by the shoulder) 'by this guarded coat, I take thee for some great man's fool; but if thou beest not somebody's fool, I must beat thee. Therefore, if thou wantest that protection, meet me in St. George's Fields an hour hence, and I'll teach you new ethics, how to eat your own sword or mine.' Pinchback, seeing him so daring and resolute, wound himself off by a handsome acknowledgment and the interposing of the company, and very glad he got so rid of him."

Here we have the gamester and bully in his fine clothes, contending for the pheasant "next his trencher" with a stout country gentleman, who at length teaches the ruffler manners by the terrors of the cudgel. Every description of an ordinary has reference to the general appetite for luxurious fare, which appears to have been one of the prevailing vices both in the Court and the City in these days. The Court, in 1593, had a most singular contest with the City; and it is difficult to understand how the Court obtained a triumph without something like an insurrection of all the Liveries. Stow tells us that the Queen and the nobility put down the eating of venison in the City:—" There was excessive spending of venison, as well as other victuals, in the halls. Nay, and a great consumption of venison there was frequently at taverns and cooks'-shops, insomuch that the Court was much offended with it. Whereupon, anno 1573, that the City might not continue to give the Queen and nobility offence, the Lord Mayor, Sir Lionel Ducket, and Aldermen, had by act of Common Council forbidden such feasts hereafter to be made; and restrained the same only to necessary meetings, in which also no venison was permitted. And because they found great expense of venison to have been in taverns and cooks' houses, and withal very many and great enormities, by reason of drunkenness, seditious rumours, unthrifty assemblies, incontinence, and other evil, to grow of inordinate resorting to taverns and tippling-houses, especially for the meaner sort, they restrained drinking and eating in such houses."

The vigour of prevention was directed, it will be seen, in two quarters—against the gluttony of the halls, and that of taverns and cooks' houses "for the meaner sort." Who can doubt that the justice of the Common Council was impartial; and that the term "necessary meetings" had a very strict construction? Yet such is the inadequacy of laws that are "made for every degree," that we find in the beginning of the reign of James I. that London was one universal academy for *gourmands* and *gourmets*. The cooks, according to Jonson, were infected with principles that in an earlier age of the Reformation would have consigned them to the stake:—

"Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?"

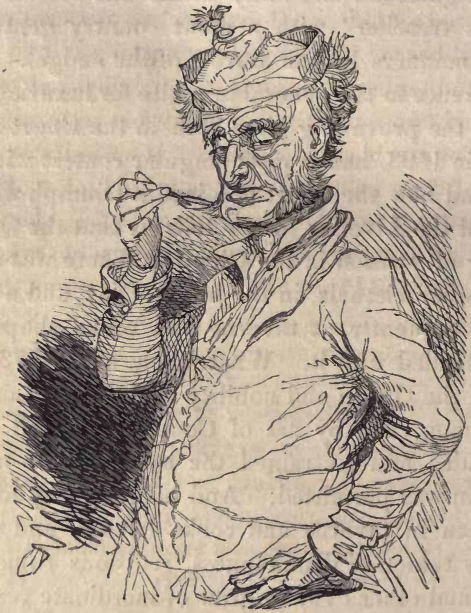
But in the more tolerant age of James, the master-cooks, whose atheism (if this quality be not a mere scandal of the poet) was derived with their professional knowledge from "the world abroad"—for travel was then necessary to make an accomplished cook—cooks were then personages that the great delighted to honour:—

"A master-cook! why, he's the man of men,
For a professor! he designs, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish:

Some he dry-ditches, some moats round with broths;
Mounts marrow-bones; cuts fifty-angled custards;
Rears bulwark pies; and, for his outer works,
He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust;
And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner.

* * * * * *

He is an architect, an engineer,
A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,
A general mathematician!"



[The Professor.]

We have already given the passage in the 'Alchymist' in which Jonson pours out his learning in describing the rare but somewhat nasty dishes of ancient cookery. We doubt whether "dormice," and "camels' heels," and the "beards of barbels," and "oiled mushrooms," would really be so successful as the performances of the maître de cuisine to the Maréchal Strozzi, who, at the siege of Leith, according to Monsieur Beaujeu, "made out of the hind quarter of one salted horse forty-five *couverts,* that the English and Scottish officers and nobility, who had the honour to dine with Monseigneur upon the rendition, could not tell what the devil any one of them were made upon at all." The real professors of that day, according to the recommendation which Howell gives of one of them in 1630, could "marinate fish," "make jellies," were "excellent for piquant sauce and the haugou," were "passing good for an olla," understood "larding of meat after the mode of France," and decorated their victims with "chains of sausages." With these refinements prevailing amongst us two centuries ago, it is lamentable to think how we retrograded to the Saxon barbarism of sirloins and suet-dumplings.

Gifford has remarked that "Shakspere is the only one of the dramatic writers of the age of James who does not condescend to notice tobacco; all the others abound in allusions to it." In Jonson we find tobacco in every place—in Cob the waterman's house, and in the Apollo Club-room—on the stage, and at the ordinary. The world of London was then divided into two classes—the tobacco-lovers and the tobacco-haters. Jonson has made Bobadill speak the exaggerated praise of the one class: "I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world for the space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only: therefore, it cannot be but 't is most divine." Cob the waterman, on the other hand, represents the denouncers of the weed: "Ods me, I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers: there were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight." King James I., in his celebrated 'Counterblast to Tobacco,' is an imitator of Master Cob, for he raises a bugbear of "an unctuous and oily kind of soot found in some great tobacco-takers that after their death were opened." The King could not write down tobacco, even with Joshua Sylvester for an ally; who, in his poem entitled 'Tobacco Battered, and the Pipes Shattered,' informs us that—

"Of all the plants that Tellus' bosom yields,
In groves, glades, gardens, marshes, mountains, fields,
None so pernicious to man's life is known
As is tobacco, saving hemp alone."

Such denunciations (of the poets at least) against tobacco were probably written under as many heart-throes of real love as Charles Lamb's 'Farewell:'

"Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth, and fog of the mind;
Africa, that brags her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison:
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite———
Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you!
'Twas but in a sort I blam'd thee;
None e'er prosper'd who defam'd thee;
Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplexed lovers use."

Old Aubrey tells us very circumstantially how "the great plant" gradually made its way amongst us; and here we leave it:—

"He (Raleigh) was the first that brought tobacco into England, and into fashion. In one part of North Wilts (Malmesbury hundred) it came first into fashion by Sir Walter Long. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut-shell and a straw. I have heard my grandfather Lyte say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir W. Raleigh, standing in a stand at Sir Robert Poyntz's park, at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quit it till he had done. Within these thirty-five years 't was scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was sold for its weight in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say that, when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham market, they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco; now, the customs of it are the greatest his Majesty hath."

Amongst the promiscuous associates of the ordinaries and the taverns—men of quality and poets upon the town, rich citizens and swaggering adventurers—there must unquestionably have been a constant collision of manners, which was sure to end in blows and "tilting at each other's breasts." This, then, was the age for "rules to give and take the lie by." Shakspere, as well as Jonson, has ridiculed this quarrelsome spirit, whose insolence was safe up to a certain point—anything short of "the lie direct." But it was not always safe. "The retort courteous" might be often mistaken for the lie "without an if," in the heat of wine and high feeding; and then out flew the rapiers. Winstanley, in his 'Lives of the Poets, tells us a story of Thomas Randolph, the author of 'The Muse's Looking-glass,' which offers a very pretty tragi-comic illustration of this state of manners:—

"His extraordinary indulgence to the too liberal converse with the multitude of his applauders drew him to such an immoderate way of living that he was seldom out of gentlemen's company; and as it often happens that in drinking high quarrels arise, so there chanced some words to pass betwixt Mr. Randolph and another gentleman, which grew to be so high, that the gentleman, drawing his sword, and striking at Mr. Randolph, cut off his little finger, whereupon, in an extemporary humour, he instantly made these verses:—

'Arithmetic nine digits, and no more,
Admits of; then I have all my store:
But what mischance hath ta'en from my left hand,
It seems, did only for a cipher stand;
Hence, when I scan my verse, if I do miss,
I will impute the fault only to this,—
A finger's loss, I speak it not in sport,
Will make a verse a foot too short.'"

The law of the strong-hand was in those days ever ready to go before the slower penalties and "the rusty curb of old Father Antic"—the law of the serjeant's mace and the judge's robe. We have another characteristic story of the times in L'Estrange's papers:—

"A gentleman at a play sate by a fellow that he strongly suspected for a cutpurse, and, for the probation of him, took occasion to draw out his purse, and put it up so carelessly as it dangled down (but his eye watched it strictly with a glance), and he bent his discourse another way; which his suspected neighbour observing, upon his first fair opportunity exercised his craft, and, having got his booty, began to remove away, which the gentleman noting, instantly draws his knife, and whips off one of his ears, and vowed he would have something for his money. The cutpurse began to swear, and stamp, and threaten. 'Nay, go to, sirrah,' says the other; 'be quiet; I'll offer you fair: give me my purse again; here's your ear, take it, and be gone.'"

The finger of Thomas Randolph and the ear of the cutpurse would be curious relics of those extra-judicial days. But the earth has hidden them, as it has hidden "the rack" and "the boot" of the sovereign justice of the same age. Jonson has a capital scene in 'Bartholomew Fair,' where a roguish ballad-singer roars out "a gentle admonition both to the purse-cutter and the purse-bearer," whilst his confederate picks the booby's pocket who is listening to him. The moral with which this song concludes, to whose chorus the purse is taken and conveyed from hand to hand, is very solemn:—

> "But O, you vile nation of cutpurses all,
> Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,
> And know that you ought not, by honest men's fall,
> Advance your own fortunes, to die above ground;
> And though you go gay
> In silks, as you may,
> It is not the highway to heaven (as they say).
> Repent then, repent you, for better for worse,
> And kiss not the gallows for cutting a purse.
> Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse,
> Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse!"

The pickpockets of modern times appear to be a degenerate race in comparison with the illustrious masters of the art of the days of Elizabeth and James. The song we have quoted records the feats of robbing a knight of good worship in Worcester gaol, a judge on the seat of judgment, and a nobleman,

> "At Court, and in Christmas, before the King's face."

Such excellence was the result of long and painful study; and Fleetwood, the Recorder, in a letter to Lord Burghley, of 1585, describes an academy for thieves, where professional instruction was carried forward with that ambition for perfection which ought to be kept in view in every school of liberal arts:—

"Amongst our travels this one matter tumbled out by the way, that one Wotton, a gentleman born, and sometime a merchant-man of good credit, who, falling by time into decay, kept an alehouse at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate, and after, for some misdemeanor being put down, he reared up a new trade of life, and in the same house he procured all the cutpurses about this city to repair to his said house. There was a school-house set up to learn young boys to cut purses. There were hung up two devices—the one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawks' bells, and over the top did hang a little scaring-bell; and he that could take out a counter without any noise was allowed to be a *public foyster;* and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without the noise of any of the bells, he was adjudged a *judicial* nipper. Note—that a foyster is a pickpocket, and a nipper is termed a pickpurse, or a cutpurse."

We have read the description of a similar school in a book of the reign of George III., 'The Devil upon Two Sticks in England.' Impertinent pretenders to originality! the foundations of your science were laid in a far higher age.

If anything could exceed the glee with which the vagabonds pursued their vocation, whether they rejoiced in the name of rufflers, hookers, priggers, abrams, or any other of the three-and-twenty names recorded by Harrison, it was the hilarity with which the officers of the law hunted them out. It is not sufficient for Fleetwood, the Recorder, to sit at the justice-hall at Newgate on a Friday, and condemn "certain horse-dealers, cutpurses, and such-like, to the number of ten, whereof nine were executed upon Saturday in the morning;" but on the following Monday he must "spend the day about the searching out of sundry that were receptors of felons." On another day he says, "Abroad myself, and I took that day seventy-four rogues." Fleetwood appears to have been the very

Petit André of recorders. Nothing annoys him so much as a reprieve; and in truth the mode in which reprieves were obtained was not such as exactly to please a conscientious recorder who should bring to his vocation only half the *gusto* of Fleetwood. He writes to Burghley, "It is grown for a trade now in the court to make means for reprieves; twenty pound for a reprieve is nothing, although it be but for bare ten days." The court, however, had a politic regard to the personal safety of some of its members in thus holding the halter in check. The Recorder has a very characteristic passage upon this matter:—"Mr. Nowell, of the court, hath lately been here in London: he caused his man to give a blow unto a carman; his man hath stricken the carman with the pummel of his sword, and therewith hath broken his skull and killed him. Mr. Nowell and his man are like to be indicted; whereof I am sure to be much troubled, what with letters and his friends, and what by other means, as in the very like case heretofore I have been even with the same man." But there was money to be made in court in more ways than one. "Twenty pound for a reprieve" was really nothing compared with the large prices which the greater courtiers obtained by begging lands. In the old play called 'Jack Drum's Entertainment' one of the characters says, "I have followed ordinaries this twelvemonths, only to find a fool that had lands, or a fellow that would talk treason, that I might beg him." Garrard, in his letters to Lord Strafford, communicates a bit of news to his patron, which not only illustrates the unprincipled avarice of the courtiers—down almost to the time when a national convulsion swept this and other abominations away with much that was good and graceful—but which story is full of a deep tragic interest. An old usurer dies in Westminster; his will is opened, and all the property—the coin, the plate, the jewels, and the bonds—all is left to his man-servant. The unhappy creature goes mad amidst his riches; and there is but one thing thought of at court for a week—who is to be successful in begging him. Elizabeth had the merit of abolishing the more hateful practice of begging concealed lands, that is such lands as at the dissolution of the monasteries had privily got into the possession of private persons. There was not a title in the kingdom that was thus safe from the rapacity of the begging courtiers. But, having lost this prey, they displayed a new ability for the discovery of treason and treasonable talk. In the 'Poetaster,' written in 1601, Jonson does not hesitate to speak out boldly against this abominable practice. The characters in the following dialogue are Lupus, Cæsar, Tucca, and Horace; and, as we have already mentioned, Jonson himself was designated under the name of Horace:—

> "*Lup.* A libel, Cæsar; a dangerous, seditious libel; a libel in picture.
> *Cæsar.* A libel!
> *Lup.* Ay; I found it in this Horace his study, in Mecænas his house here; I challenge the penalty of the laws against them.
> *Tuc.* Ay, and remember to beg their land betimes; before some of these hungry court-hounds scent it out.
> *Cæsar.* Show it to Horace: ask him if he know it.
> *Lup.* Know it! his hand is at it, Cæsar.
> *Cæsar.* Then 't is no libel.
> *Hor.* It is the imperfect body of an emblem, Cæsar, I began for Mecænas.
> *Lup.* An emblem! right: that 's Greek for a libel. Do but mark how confident he is.
> *Hor.* A just man cannot fear, thou foolish tribune;
> Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,

> The open vastness of a tyrant's ear,
> The senseless rigour of the wrested laws,
> Or the red eyes of strain'd authority,
> Should, in a point, meet all to take his life:
> His innocence is armour 'gainst all these."

Soon after the accession of James, Jonson himself went to prison for a supposed libel against the Scots, in 'Eastward Ho;' in the composition of which comedy he assisted Chapman and Marston. They were soon pardoned: but it was previously reported that their ears and noses were to be slit. Jonson's mother, at an entertainment which he made on his liberation, "drank to him, and showed him a paper which she designed, if the sentence had taken effect, to have mixed with his drink,—and it was strong and hasty poison." Jonson, who tells this story himself, says, "to show that she was no churl, she designed to have first drank of it herself." This is a terrible illustration of the ways of despotism. Jonson was pardoned, probably through some favouritism. Had it been otherwise, the future laureat of James would have died by poison in a wretched prison, and that poison given by his mother. Did the bricklayer's wife learn this terrible stoicism from her classical son? Fortunately there was in the world at that day, as there is now, a higher spirit to make calamity endurable than that of mere philosophy; and Jonson learnt this in sickness and old age. After he had become a favourite at court he still lost no proper occasion of lashing the rapacious courtiers. If a riot took place in a house, and manslaughter was committed, the house became a deodand to the Crown, and was begged as usual. In 'The Silent Woman,' first acted in 1609, one of the characters says, "O, sir, here hath like to have been murder since you went; a couple of knights fallen out about the bride's favours: we were fain to take away their weapons; your house had been begged by this time else." To the question, "For what?" comes the sarcastic answer, "For manslaughter, sir, *as being accessary.*"

The universal example of his age made Jonson what we should now call a court flatterer. Elizabeth—old, wrinkled, capricious, revengeful—was "the divine Cynthia." But Jonson compounded with his conscience for flattering the Queen, by satirizing her court with sufficient earnestness; and this, we dare say, was not in the least disagreeable to the Queen herself. In 'Cynthia's Revels' we have a very *bizarre* exhibition of the fantastic gallantry, the absurd coxcombities, the pretences to wit, which belonged to lords in waiting and maids of honour. Affectation here wears her insolent as well as her "sickly mien." *Euphuism* was not yet extinct; and so the gallant calls his mistress "my Honour," and she calls him "her Ambition." But this is small work for a satirist of Jonson's turn; and he boldly denounces "pride and ignorance" as "the two essential parts of the courtier." "The ladies and gallants lie languishing upon the rushes;" and this is a picture of the scenes in the antechambers:—

> "There stands a neophyte glazing of his face,
> Preening his clothes, perfuming of his hair,
> Against his idol enters; and repeats,
> Like an imperfect prologue, at third music,
> His parts of speeches, and confederate jests,
> In passion to himself. Another swears
> His scene of courtship over; bids, believe him,
> Twenty times ere they will; anon, doth seem

As he would kiss away his hand in kindness;
Then walks off melancholic, and stands wreath'd
As he were pinn'd up to the arras, thus.

* * * * * *

Then fall they in discourse
Of tires and fashions; how they must take place;
Where they may kiss, and whom; when to sit down,
And with what grace to rise: if they salute,
What court'sy they must use: such cobweb stuff
As would enforce the common'st sense abhor
Th' Arachnean workers."

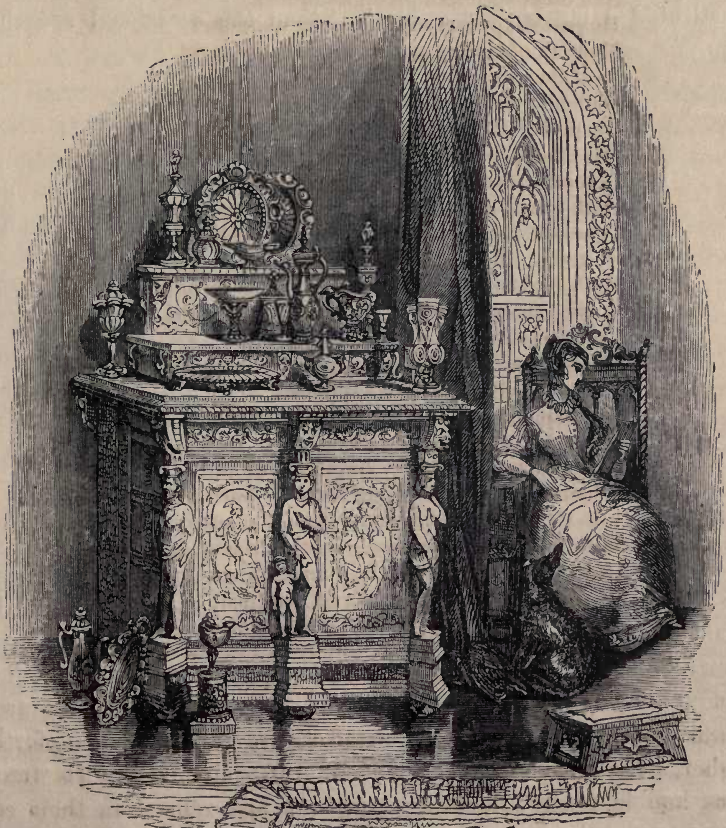
The dramatist has bolder delineations of profligacy and ambition—portraits in which the family likeness of two centuries and a half ago may yet be traced, if we make due allowances for the differences between the antique ruff and the costume of our unpicturesque days:—

"Here stalks me by a proud and spangled sir,
That looks three handfuls higher than his foretop;
Savours himself alone, is only kind
And loving to himself; one that will speak
More dark and doubtful than six oracles;
Salutes a friend as if he had a stitch;
Is his own chronicle, and scarce can eat
For registering himself; is waited on
By ninnies, jesters, panders, parasites,
And other such-like prodigies of men.
He pass'd, appears some mincing marmoset
Made all of clothes and face; his limbs so set
As if they had some voluntary act
Without man's motion, and must move just so
In spite of their creation: one that weighs
His breath between his teeth, and dares not smile
Beyond a point, for fear t' unstarch his look;
Hath travell'd to make legs, and seen the cringe
Of several courts and courtiers; knows the time
Of giving titles, and of taking walls;
Hath read court commonplaces; made them his:
Studied the grammar of state, and all the rules
Each formal usher in that politic school
Can teach a man. A third comes, giving nods
To his repenting creditors, protests
To weeping suitors, takes the coming gold
Of insolent and base ambition,
That hourly rubs his dry and itchy palms;
Which grip'd, like burning coals, he hurls away
Into the laps of bawds and buffoons' mouths.
With him there meets some subtle Proteus, one
Can change and vary with all forms he sees;
Be anything but honest; serves the time;
Hovers betwixt two factions, and explores
The drifts of both, which, with cross face, he bears
To the divided heads, and is receiv'd
With mutual grace of either."

There was, however, in that age, amidst these follies and vices, something much higher, even within the precincts of the court itself. Its luxuries and affectations had in truth something gorgeous and refined in their conception. The very pretences to wit and poetry grew out of a reverence for intellectual things. If there was much mere gallantry, there was some earnest and real affection. In the courts of Elizabeth and James the love of high literature was in some degree the salt which preserved the heart and the understanding untainted. The ladies, for the most part, were thoroughly accomplished, in the best sense of the word. Sydney's sister, according to Jonson's epitaph, was

"*Learn'd*, and fair, and good."

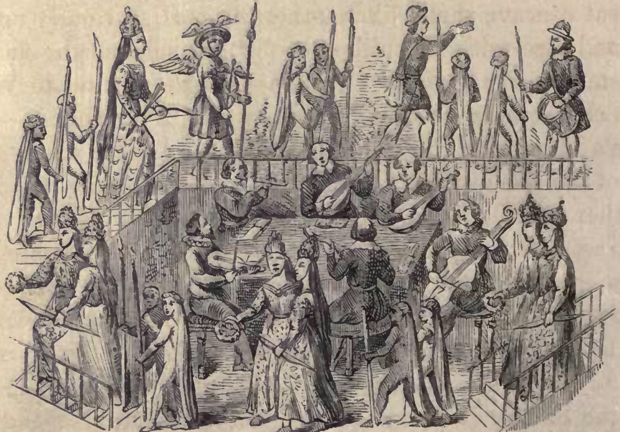
The epithet "learn'd" does not here imply anything extraordinary. Sydney's dedication of his 'Arcadia' to this beloved sister is an address to one whose taste and judgment are absolute:—"You desired me to do it, and your desire, to my heart, is an absolute commandment. Now, it is done only for you, only to you; if you keep it to yourself, or commend it to such friends who will weigh errors in the balance of goodwill, I hope, for the father's sake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in itself it have deformities. For indeed for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest by sheets sent unto you as fast as they were done." Many an immortal poem has thus been read "in loose sheets of paper," with a tearful eye and a swelling heart, by some young votaress who has felt that there is something better in the world than the splendours with which riches and power have surrounded her.



It was in the spirit of a high literature that the *Masques* of the courts of Elizabeth and James were conceived. The dramatic entertainments—Shakspere's especially—

> " ——— those flights upon the banks of Thames
> That so did take Eliza and our James,"—

were open to all the world; and the great showed their good sense in cherishing those wonderful productions, which could not have been what they are if they had been conceived in a spirit of exclusiveness. But the Masque was essentially courtly and regal. It was produced at great expense. It was, like the Italian Opera, conceived in that artistical spirit which makes its own laws and boundaries. It did not profess to be an imitation of common life. To be understood, it assumed that a certain portion of classical knowledge and taste existed in the spectator. Hurd, in his 'Dialogues,' says, "I should desire to know what courtly amusements even of our time are comparable to the shows and masques which were the delight and improvement of the court of Elizabeth." The masques of the time of Elizabeth were, however, not in the slightest degree comparable with those produced in the reign of James; in which such men as Jonson, and Daniel, and Fletcher, were the artificers—"artificer" is the expression which Jonson applies to himself in connexion with these performances. The masques of Elizabeth were little more than the old pageants, in which heathen deities walked in procession amidst loud music; and the cloth of gold and the silver tinsel constituted a far higher attraction than the occasional speeches of the performers.



[Masque. From Strutt's Royal Antiquities.]

Bacon, whose own mind was essentially poetical, has an essay 'Of Masques and Triumphs.' His notions are full of taste:—"It is better they should be graced with elegancy than daubed with cost. Dancing to song is a thing of great state and pleasure." Choirs placed one over against another,—scenes abounding with light,—colours of white, carnation, and a kind of sea-water green,—graceful suits, not after examples of known attires,—sweet odours suddenly coming forth;—these are Bacon's notions of the chief requisites of a masque. His ideas were realized in the masques of Jonson.

A volume, not only interesting to the antiquary, but full of romantic and historical associations, might be written on the subject of Jonson's masques. Let us hastily run through them in the order of their dates. Upon the death of Elizabeth, James, with his Queen and Prince Henry, set out from Edinburgh to London; but the Queen and Prince remained a few days at Althorp, the seat of Sir Robert Spencer. They were here welcomed with Jonson's first masque, 'The Satyr.' The masques of Kenilworth had then probably been nearly forgotten; but this mode of entertaining the new Court soon passed into a fashion; and Sir William Cornwallis at Highgate, and Lord Salisbury at Theobald's, gave similar entertainments, which Jonson superintended. The City was ambitious to take a part in these elegant welcomes; and Jonson's fame had found its way into the hall of the Merchant Tailors' Company, whose records tell us that "Sir John Swynnerton is entreated to confer with Master Benjamin Jonson, the poet, about a speech to be made to welcome his Majesty, and about music and other inventions which may give liking and delight; by reason that the Company doubt that their schoolmaster and scholars be not acquainted with such kind of entertainments." From 1606 to 1633 Jonson continued to produce masques at Court. His prose descriptions of the pageantry and machinery, introducing his verses, are written with great pomp and elegance. The very titles of some of them are gorgeous; such as, 'The Characters of two Royal Masques, the one of Blackness, the other of Beauty, personated by the most magnificent of Queens, Anne, Queen of Great Britain, &c., with her honourable Ladies, 1605 and 1608, at Whitehall.' There is a poetical and prosaic side to most things. Jonson himself thus describes one part of his pageantry:—"The masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother-of-pearl, curiously made to move on those waters and rise with the billow. * * * On sides of the shell did swim six huge sea-monsters." Sir Dudley Carleton gave an account to Winwood of this exhibition, which presents us with the other side of the shield:—"At night we had the Queen's Masque in the Banqueting House: there was a great engine at the lower end of the room, which had motion, and in it were the images of sea-horses, with other terrible fishes, which were ridden by Moors: the indecorum was, that there was all fish and no water." In 1606 Jonson wrote the masque of 'Hymenæi,' to celebrate the politic marriage of two children, the Earl of Essex, and Frances, the daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. In seven years more Whitehall saw another masque, when Lady Essex had been divorced, and she was again married to the minion Somerset. Jonson, fortunately for his fame, did not write the masque on *that* occasion. The marriage of Lord Haddington in 1608 called for another masque of Jonson's; which, according to a contemporary authority, cost twelve noblemen three hundred pounds each. When Lord Hay, whom Clarendon describes as "a man of the greatest expense in his own person of any in the age he lived," had returned from his French embassy, he provided, in 1617, a great entertainment for the ambassador of France. The man whose ostentation was such that, when he gave a supper, he had one course for show only, which was removed untouched, and another course for consumption; and whose horse was shod with silver shoes when he entered Paris in procession,—such a person was not likely to have spared any cost in producing Jonson's 'Masque of Lethe.' The Court and the nobility went on masquing wherever the King abode. 'The Gipsies Metamorphosed' was presented to James at Burleigh, at Belvoir, and at Windsor. 'Pan's Anniversary' was the last entertainment which Jonson offered to his old master. James, in 1621, would have forced the honour of knighthood upon his poet; but Jonson's good sense contrived to avoid it. "The wisest fool in Christendom" died in 1626, and bequeathed a distracted kingdom to his successor. One almost of the latest masques of Jonson which was presented before James I., 'Time Vindicated,' whispers an echo of that turmoil whose hoarse sounds were still distant. This, which was also called 'The Prince's Masque,' was performed at Whitehall on Sunday, the 6th of January, 1623. "The antemasques were of tumblers and jugglers. The Prince did lead the measures with the French ambassador's wife. The measures, brawls, corantos, and galliards being ended, the masquers with the ladies did dance two contrey dances, where the French ambassador's wife and Mademoiselle St. Luke did dance." Two "ragged rascals" are thus described in the antemasque:—

> "One is his printer in disguise, and keeps
> His press in a hollow tree, where, to conceal him,
> He works by glow-worm light, the moon 's too open.
> The other zealous rag is the compositor,
> Who, in an angle where the ants inhabit,
> (The emblems of his labours,) will sit curl'd
> Whole days and nights, and work his eyes out for him."

This was the age of libels—"straws," as Selden has it, "thrown up to show which way the wind blows." The "press in a hollow tree" was no mere poetical exaggeration. That terrible machine did its work in silence and darkness. It laboured like a mole. If it was sought for in the garret, it was in the cellar; if it was hunted to the hovel, it found a hiding-place in the palace. The minds of men were in a state of preternatural activity. Prerogative had tampered with opinion, and opinion was too strong for it. The public mind, for the first time in England, began to want *news*—coarse provender for opinion to chew and ruminate. Jonson wrote his 'Staple of News,' in which we have an office with a principal and clerks busily employed in collecting and recording news, to be circulated by letter. The countrywoman at the office would have

> "A groatworth of any news, I care not what,
> To carry down this Saturday to our vicar."

There was then, in reality, a weekly pamphlet of news published under the high-sounding editorial name of Mercurius Britannicus. Jonson had a right notion of what gave authority to such a publication:—

> "See divers men's opinions! unto some
> The very printing of 'em makes them news,
> That have not the heart to believe anything
> But what they see in print."

Jonson called the newspaper "a weekly cheat to draw money;" and he sets about ridiculing the desire for news, as if it were an ephemeral taste easily put down, and people had a diseased appetite for news, "made all at home, and no syllable of truth in them." The people were thirsting for pamphlets of news because therein they found glimpses of truth. Gifford, in his criticism on this play, says, "Credulity, which was then at its height, was irritated rather than fed by impositions of every kind; and the country kept in a feverish state of deceitful expectation by stories of wonderful events, gross and palpable, to use the words of Shakspere, as the father of lies who begat them." Of news for the credulous the dramatist has given some amusing specimens, almost as good as the American sea-serpent, and some inventions nearer home. The age was indeed credulous; but credulity and curiosity are nearly allied; and curiosity goes before comparison, and comparison goes before discontent, and discontent goes before revolt; and so in less than twenty years after Jonson's 'Staple of News' the country was plunged in civil war. We may trace in Jonson many of the evidences of a turbid state of public opinion. Amidst the luxuries and gaieties of those times there were some awful things which are quite unknown to us. The plague, for example, would break out in London: the Court would hurry to the country; every man of substance would follow the Court; all the places of public amusement would be shut; the voice of lamentation would be heard in the streets; with preachers denouncing God's judgments against the devoted city, in company with astrologers foretelling bad harvests, or recovering lost spoons. These things, upon the whole, made the people serious. The Puritans arose—James reasoned first with, and then persecuted them. The dramatists laughed at them. All Jonson's later comedies, as well as those of almost every other writer for the stage in the days of James, have a gird at Puritans. Subtle, in the 'Alchymist,' accuses the pastors and deacons who come to him in search of the philosopher's stone of endeavouring to win widows to give legacies, or make wives to rob their husbands. Jonson points boldly at their supposed ambition:—

"You cannot
But raise you friends. Withal, to be of power
To pay an army in the field, to buy
The King of France out of his realms, or Spain
Out of his Indies. What can you not do
Against lords spiritual or temporal
That shall oppose you?
Fri. Verily, 't is true.
We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.
Sub. You may be anything, and leave off to make
Long-winded exercises; or suck up
Your *ha!* and *hum!* in a tune. I not deny
But such as are not graced in a state
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion."

In his 'Bartholomew Fair,' written in 1614, the "Rabbi Busy" is the butt of the audience from the first act to the last. The satire is not so bitter as that of the '*Tartuffe*,' but the Puritans must have felt it deeply, for it rendered them objects of contempt rather than of hatred. They had their revenge; which a dramatic writer after the Restoration has well described:—

"Many have been the vain attempts of wit
Against the still prevailing hypocrite.
Once, and but once, a poet got the day,
And vanquish'd Busy in a puppet-play!
But Busy, rallying, fill'd with holy rage,
Possess'd the pulpit and pull'd down the stage."

The literary life of Ben Jonson extended over nearly forty years: upon the whole, it was a successful literary life. He did not, like Shakspere, realize a competency by adding the business of a theatrical manager to the pleasanter labours of a poet. His plays, no doubt, produced him money; but his occasional productions for the Court and the City made him wealthier than most of his brethren. Aubrey tells us of his habitations:—"Long since, in King James's time, I have heard my uncle Danvers say (who knew him) that he lived without Temple Bar, at a comb-maker's shop, about the Elephant and Castle. In his later time he lived in Westminster, in the house under which you pass as you go out of the churchyard into the old palace, where he died." He had a library so stored with rare and curious books that Selden could find there volumes which he vainly sought in other places. He appears at this time to have lived a life of learned ease, enjoying stipends from the Crown and from the City. From 1616 to 1625 he wrote no plays. After the death of James want probably drove him again to the stage. His later dramas are not to be compared with 'The Alchymist' and 'The Fox.' Disease and penury had come upon him. In the epilogue to 'The New Inn,' produced in 1630, he says,—

"If you expect more than you had to-night,
The maker is sick and sad."

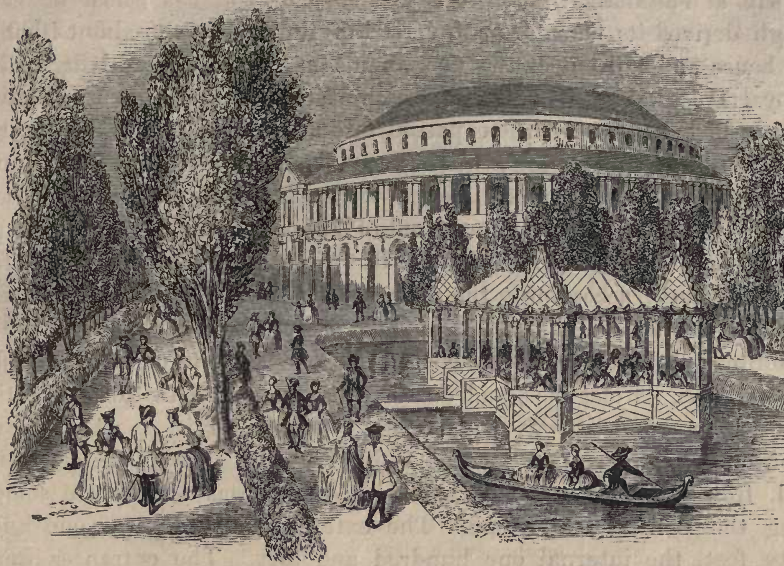
In the same epilogue he has a touching allusion to the King and Queen; and Charles instantly sent him an hundred pounds. The play itself was hooted from the boards; and Jonson took his revenge upon the town in his well-known ode:—

"Come, leave the loathed stage,
And the more loathsome age!
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit!
Indicting and arraigning every day
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Burn on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn;
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

* * * * * * *

"Leave things so prostitute,
And take the Alcaic lute;
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;
Warm thee by Pindar's fire:
And though thy nerves be shrunk and blood be cold,
Ere years have made thee old,
Strike that disdainful heat
Throughout, to their defeat,
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May, blushing, swear no palsy 's in thy brain."

Supported by an increased pension, to which Charles added the "tierce of Canary," which the poets-laureat have ever since enjoyed, Jonson continued to write masques and other little poems for the Court. His quarrel with Inigo Jones, from whatever cause proceeding, is a painful circumstance; and it is well that the satire which he wrote upon the illustrious architect is suppressed. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Aubrey says, "He lies buried in the north aisle, in the path of square stone (the rest is lozenge), opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de Bos, with this inscription only on him, in a pavement square, blue marble, about 14 inches square—'O RARE BEN JONSON!'—which was done at the charge of Jack Young (afterwards knighted), who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen-pence to cut it."



[Ranelagh Gardens, Rotunda, &c., 1751.]

XXIII.—RANELAGH AND VAUXHALL.

It were a curious study to trace the progress of the public taste in matters of amusement, and to endeavour to investigate the causes of the variety of changes it has undergone. The latter, however, would, we suspect, be a difficult task to accomplish satisfactorily. Take, for instance, the once prosperous as well as famous places of entertainment mentioned at the head of this paper—and how should we explain the fact that one has long since disappeared, whilst the other, having made bankrupts of its latest proprietors, is now about, most probably, to give place to the formidable array of bricklayers and carpenters, who already look upon its beautiful groves as their own, and can neither listen to the melodies of the birds nor to the glorious harmonies of the mightier human performers, for the ringing blows of the axe and the crash of the falling trees, which they hear as it were by anticipation? We shall regret this destruction, if Vauxhall be destroyed, as we regret the fall of Ranelagh, were it only for the length of time both places have existed, and the agreeable link they made between ourselves and the generations that have passed away; but they have claims to favourable remembrance of a more important character. What reader of Addison, of Fielding, of Goldsmith, or of Johnson, but will miss the place they have so often visited for materials to minister to our instruction and delight? What lover of the beautiful but would like still to be able to look upon that spot (Ranelagh) which the author of the 'Rambler' said presented the finest *coup d'œil* he had ever seen; or to keep the other, whilst it is yet possible, of which a forgotten poet of the last century, with a pleasant spirit of exaggeration, gives so high an origin?—he supposes Eden to have been borne up undestroyed by the Flood, and that—

> "After floating many a year,
> At length it fix'd, and settled here:"

that is to say, at Vauxhall.

Ranelagh derived its name from the Earl of Ranelagh, who about 1690 built himself a house and laid out extensive grounds on a piece of land lying eastward of the Royal Hospital of Chelsea, to which it originally belonged. After the Earl's death, in 1712, the mansion passed into the hands of his daughter. In 1733 the estate was sold in lots, when Lacy, the patentee of Drury Lane, in conjunction with a person named Rietti, took a lease of the premises, with a view of establishing a place of amusement of an extent and magnificence previously unknown to the citizens of London. But the design was too gigantic for the means of its authors; accordingly the property was divided into thirty-six shares, and Ranelagh soon appeared in all its splendour. The great feature of the place was the Rotunda, a building which excited the astonishment of all visitors by its extraordinary size, its elegance, and its most ingenious and skilful adaptation to the purposes for which it was built. In 'Hughson's History of London,'* a minute but prolix description of this edifice, and of the place generally, is preserved, from which it appears that the Rotunda was a structure somewhat resembling the Pantheon at Rome. The external diameter was one hundred and eighty feet, the internal one hundred and fifty. The entrances were by four Doric porticos opposite each other, and the first story was rustic. Round the whole on the outside was an arcade, and over it a gallery, the stairs to which were in the porticos. The gallery was sheltered by a slated covering, which projected from the body of the Rotunda. Over the gallery were the windows, sixty in number; and over them the immense roof. The first thing that struck the spectator in the inside was what was formerly the orchestra, but afterwards called the fireplace, erected in the middle of the Rotunda, reaching to the ceiling and supporting the roof; but it being found too high to give the company the full entertainment of the music, the performers were removed into another orchestra, erected in the space of the porticos. The former, however, remained. It was a beautiful structure, formed by four triumphal arches of the Doric order, divided from each other by proper intervals, which, with the arches, formed an octagon. The pillars were divided into two stories, the base of each lined with looking-glass, against which were placed patent lamps. These pillars were the principal support of the roof, which, for size and manner of construction, was not to be equalled in Europe. The genius of the architect was here concealed from view by the ceiling; but it may be easily conceived that such a roof could not be supported by any ordinary methods; and if the timber-works above had been laid open, they would probably have surprised the spectator. The interior of this orchestra or fire-place was no less striking. In the centre of it was a curious contrivance for heating the building in cold weather, to any degree required. It consisted of a fireplace that could not smoke nor become offensive, and of a chimney reaching upwards to the ceiling. The latter had four faces, and by tins over each of them, which were taken off at pleasure, the heat was increased or diminished. The faces were formed by four stone arches, with stone pediments above. The corners of the four faces were supported by eight pieces of cannon, with iron spikes driven into them, and filled up with lead. These looked like black marble pillars. On the pediments, and in the spaces between them, were eight flower-branches of small glass lamps, which, when lighted, looked extremely brilliant. Above the pediments were four niches in wood, in each of which was a painting; and over all was a dome, which terminated this inner structure. The chimney, which proceeded to the top of the Rotunda, was of brick. The band of music consisted of a select number of performers, vocal and instrumental, accompanied by an organ. The concert began about seven o'clock, and, after singing and music, closed about ten. Round the Rotunda, and forming a portion of the building, were forty-seven boxes for the accommodation of the company, in which they were regaled with tea or coffee and other refreshments. In each of these boxes was a painting of some droll figure; and they were lighted by large bell lamps suspended between them. They were divided by wainscoting and square pillars. The latter were in front, and, being main timbers, formed part of the support of the roof. Each pillar was cased, and the front of every alternate pillar ornamented from top to bottom with an oblong looking-glass, in a gilt frame. At the back of each box was a pair of folding doors, which opened into the gardens, and were designed for the convenience of passing in and out without being obliged to use the grand entrances. Each of these boxes would commodiously hold eight persons. The gallery above was fronted with a balustrade and pillars resembling marble, encircled with festoons of flowers in a spiral form, surmounted by termini of plaster of Paris. This gallery also contained forty-seven boxes, lighted like those below. At the distance of twelve boxes from the orchestra, on the right hand, was the Prince's box, for the reception of any of the Royal Family. It was elegantly hung with paper, and ornamented in the front with the Prince of Wales's crest. The great ceiling of the Rotunda had a stone-coloured ground, on which, at proper intervals, were oval panels, with paintings of celestial figures on a sky-blue ground. Festoons of flowers, and other ornaments, connected the panels with some of a smaller size and of a square form, on which were arabesque ornaments in stone colour, on a dark-brown ground. From the ceiling hung twenty-three chandeliers, in two circles; each chandelier ornamented with a gilt coronet, and the candles contained in seventeen bell lamps. Twenty chandeliers were in the external circle, and eight in the internal. On the whole, it might have been said of Ranelagh, that it was one of those public places of entertainment for convenience, elegance, and grandeur unsurpassed.

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* Vol. vi.

The Rotunda was first opened on the 5th of April, 1742, with a public breakfast, a species of entertainment that was afterwards suppressed by act of Parliament, as detrimental to society. Morning concerts were also given for some time at Ranelagh, consisting chiefly of selections from oratorios. Musical performances of a more original and important character were gradually introduced. We learn from the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1767 that on the 12th of May, "At Ranelagh House were performed the much-admired catches and glees, selected from the curious collection of the Catch Club; being the first of the kind publicly exhibited in this or any other kingdom. The entertainment consisted of the favourite catches and glees composed by the most eminent masters of the last and present age, by a considerable number of the best vocal and instrumental performers. The choral and instrumental parts were added, to give the catches and glees their proper effect in so large an amphitheatre; being composed for that purpose by *Dr. Arne*." This eminent musician had married a songstress of distinguished reputation, Miss Cecilia Young. His connexion with Mr. Tyers began in the year 1745, when his wife appeared at Vauxhall, and he himself became principal composer there. Although we do not find the fact expressly stated, it is highly probable that Dr. Arne was concerned in the musical performance at Vauxhall in 1749, which we find thus recorded in the 'Gentleman's Magazine:'—"April 25, 1749, was performed at Vauxhall Gardens the rehearsal of the music for the fireworks (to be given in St. James's Park on the 29th), by a band of 100 musicians; to an audience of above 12,000 persons: tickets 2*s.* 6*d.* So great a resort occasioned such a stoppage on London Bridge that no carriage could pass for three hours." The morning entertainments soon gave place to those of the evening—a period of the day more congenial to such enjoyments, which were occasionally enhanced by the exhibition of fire-works on a very magnificent scale, accompanied by mimic representations of an eruption of Mount Etna, and other natural phenomena, similar to that we have seen recently revived at the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

Lastly, masquerades were introduced, and gave a new, but not very honourable or permanently useful, interest to Ranelagh. It is after a masquerade at Ranelagh that the ruin of one of Fielding's female characters in 'Amelia' is accomplished, and Amelia herself is destined to a similar fate under similar circumstances, when she is happily warned of her danger. But the most interesting record we possess concerning the masquerades of Ranelagh is to be found in a satirical paper in the 'Connoisseur,' where the writer, having referred to a celebrated lady who had a few years before attempted to introduce a new species of masquerade, by lopping off the exuberance of dress, and appearing in the character of Iphigenia undressed for the sacrifice, continues, "What the above-mentioned lady had the hardiness to attempt alone will (I am assured) be set on foot by our persons of fashion as soon as the hot days come in. Ranelagh is the place pitched upon for their meeting, where it is proposed to have a masquerade *al fresco*. . . . . One set of ladies, I am told, intend to personate water-nymphs bathing in the canal; three sisters, celebrated for their charms, design to appear together as the three Graces; and a certain lady of quality, who most resembles the goddess of beauty, is now practising, from a model of the noted statue of Venus de Medicis, the most striking attitudes for that character. As to the gentlemen, they may most of them represent very suitably the half-brutal forms of Satyrs, Pans, Fauns, and Centaurs, &c. . . . If this scheme for a naked masquerade should meet with encouragement (as there is no doubt but it must), it is proposed to improve it still farther. Persons of fashion cannot but lament that there are no diversions allotted to Sunday, except the card-table; and they can never enough regret that the Sunday evening's tea-drinkings at Ranelagh were laid aside, from a superstitious regard to religion. They therefore intend to have a particular sort of masquerade on that day, in which they may show their taste by ridiculing all the old women's tales contained in that idle book of fables, the Bible, while the vulgar are devoutly attending to them at church. This indeed is not without a parallel: we have had an instance already of an Eve; and, by borrowing the serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, we might have the whole story of the Fall of Man exhibited in a masquerade."*

But, after all, the chief amusement of Ranelagh was the promenading round the circular area of the Rotunda, to see and be seen; and a very dull sort of amusement it must have proved, when the gloss of novelty had worn off, to all that numerous class of visitants who were unable to appreciate the music, which played at intervals through the whole evening, and who had no claim to be considered as members of the fashionable world. "Then again, there 's your famous Ranelagh that you make such a fuss about," says Captain Mirvan, in Miss Burney's novel of 'Evelina;'† "why, what a dull place is that!"

"'Ranelagh dull!—Ranelagh dull!' was echoed from mouth to mouth; and the ladies, as of one accord, regarded the Captain with looks of the most ironical contempt.

"'As to Ranelagh,' said Mr. Lovel, 'most indubitably, though the price is plebeian, it is by no means adapted to the plebeian taste. It requires a certain acquaintance with high life, and—and—and something of—of—something *d'un vrai goût*, to be really sensible of its merit. Those whose—whose connexions, and so forth, are not among *les gens comme il faut*, can feel nothing but *ennui* at such a place as Ranelagh.'"

This passage gives us an excellent idea of the chief attraction of Ranelagh; and the poet Bloomfield, in some amusing verses written about the period of its fall, thus good-humouredly ridicules the empty, unmeaning character of the entertainments:—

"To Ranelagh once in my life
  By good-natur'd force I was driven;
The nations had ceas'd their long strife,
  And Peace beam'd her radiance from heaven.
What wonders were here to be found
  That a clown might enjoy or disdain?
First, we trac'd the gay circle all round;
  Ay—*and then we went round it again.*

A thousand feet rustled on mats,—
  A carpet that once had been green;
Men bow'd with their outlandish hats,
  With corners so fearfully keen.
Fair maids, who at home in their haste
  Had left all clothing else but a train,
Swept the floor clean as slowly they pac'd,
  Then—*walk'd round and swept it again,*" *&c.*

We may see from this last verse that the satire of the 'Connoisseur' had not driven the ladies into a more becoming style of dress. Not much longer, however, did Ranelagh afford a scene for such displays. It became less and less popular even among its supporters, and at last (about 1805) the Rotunda was pulled down, and the beautiful Ranelagh disappeared, leaving not a vestige of its existence behind.

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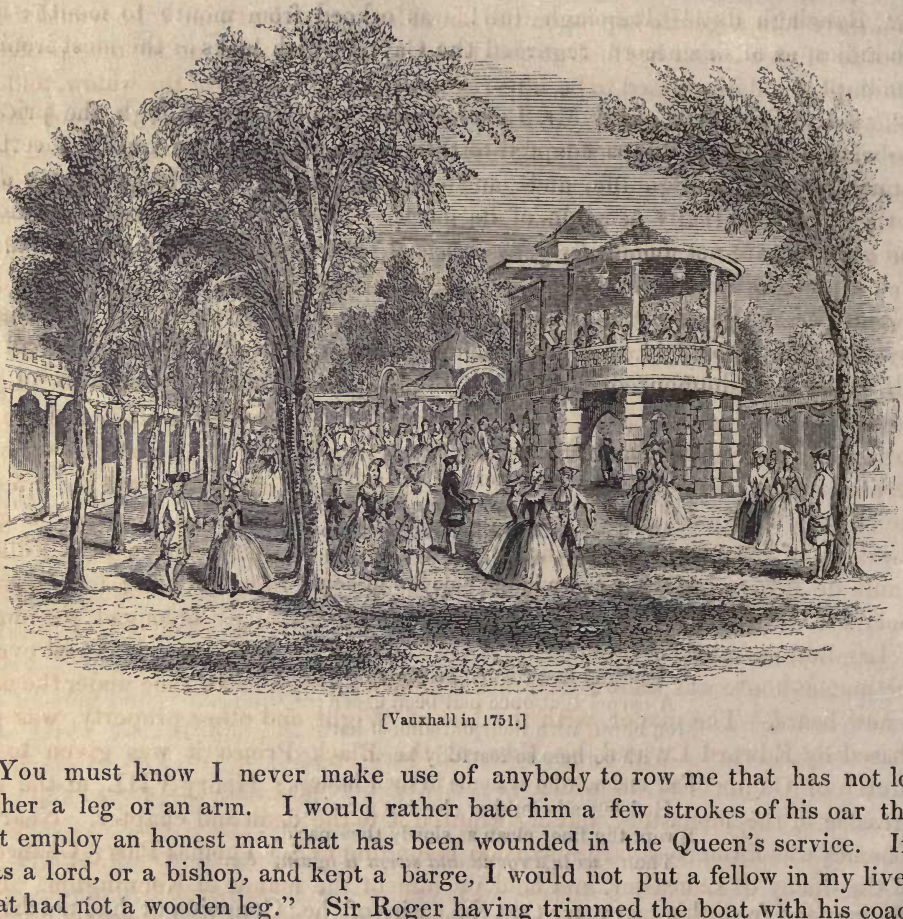
* 'Connoisseur,' No. 66. May 1, 1755.

† Letter xxiii.

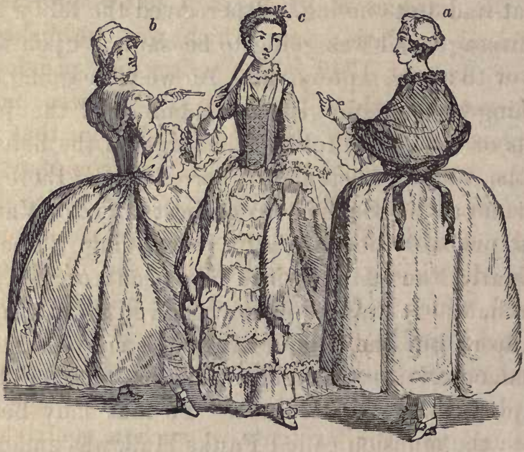
VAUXHALL,

Though under another name, dates its origin a little earlier than Ranelagh. The first mention of its existence as a public place of resort is also one of the most interesting of its many and illustrious literary associations. This occurs in the 'Spectator;' a number of which (383), dated from Addison's Summer-house at Islington, May 20, 1712, is devoted to an account of his visit to Vauxhall, in company with Sir Roger de Coverley, that most exquisite of Addison's creations. They go by water in a wherry from the Temple Stairs, the good Knight, with characteristic thoughtfulness, taking care to employ a waterman with a wooden leg; observing, "You must know I never make use of anybody to row me that has not lost either a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord, or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg." Sir Roger having trimmed the boat with his coachman, "who, being a very sober man, always served for ballast on such occasions," they made the best of their way to Faux Hall. On their way, Sir Roger, according to custom, gives good night to every person he passes on the water, one of whom, instead of returning the civility, asked what queer old put they had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a wenching at his years? with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told his friend "that, if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's



[Vauxhall in 1751.]

subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land." "We were now," continues Addison, "arrived at Spring Garden (Vauxhall), which is excellently pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the chorus of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shade, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. 'You must understand,' says the Knight, 'that there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!' He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the Knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her 'She was a wanton baggage,' and bid her go about her business. We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung-beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the Knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look. As we were going out of the garden, my old friend, thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets." Such is our earliest notice of Vauxhall as a public garden, written most probably not long after its opening. The name, as we have here seen, was originally Faux Hall, which has been corrupted into the present appellation of Vauxhall. It was popularly derived from Guy Faux, the gunpowder-plot conspirator; but the true derivation is supposed to be from Fulk or Faulk de Brent, a famous Norman soldier of fortune, to whom King John gave in marriage Margaret de Ripariis or Redvers. To that lady belonged the manor of Lambeth, to which the mansion called Fauks Hall, was annexed. At all events, the manor-house was known for centuries before Guy Faux's time under the name it now bears. The manor, with the Isle of Wight and other property, was purchased by Edward I.; and by Edward the Black Prince it was given to the church of Canterbury, to which see it still belongs: Henry VIII., at the suppression of the monastery, having granted it to the dean and chapter. Near the Thames was formerly a large mansion belonging to Sir Thomas Parry, Chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and held by him of the manor of Kennington. Here the ill-fated Arabella Stuart, whose misfortune it was to be too nearly allied to a Crown, remained prisoner for twelve months, under the custody of Sir Thomas. This house, in Norden's 'Survey' (1615), is called Copt Hall, and is described as being opposite to a capital mansion called Fauxe Hall. The latter, Lysons imagines, was the ancient manor-house mentioned above, which being afterwards pulled down or otherwise lost, the name was transferred to Copt Hall. In the Parliamentary Survey taken after the execution of Charles I., Sir Thomas Parry's house is described as "a capital messuage called Vauxhall, alias Copped Hall, bounded by the Thames; being a fair dwelling-house, strongly built, of three stories high, and a fair staircase breaking out from it of nineteen feet square." It was sold in 1652, but reverted to the Crown at the Restoration. After passing through various hands, in 1675 Sir Samuel Morland obtained a lease of Vauxhall House, made it his residence, and considerably improved the premises. This gentleman was a great mechanic, and every part of his house was filled with his works. The side-table in the dining-room was supplied with a large fountain, and the glasses stood under little streams of water. His coach had a moveable kitchen with clock-work machinery, with which he could make soup, broil steaks, or roast a joint of meat. When he travelled he was accordingly his own cook. From this period to that of the visit of Addison and Sir Roger nothing appears to be known concerning Vauxhall, nor again from that time to 1732, when the gardens were in the occupation of Jonathan Tyers, Esq., and were opened by him in a style of novel magnificence. Of this gentleman we shall have more to say. On the re-opening there were about four hundred persons present. The ladies with their long waists, arching hoops, and decorated fans formed but a small proportion of the number: scarce one in ten, we are informed. One hundred soldiers were present to keep good order—a precaution that seems to explain very significantly the character of many of the anticipated visitants. The entertainment given on this occasion, which was announced as a "Ridotto al Fresco," was several times repeated, which encouraged the proprietor so much that in a short time he opened the gardens every evening during the proper season. Among Tyers's numerous friends was Hogarth, who had a summer residence at Lambeth, and who, to add to the attractions of the place, advised him to decorate the boxes with paintings. The suggestion was immediately carried into effect, and at a great expense. Some of the paintings were copies by Hayman of Hogarth's own productions, and which still remain in the gardens. Tyers acknowledged the assistance he had received by a present of a gold medal, which admitted the artist and his friends free. As Vauxhall grew more and more in the public estimation, the proprietor erected an organ in the orchestra, and placed a



[Ladies of the reign of George II., from Jeffrey's collection.]

a, 1735; *b*, 1745; *c*, 1755.

statue of Handel, by the great French sculptor, Roubilliac, in the gardens. But it is time that we should give a more particular description of the appearance of the gardens under their new aspect. The favourite method of reaching them was of course still by small boats on the water, and a gay and animated scene the Thames must have presented at such times. The author of 'A Trip to Vauxhall' (1737) thus describes this very pleasant mode of locomotion. He has two ladies in company with him: so

> " Lolling in state, with one on either side,
> And gently pulling with the wind and tide,
> Last night, the evening of a sultry day,
> We sail'd triumphant on the liquid way,
> To hear the fiddlers of Spring Gardens play,
> To see the walks, orchestra, colonnades,
> The lamps and trees in mingled lights and shades.
> The scene so new, with pleasure and surprise,
> Feasted awhile our ravish'd ears and eyes.
> The motley crowd we next with care survey,
> The young, the old, the splenetic, and gay," &c.

The poem then proceeds with a satirical account of the company assembled in the gardens, referring of course more particularly to well-known individuals. A fuller account of the gardens is given in a letter professedly written by a foreigner to his friend at Paris; and which was published in 'The Champion,' of the 5th of August, 1742. The writer had previously visited Ranelagh, and in reference to that place says, " I was now (at Vauxhall) introduced to a place of a very different kind from that I had visited the night before: vistas, woods, tents, buildings, and company, I had a glimpse of, but could discover none of them distinctly, for which reason I began to repine that we had not arrived sooner, when all in a moment, as if by magic, every object was made visible, I should rather say illustrious, by a thousand lights finely disposed, which were kindled at one and the same signal; and my ears and my eyes, head and heart, were captivated at once. Right before me extended a long and regular vista; on my right hand I stepped into a delightful grove, wild, as if planted by the hand of nature, under the foliage of which at equal distances I found two similar tents, of such a contrivance and form as a painter of genius and judgment would choose to adorn his landscape with. Farther on, still on my right, through a noble triumphal arch, with a grand curtain, still in the picturesque style, artificially thrown over it, an excellent statue of Handel (Roubilliac's) appears in the action of playing upon the lyre, which is finely set off by various greens, which form in miniature a sort of woody theatre. The grove itself is bounded on three sides, except the intervals made by the two vistas, which lead to and from it, with a plain but handsome colonnade, divided into different apartments to receive different companies, and distinguished and adorned with paintings, which, though slight, are well fancied, and have a very good effect. In the middle centre of the grove, fronting a handsome banqueting-room, the very portico of which is adorned and illuminated with curious lustres of crystal glass, stands the orchestra (for music likewise here is the soul of the entertainment), and at some distance behind it a pavilion that beggars all description—I do not mean for the richness of the materials of which it is composed, but for the nobleness of the design and the elegance of the decorations with which it is adorned. In a word, architecture such as Greece would not be ashamed of, and drapery far beyond the imaginations of the East, are united in a taste that I believe never was equalled, nor can be exceeded." Our readers may think this praise somewhat extravagant; but there is in Fielding's 'Amelia' a very interesting passage, which shows us that it did no more than justice to the exceeding loveliness of Vauxhall. The great novelist observes, and evidently in his own personal character, "The extreme beauty and elegance of this place is well known to almost every one of my readers; and happy is it for me that it is so, since to give an adequate idea of it would exceed my power of description. To delineate the particular beauties of these gardens would indeed require as much pains, and as much paper too, *as to rehearse all the good actions of their master;* whose life proves the truth of an observation which I have read in some other writer, that a truly elegant taste is generally accompanied with an excellency of heart; or, in other words, that true virtue is indeed nothing else but true taste." * Under a man of this stamp, it is not probable that Vauxhall would remain to any serious degree obnoxious to the censures with which Addison and Sir Roger de Coverley branded it. It was, no doubt, made an innocent as well as an elegant place of enjoyment, if we measure it by the only fair standard, the manners and customs of the best society of the time. Goldsmith, writing perhaps about 1760, having praised the singers and the very elegant band of performers, continues, "The satisfaction which I received the first night (of the season) I went there was greater than my expectations; I went in company of several friends of both sexes, whose virtues I regard and judgments I esteem. The music, the entertainments, but particularly the singing, diffused that good humour among us which constitutes the true happiness of society." † The same author's account of Vauxhall in the 'Citizen of the World' contains some interesting passages; this occurs in the description of the visit to the gardens of the shabby beau, the man in black, and one or two other persons, in company with the Chinese philosopher. The beau's lady, Mrs. Tibbs, has a natural aversion to the water, and the pawnbroker's widow, being "a little in flesh," protests against walking, so a coach is agreed on as the mode of conveyance. "The illuminations," says the philosopher, "began before we arrived, and I must confess that upon entering the gardens I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure: the lights everywhere glimmering through scarcely-moving trees; the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of night; the natural concert of the birds in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art; the company gaily dressed, looking satisfaction, and the tables spread with various delicacies,—all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstasy of admiration. 'Head of Confucius,' cried I to my friend, 'this is fine! this unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence.'" A dispute between the two ladies now engages the philosopher's attention: "Mrs. Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the garden, where, she observed, there was always the very best company; the widow, on the contrary, who came but once a season, was for securing a good standing-place to see the water-works, which she assured us would begin in less than an hour at furthest." The cascade here referred to had been but recently introduced into the gardens, so we need not wonder at the widow's anxiety to see what was as yet a great attraction. A few years later the "water-works" were greatly improved, and called the Cataract; the effects then produced were very ingenious and beautiful; and at the signal for their commencement,—the ringing of a bell at nine o'clock,—there was a general rush from all parts of the gardens. The widow, therefore, shows her prudence in getting a good standing-place in time. From another part of the same account we perceive that the keepers of the boxes were accustomed to make distinctions between the persons who desired boxes, reserving those "in the very focus of the public view," where the beau wished to be, for "more genteel company." We may conclude our notice of the literary associations of Vauxhall by recalling to our readers the well-known scenes in Miss Burney's novels which take place in the gardens, more particularly the one in 'Evelina,' where the heroine endures so many mortifications whilst in the company of the vulgar family of the Braughtons, and that in 'Cecilia,' where the weak and miserable Harrel, after a night of frenzied gaiety, commits suicide.

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* Amelia, b. ix. c. ix.

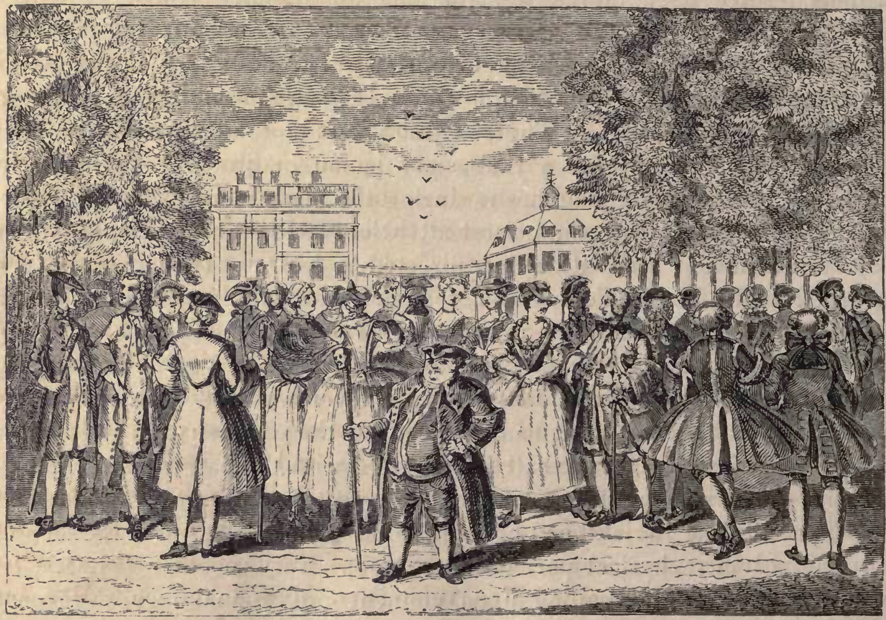
† A Visit to Vauxhall. Prior's Ed. of Goldsmith's Works, vol. i. p. 202.

Up to the year 1752 Tyers was only a tenant, but he then purchased the property. He died in 1767. "Tom Tyers," his son, author of 'Political Conferences,' was one of Johnson's social circle, and not the least esteemed of its members.

We have alluded to the literary associations of Vauxhall; and these remind us of some others of an amusing character. The following appeared as an advertisement in the 'London Chronicle' of the 5th August, 1758:—"A young lady who was at Vauxhall on Thursday night last in company with two gentlemen could not but observe a young gentleman in blue and a gold-laced hat, who, being near her by the orchestra during the performance, especially the last song, gazed upon her with the utmost attention. He earnestly hopes (if unmarried) she will favour him with a line, directed to A. D., at the bar of the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, Temple Bar, to inform him whether fortune, family, and character may not entitle him, upon a further knowledge, to hope an interest in her heart," &c. The advertisement is altogether written in a spirit and style which seem to mark it as the genuine effusion of a lover whom despair of finding the object of his sudden attachment had impelled into the adoption of an unusual course. Another reminiscence of Vauxhall is connected with the half-insane conduct of a man who, about sixteen years ago, excited a great deal of temporary notice. He called himself "the Ærial," and appears to have been filled with the idea of his more than earthly physical perfections. Among various other fantastic tricks, he was in the habit of calling upon eminent professional men, surgeons and artists, and offering them permission to study for their several purposes from his body as a model of perfection. His first public appearance at Vauxhall is thus recorded in 'The Times' of the 2nd of July, 1825:—"An individual in a splendid dress of Spanish costume has excited much attention at Vauxhall Gardens. Having walked or rather skipped round the promenade with a great air of consequence, saluting the company as he passed along, he at length mingled amongst the audience in the front of the orchestra, and distributed a number of cards, on each of which was written, 'The Ærial challenges the whole world to find a man that can in any way compete with him as such.' After having served about three or four hundred of these challenges, he darted off like lightning, taking the whole circuit of the gardens in his career, and made his exit through the grand entrance into the road, where a carriage was in waiting for him, into which he sprang and was driven off."

The prices of admission into the gardens have undergone several changes: prior to 1792 the charge was one shilling; new and expensive decorations were then introduced, and the charge raised to two shillings, including however tea and coffee. During the present century four shillings without any refreshment has been long paid; the next change was to the original price of one shilling only. During this last-mentioned period a new and great attraction was added—the Nassau balloon, the largest machine of the kind yet constructed; which, as is well known, derives its name from the extraordinary aërial journey made in it from London to Nassau in Germany, by Mr. Green and his fellow-travellers. At present, during the few nights on which the gardens are open prior to the disposal of the property, the price of admission is three shillings.

Yes, Ranelagh is gone; and but a few short days or weeks may elapse before Vauxhall will have shared its fate. The "lustrous long arcades," along which of old swept the courtly and fashionable throng,—revelling in all the fantastic varieties of the Mode, as we see them pictured in engravings of the time,—will perhaps soon be changed into long and busy rows of bricks and mortar, where the wandering minstrel with his barrel-organ will usurp



[Costume, 1735. Mall in St. James's Park.]

the place of the magnificent "full-bodied concert," and the stentorian cries of the perambulatory dealers rise in harsh contrast with the songs of the nightingales which were once heard from the lofty, over-arching, and fragrant boughs, in the same place, when Addison roamed along its walks, meditating possibly his next 'Spectator,' and beheld, in his "mind's eye," Sir Roger, by his side, buried in a train of the tenderest recollections of the widow!

But the illustrious memories of such places as Ranelagh and Vauxhall, like the deeds of good men, die not with them. We shall still be able to a certain extent to enjoy all they offered for enjoyment in the pages of our great writers; and even this humble memorial may not for the same purpose be found useless. It is that consideration which impels us to conclude our paper with a description of a place so often described, and so generally well known. What would be useless as a present guide may as a future *record* be of value. The mode of entrance into the gardens, which extend over about eleven acres, is admirably calculated to enhance their extraordinary effect on the first view. We step at once from the passages into a scene of enchantment, such as in our young days opened upon our eyes as we pored over the magical pages of the 'Arabian Nights.' It were indeed worth some sacrifice of time, money, and convenience, to see for once in a lifetime that view. At first, one wide-extended and interminable blaze of radiance is the idea impressed upon the dazzled beholder. As his eyes grow accustomed to the place, he perceives the form of the principal part of the gardens resolve itself into a kind of long quadrangle, formed by four colonnades which enclose an open space with trees, called the Grove. On his right extends one of the colonnades, some three hundred feet long, with an arched Gothic roof, where the groins are marked by lines of lamps, shedding a yellow golden light, and the pendants by single crimson lamps of a larger size at the intersections. The effect of this arrangement is most superb. Near the eye, the lines or groins appear singly, showing their purpose; farther off they grow closer and closer, till at some distance the entire vista beyond appears one rich blaze of radiance. In front the visitor looks across one of the shorter ends of the quadrangle, illuminated in a different but still more magnificent manner by a chandelier of great size, formed of coloured lamps, and by various smaller chandeliers. Still standing in the same place (at the door of entrance), and looking across the interior of the quadrangle called the Grove, midway is seen the lofty orchestra, glittering all over with the many-coloured light diffused from innumerable lamps. This was erected in 1735, and has itself many interesting memories attached to it. Beneath that vast shell which forms the roof or sounding-board of the orchestra many of our greatest vocalists and performers have poured forth their strains to the delight of the crowded auditory in front—Signor and Signora Storace, Mrs. Billington, Miss Tyrer (now Mrs. Liston), Incledon, Braham, and a host of others, at once rise to the memory. The Grove is illuminated not only by the reflected light from the colonnades on either side and by the orchestra, but by festoons of lamps, gracefully undulating along the sides of the colonnades from one end to the other. Among the other attractions of the Grove, we find immediately we step into it some beautiful plaster casts from the antique, the light colour of which forms a fine contrast with the blackness of the neighbouring trees and the solemn gloom of the sky above, which assumes a still deeper tinge when seen under such circumstances. Immediately opposite these, at the back of the short colonnade which forms this end of the Grove, with elevated arches opening upon the colonnade, is the splendid room originally called the Pavilion, now the Hall of Mirrors, a title more appropriate as marking its distinctive character, the walls being lined with looking-glass. This is the principal supper-room. Turning the corner we enter upon the other of the two principal colonnades, which is similarly illuminated. A little way down we find an opening into the Rotunda, a very large and handsome building, with boxes, pit, and gallery in the circular part, and on one side a stage for the performance of ballets, &c. The pit forms also, when required, an arena for the display of horsemanship. At the end of this colonnade we have on the right the colonnade forming the other extremity of the Grove, hollowed out into a semicircular form, the space being fitted up somewhat in the manner of a Turkish divan. On the left we find the more distant and darker parts of the gardens. Here the first spot that attracts our attention is a large space, the back of which presents a kind of mimic amphitheatre of trees and foliage, having in front rock-work and fountains; from one of the latter Eve has just issued, as we perceive by the beautiful figure reclining on the grass above. Not far from this place a fine cast of Diana arresting the flying hart stands out in admirable relief from the dark-green leafy background. Here too is a large building, presenting in front the appearance of the proscenium and stage of a theatre. Ballets, performances on the tight-rope, and others of a like character, are here exhibited. The purpose of the building is happily marked by the statues of Canova's dancing-girls, one of which is placed on each side of the area at the front. At the corner of a long walk, between trees lighted only by single lamps spread at intervals on the ground at the sides, is seen a characteristic representation of Tell's cottage in the Swiss Alps. This walk is terminated by an illuminated transparency, placed behind a Gothic gateway, representing the delicate but broken shafts of some ruined ecclesiastical structure, with a large stone cross—that characteristic feature of the way-sides of Roman Catholic countries. At right angles with this walk extends a much broader one, with the additional illumination of a brilliant star; and at its termination is an opening containing a very imposing spectacle. This is a representation, in a large circular basin of water, of Neptune with his trident, driving his five sea-horses abreast, which are snorting forth liquid streams from their nostrils; these in their ascent cross and intermingle in a very pleasing and striking manner. The lustrous white and great size of the figures are, like all the other works of art in the gardens, admirably contrasted with the surrounding features of the place. Passing in our way the large building erected for the convenience of filling the great balloon, and the area where the fireworks are exhibited, we next enter the Italian Walk, so called from its having been originally decorated in the formal, exact style of the walks of that country. This is a noble promenade or avenue of great length and breadth, crossed every few yards by a lofty angular arch of lamps, with festoons of the same brilliant character, hanging from it, and having statues interspersed on each side throughout.

On quitting this walk at its farther extremity we find ourselves in the centre of the long colonnade opposite to that we quitted in order to examine the more remote parts of the gardens. The inner side of each of the long colonnades is occupied by innumerable supper-boxes, in some of which yet remain the pictures before referred to. We have scarcely had time for this hasty survey, during which too our attention has been partially drawn away by the noble music which has been playing almost without intermission since we entered the gardens, before the performances commence with a ballet in the Rotunda, relieved from its usual dulness and absurdity by the .extraordinary feats of the Ravel Family, some of which set at nought all our ordinary notions of the anatomy of the body, or the laws of its locomotion. Walking, or rather hopping, across the stage, on *one* stilt, and without any other support, at a quiet gentlemanly pace, is but one, and not the most extraordinary, of the many curious things here done. Ducrow's troop next exhibit their unrivalled skill and elegance in the management of the horse, though it is no easy task to clear the pit for them, by this time crowded with spectators. The instant the equestrian performances are over a general race ensues for the stage we have mentioned as standing in another part of the gardens, where tight-rope dancing of no ordinary kind is to be exhibited. And certainly so much ease and elegance in the accomplishment of feats that appear wonderful to be accomplished at all make us forget the uselessness of such laboriously acquired skill, or the danger with which its display is not unfrequently attended. Indeed, as we looked upon the feats done by the performers, one of them a member of the family previously noticed, we could scarcely help wondering whether after all the tight rope was not man's natural sphere of exertion; certainly we beheld much done *on* the rope that we should find it difficult to imitate *off*. A bell now rings, and summons us to the last and by far the most beautiful and satisfactory to our minds of the entertainments of the evening—the fire-works. Vauxhall has long been distinguished for the excellence of its displays of this elegant art; and in the hands of the present artist its reputation has been still further advanced. In the words of a very recent writer, who has described one of these exhibitions so happily that we shall do better justice to what we ourselves beheld by using his language than our own,—"The fire-works of D'Ernst were one of the most superb displays of pyrotechny that we ever saw—not so much for quantity as quality: the devices were most ingenious, and the colours intensely beautiful. The showers of sparks served as a golden fringe or setting to the luminous gems that blazed in the centre, like concentric circles of ruby, emerald, and sapphire, glowing with preternatural lustre. The rockets rushed upwards as though they would reach the moon, and burst forth in showers of golden tears, silver stars, and amber balls; while some changed, as they fell, from lustrous green to burning crimson: fiery rings darted to and fro like comets, jets of fire went spinning upwards, and nests of serpents were shaken out into the air. In short, D'Ernst might achieve a Gorgon's head, with snaky tresses and flaming eyeballs, as a feat of artificial fire, if he were so minded."* We must add to this vivid description that during the last portion of the exhibition a child ascended a tight-rope stretched at a great height over the gardens, his slender form now hid by the smoke, now revealed by the intense light suddenly bursting forth from different parts of the area: when he had reached the extreme altitude he returned; and as he descended from the giddy elevation, the entire space became wrapped in almost sudden darkness. The distant orchestra now begins again to summon listeners; the promenaders recommence their walks along the glorious colonnades; whilst the glimpse of attendants darting to and fro with refreshments reminds the hungry that it is now supper-time at Vauxhall.

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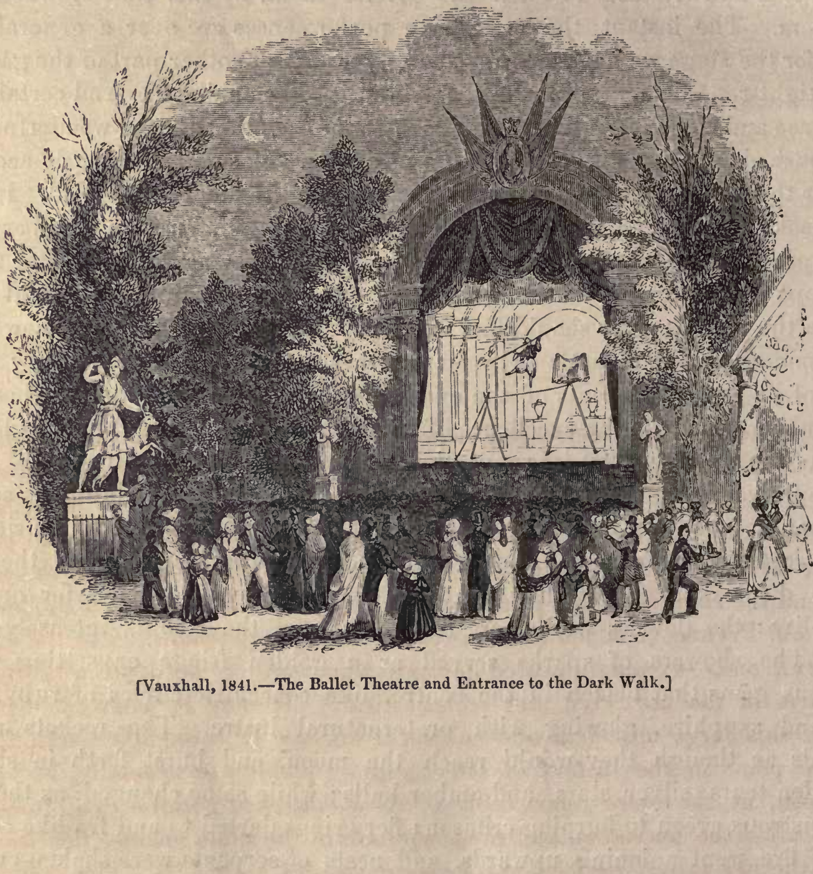
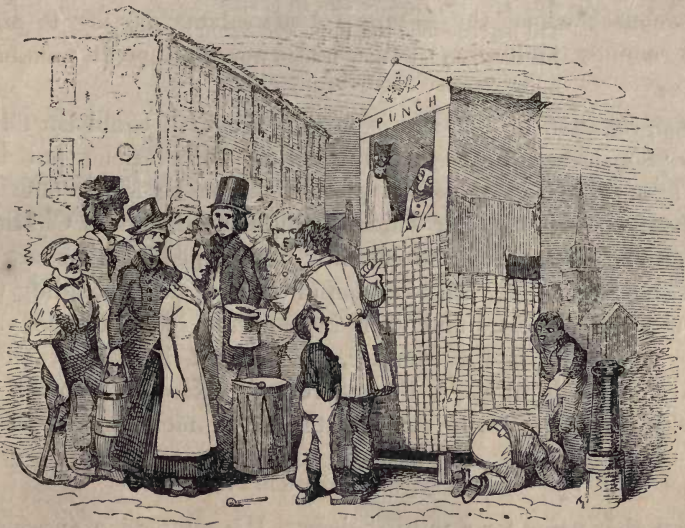
* Spectator newspaper, July 10, 1841.



[Vauxhall, 1841.—The Ballet Theatre and Entrance to the Dark Walk.]



[Punch, 1841.]

XXIV.—STREET SIGHTS.

In a poem written in "verse burlesque" by Sir William D'Avenant, entitled 'The Long Vacation in London,'—(we have already quoted from this curious picture of manners)—there is a very satisfactory enumeration of the principal sights which were presented to the admiring wayfarers of our city at the period when the Restoration had given back to the people some of their ancient amusements, and the councils of the primitive church were no longer raked up, as they were by old Prynne, to denounce bear-leaders and puppet-showmen as the agents of the evil one,—excommunicated persons who were to be dealt with by the strong arm of the law, civil and ecclesiastical.* It may be convenient in our notice of this large miscellaneous subject if we take D'Avenant's description as a middle point in the history of street sights; looking occasionally, by way of comparison, at the more remarkable of those classes of popular exhibitors who may be called the ancestors, and those who are in the same manner the descendants, of the individual performers of the days of Charles II. The passage in D'Avenant's poem is as follows:—

"Now vaulter good, and dancing lass
On rope, and man that cries Hey, pass!
And tumbler young that needs but stoop,
Lay head to heel to creep through hoop;

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* See Prynne's Histrio-Mastix, p. 583.

And man in chimney hid to dress,
Puppet that acts our old Queen Bess,
And man that whilst the puppets play,
Through nose expoundeth what they say;
And white oat-eater that does dwell
In stable small at sign of Bell,
That lift up hoof to show the pranks
Taught by magician, styled Banks;
And ape, led captive still in chain
Till he renounce the Pope and Spain:
All these on hoof now trudge from town
To cheat poor turnip-eating clown."

What a congregation of wonders is here! Hogarth could not have painted his glorious 'Southwark Fair' without actual observation; but here is an assemblage from which a companion picture might be made, offering us the varieties of costume and character which distinguish the age of Charles II. from that of George II. But such sights can only be grouped together now in London upon remarkable occasions. The London of our own day, including its gigantic suburbs, is not the place to find even in separate localities the vaulter, the dancing lass, the conjurer, the tumbler, the puppet-show, the raree-show, the learned horse, or the loyal ape. Fleet Street, for example, is much too busy a place for the wonder-mongers to congregate in. A merchant in Ben Jonson's 'Fox' says—

"'Twere a rare *motion* to be seen in Fleet-street."

A motion is another name for a puppet-show. His companion answers,

"Ay, *in the Term.*"

Fifty years afterwards D'Avenant tells us of his vagabonds, that in the Long Vacation

"All these on hoof now trudge from town
To cheat poor turnip-eating clown."

The sight-showers, we thus see, were in high activity in the Term, because Fleet Street was then full. When is it now empty? There is no room for their trades. They are elbowed out. We have seen, however, in some half-quiet thoroughfare of Lambeth, or of Clerkenwell, a dingy cloth spread upon the road, and a ring of children called together at the sound of horn, to behold a dancing lass in all the finery of calico trousers and spangles, and a tumbler with his hoop: and on one occasion sixpence was extracted from our pockets, because the said tumbler had his hoop splendid with ribbons, which showed him to have a reverence for the poetry and antiquity of his calling. He knew the line,—

"And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop*."

But the tumbler himself was a poor performer. His merit was not called out. The street passengers had as little to give to him as to the beggars, because they were too busy to be amused. If the Italian who exhibited before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth could appear again in our metropolitan thoroughfares, we should pass on, regardless of his "turnings, tumblings, castings, hops, jumps, leaps, skips, springs, gambols, summersets, caperings, and flights; forward, backward, sideways, downward, and upward, with sundry windings, gyrings, and circumflexions*." Joseph Clark, the great posture-master, who figured about the period of the Revolution, would have had a much better chance with us. We require powerful stimulants; and he, as it is recorded in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' had "such an absolute command of all his muscles and joints, that he could disjoint almost his whole body." Not a deformity which nature or accident had produced in the most miserable of cripples but Joseph Clark could imitate. Ask for a hunchback, and he straightway had one at command. Require the

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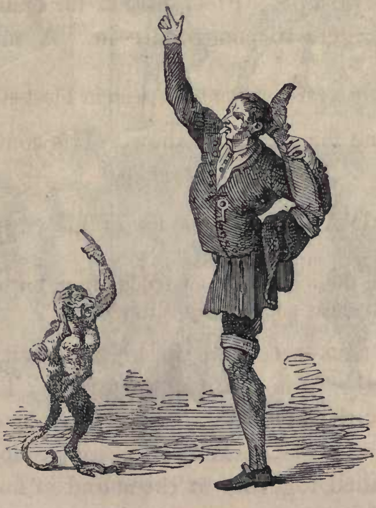
* Love's Labour's Lost.

> "Fair round belly with good capon lin'd,"

and he could produce it without a pillow. He would make his hips invade the place of his back; and it was perfectly easy to him for one leg to advance with the heel foremost, and another with the toes. He imposed upon Molins, a celebrated surgeon, so completely, that he was dismissed as an incurable cripple. No tailor could measure him, for his hump would shift from one shoulder to the other; and anon he would be perfectly straight and well proportioned. One picture of him has been preserved to posterity, but there ought to have been a dozen.



[Joseph Clark: from Tempest's Collection.]

D'Avenant has grouped his performers as they had been practically associated together for some centuries before his time. The *joculator* was not very inferior in dignity to the minstrel; but in time he became degraded into a *juggler*, and a hocus-pocus. The "man that cries Hey, pass!" was the great star of the exhibition, and the rope-dancer and tumbler and vaulter were his satellites. In a print to the "Orbis Pictus" of Comenius (1658) the juggler and his exhibition are represented with these various attractions. Nor was music wanting to the charm of these street performances. The beautiful air known by the name of 'Balance a Straw' was an especial favourite with the rope-dancers, and certainly its graceful movement would indicate that these performances had somewhat more of refinement in them than is commonly supposed to belong to such amusements for the people. The air is given in Mr. Chappell's collection; but we hope it may still be heard from the chimes of some country church, which have gone on for a century or two bestowing their melodies upon thankless ears: more probably, growing out of order, the chimes have been voted a nuisance by the vestry, and are consigned to oblivion, with many other touching remembrances of the past.

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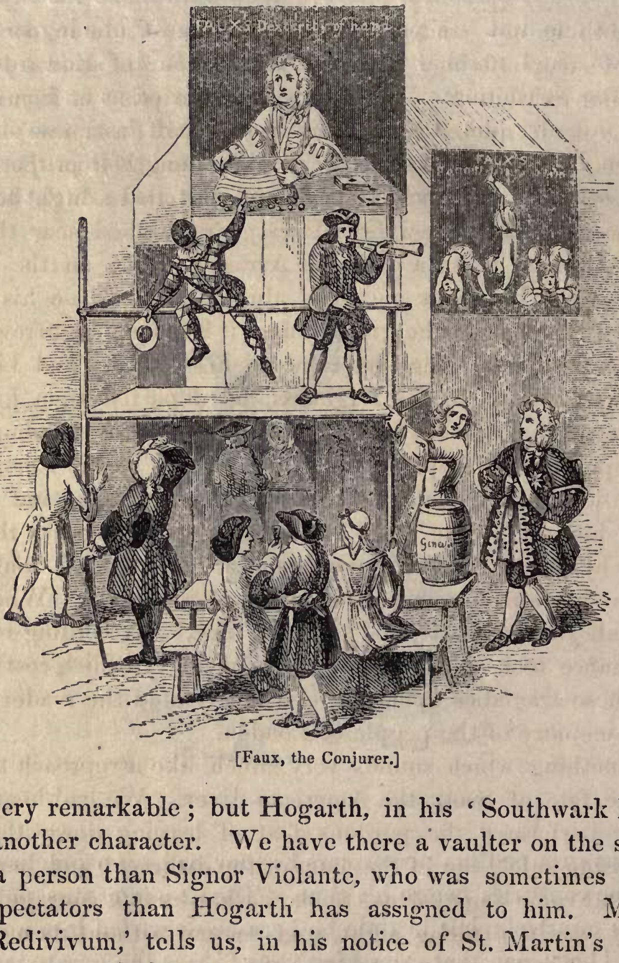
* Laneham's Letter from Kenilworth, 1575.

The following engraving of a conjurer's booth in 1721 exhibits the alliance of the juggler with the tumbler. The feats which the painted cloth exhibits to us are nothing very remarkable; but Hogarth, in his 'Southwark Fair,' has performances of another character. We have there a vaulter on the slack-rope, and he is no less a person than Signor Violante, who was sometimes honoured with more select spectators than Hogarth has assigned to him. Malcolm, in his 'Londinium Redivivum,' tells us, in his notice of St. Martin's church, "Soon after the completion of the steeple, an adventurous Italian named Violante descended from the arches, head foremost, on a rope stretched thence across St. Martin's Lane to the Royal Mews: the princesses were present, and many eminent persons." Hogarth in his print has preserved to us a representation of this sort of rope-flying. A man is thus descending from the church-tower in the background. This adventurer, whose name was Cadman, perished at Shrewsbury in the performance of a similar feat. In the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1740 there is a magnificent copy of verses "On the death of the famous flyer on the rope at Shrewsbury," full of classical similes. We prefer to transcribe the tomb-



[Faux, the Conjurer.]

stone lines upon the poor man, which lines Steevens, in his edition of Hogarth, calls contemptible:—

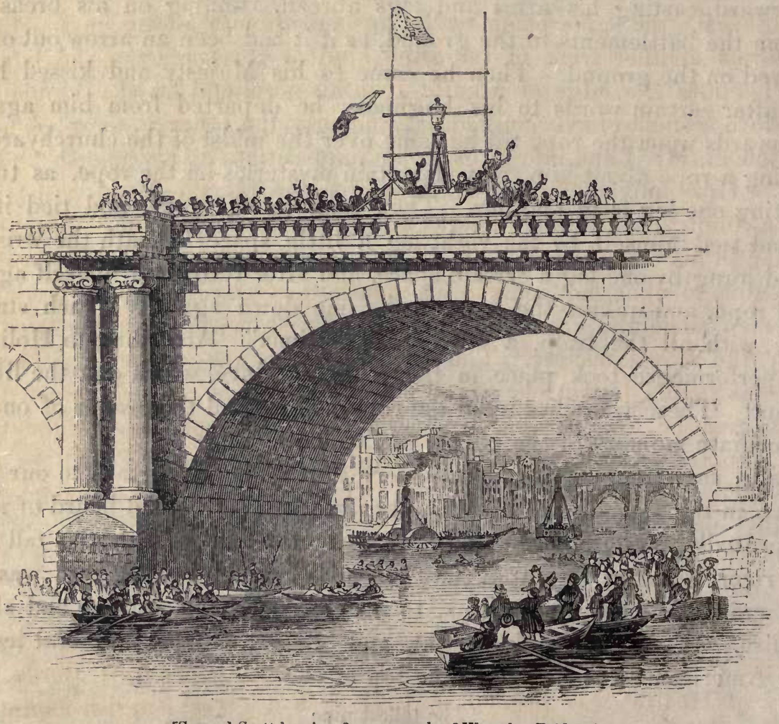
> "Let this small monument record the name
> Of Cadman, and to future times proclaim
> How, by an attempt to fly from this high spire
> Across the Sabrine stream, he did acquire
> His fatal end. 'Twas not for want of skill,
> Or courage, to perform the task, he fell:
> No, no—a faulty cord, being drawn too tight,
> Hurried his soul on high to take her flight,
> Which bid the body here beneath good night."

But there is nothing new under the sun. Neither Cadman nor Violante were the inventors of steeple-flying. As early as the times of Edward VI. there was a precisely similar exhibition. The following description is from a paper in the 'Archæologia,' vol. vii., quoted in Strutt's 'Sports and Pastimes:'—"There was a rope, as great as the cable of a ship, stretched in length from the battlements of Paul's steeple, with a great anchor at one end, fastened a little before the dean of Paul's house-gate; and when his Majesty approached near the same, there came a man, a stranger, being a native of Arragon, lying on the rope with his head forward, casting his arms and legs abroad, running on his breast on the rope from the battlements to the ground, as if it had been an arrow out of a bow, and stayed on the ground. Then he came to his Majesty and kissed his foot; and so, after certain words to his Highness, he departed from him again, and went upwards upon the rope till he came over the midst of the churchyard, where he, having a rope about him, played certain mysteries on the rope, as tumbling, and casting one leg from another. Then took he the rope, and tied it to the cable, and tied himself by the right leg a little space beneath the wrist of the foot, and hung by one leg a certain space, and after recovered himself again with the said rope, and unknit the knot, and came down again. Which stayed his Majesty, with all the train, a good space of time." According to Holinshed, a similar performance took place in the reign of Mary, which cost the life of the performer. These tragedies upon the rope will remind the reader of one within the immediate memory of the people of London.

There is something which sounds very much like a reproach to our national character in the fate of Scott, the American diver. We had heard of men who had repeatedly performed the perilous feat of leaping down the fall of some mighty river, rising safely out of the foam of the cataract; and here was a man of the same metal come amongst us, to show what human courage and skill may accomplish. It was a thrilling sight, and one not without its moral lessons, to see this American Scott leap from the top of

> "The tallest pine
> Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
> Of some great ammiral."

The breathless expectation till he rose again to the surface, and the shout which welcomed him as he threw back his dripping hair, approached the sublime. All his movements in the display of his peculiar talent as a diver were natural and graceful. His hardihood was of no common kind. He maintained, not in the spirit of bravado, but in sober earnestness, that he would leap off the Monument if there were eight feet of water below him. The season he chose for diving from a height twenty feet above the parapet of the highest London bridge was during an intense frost, when the river was full of ice, and the enormous masses floating with the tide scarcely appeared to leave a space for his plunge or his rise. He watched his moment, and the feat was performed over and over again with perfect safety. But he had been told, we presume, that the London populace wanted novelty. It was not enough that he should do day by day what no man had ever ventured to do before. To leap off the parapets of the Southwark and Waterloo Bridges into the half-frozen river had become a common thing; and so the poor man must have a scaffold put up, and he must suspend himself from its cross-bars by his arm, and his leg, and his neck. Twice was the last experiment repeated; but upon the third attempt the body hung motionless. The applause and the laughter, that death could be so counterfeited, were tumultuous; but a cry of terror went forth that the man *was* dead. He perished by administering to a morbid public appetite. Happily executions are no common spectacles, and so a mock one was to gratify the holiday curiosity. Every man who looked on that sight went away degraded.



[Samuel Scott leaping from an arch of Waterloo Bridge.]

The conjurer's trade with us is losing its simplicity. This assertion may appear paradoxical. But the legitimate conjurer,—the man of cups and balls,—is a true descendant of the personage, whether called joculator, or gleeman, or tregetour, who delighted our Saxon and Norman progenitors. He had no such dangerous tricks in his catalogue as that of being shot at with real powder and with real ball. He did not blind the spectators by their fears. He was a great artist, though, in his way;—probably greater than the modern wizards. What are the thimble-riggers of our degenerate day compared with Chaucer's sleight of hand man?—

"There saw I eke Coll Tregetour
Upon a table of sycamore,
Playing an uncouth thing to tell;
I saw him carry a windmill
Under a walnut-shell."

With tricks such as this did the Chinese jugglers astonish us some twenty years ago. The juggler is, indeed, of a corporation that has held the same fee-simple in the credulity of mankind during all ages and in all countries. In an interlude of the reign of Elizabeth we have these lines:—

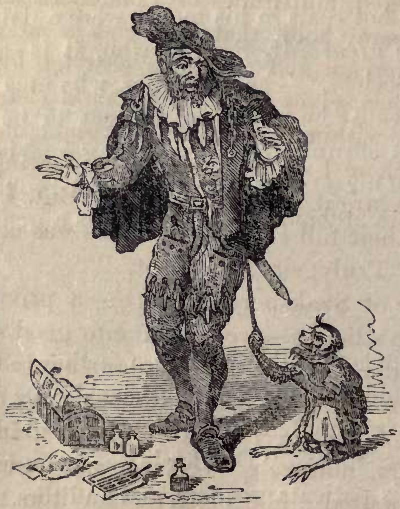
"What juggling was there upon the boards!
What thrusting of knives through many a nose!
What bearing of forms! what holdings of swords!
What putting of bodkins through leg and hose!"

Mr. Lane, in his interesting work, 'The Modern Egyptians,' tells us of the *Kháwee,* or conjurer of Cairo, that "in appearance, he forces an iron spike into the boy's throat; the spike being really pushed up into a wooden handle. He also performs another trick of the same kind as this: placing the boy on the ground, he puts the edge of a knife upon his nose, and knocks the blade until half its width seems to have entered." Amongst the other accomplishments of this gentleman, Mr. Lane inform us, "he puts cotton in his mouth and blows out fire." How universal must be the art when this, the commonest trick of a clown at a country fair, affords delight on the banks of the Nile! Hogarth has such a man in his 'Southwark Fair' riding a great horse. This was probably a real fire-eater, to whom hot coals in his mouth were a daily bread. We have had no such men since the great Mr. Powell, who, it is said, was honoured with a medal by the Royal Society. The foreigner who was amongst us a few years ago, and was ruined because he would not consent to be entirely roasted in his own oven, and he that shrunk from swallowing real corrosive sublimate, were manifest impositions. Our streets are dull, and require a Powell to enliven them. Where is the mountebank gone? He was a genuine Londoner. He set up his bills

"That promis'd cure
Of ague or the tooth-ach,"

amidst jokes and compliments which would go farther to cure some diseases than the gravity of the whole College of Physicians. Dr. Andrew Borde, whose 'Breviary of Health' was printed in 1547, was a great English mountebank. Hearne has thus described him:—"Dr. Borde was an ingenious man, and knew how to humour and please his patients, readers, and auditors. In his travels and visits he often appeared and spoke in public, and would often frequent markets and fairs where a conflux of people used to get together, to whom he prescribed; and to induce them to flock thither the more readily, he would make humorous speeches, couched in such language as caused mirth, and wonderfully propagated his fame: and 'twas for the same end that he made use of such expressions in his books as would otherwise (the circumstances not considered) be very justly pronounced bombast. * * * * 'Twas from the doctor's method of using such speeches at markets and fairs, that in aftertimes those that imitated the like humorous, jocose language were styled Merry Andrews, a term much in vogue on our stages."

No wonder that so great a scholar and ingenious a man should have left disciples who would emulate his fame, and in two centuries produce so illustrious a person as the mountebank of Hammersmith, immortalized in the 'Spectator:'—"There is scarcely a city in Great Britain but has one of this tribe who takes it into his protection, and on the market-day harangues the good people of the place with aphorisms and receipts. You may depend upon it he comes not there for his own private interest, but out of a particular affection to the town. I remember one of these public-spirited artists at Hammersmith, who told his audience that he had been born and bred there, and that, having a special regard for the place of his nativity, he was determined to make a present of five shillings to as many as would accept of it. The whole crowd stood agape, and ready to take the doctor at his word; when, putting his hand into a long bag, as every one was expecting his crown-piece, he drew out a handful of little packets, each of which he informed the spectators was constantly sold at five shillings and sixpence, but that he would bate the odd five shillings to every inhabitant of that place: the whole assembly immediately closed with this generous offer, and took off all his physic, after the doctor had made them vouch for one another that there were no foreigners among them, but that they were all Hammersmith men." Alas! who could find a mountebank at Hammersmith now? We must take the physic without the jest. Newspapers have annihilated the mountebank. Advertisements usurp the office of the Merry Andrew. And thus we flee to Morison's pills. Was there more credulity in those times when, after a trembling of the earth, an itinerant professor was eminently successful in the sale of a medicine "very good against an earthquake?" We have as much; but the form of the thing is changed.



[Mountebank: from Tempest's Collection.]

The morris-dancers went out before the mountebanks. London has been no place for them for two centuries. They still linger in the midland villages; but the tabor and bells have not set foot in London for many a year. The greatest morris-dancer upon record was Will Kemp, the Liston of his day, who in 1599 danced the entire way from London to Norwich; and moreover wrote a book about his dancing, which a learned body has lately republished. The opening passage of this curious pamphlet is descriptive of a state of society such as exists not amongst us now. Kemp was a person of high celebrity in his profession, and respectable in his private life. Imagine such an actor making a street exhibition at the present day, and taking sixpences and groats amidst hearty prayers and God-speeds. There is something more frank and cordial in this scene than would be compatible with our refinements.

"The first Monday in Lent, the close morning promising a clear day (attended on by Thomas Sly, my taborer, William Bee, my servant, and George Sprat, appointed for my overseer that I should take no other ease but my prescribed order), myself, that 's I, otherwise called Cavaliero Kemp, head master of morrice-dancers, high head-borough of heighs, and only tricker of your trill-lilles and best bell-shangles between Sion and Mount Surrey,* began frolickly to foot it from the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor's of London towards the Right Worshipful (and truly bountiful) Master Mayor's of Norwich.

"My setting forward was somewhat before seven in the morning; my taborer struck up merrily; and as fast as kind people's thronging together would give me leave, through London I leapt. By the way many good old people, and divers others of younger years, of mere kindness gave me bowed sixpences and groats, blessing me with their hearty prayers and God-speeds.

"Being past White Chapel, and having left fair London with all that north-east suburb before named, multitudes of Londoners left not me; but, either to keep a custom which many hold, that Mile-end is no walk without a recreation at Stratford Bow with cream and cakes, or else for love they bear toward me, or perhaps to make themselves merry if I should chance (as many thought) to give over my morrice within a mile of Mile-end; however, many a thousand brought me to Bow, where I rested awhile from dancing, but had small rest with those that would have urg'd me to drinking. But, I warrant you, Will Kemp was wise enough: to their full cups kind thanks was my return, with gentleman-like protestations, as 'Truly, sir, I dare not.'"

Kemp was a player of Shakspere's theatre—a privileged man sanctioned by the Lord Chamberlain's licence—welcomed into good society—not hunted about from town to town under the terrors of the laws against vagabonds. During the reign of Elizabeth any baron of the realm might license a company of players; but in the first year of her successor this questionable privilege was removed, and "interlude players, minstrels, jugglers, and bear-wards," were left to the full penalties which awaited "idle persons." While the people, however, were willing to encourage them, it was not very easy for statutes to put them down; and if there were fewer licensed players, the number of unlicensed, who travelled about with *motions* or puppet-shows, were prodigiously increased. The streets of London appear to have swarmed with motions. They were sometimes called

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* Sion near Brentford, and Mount Surrey by Norwich.

drolleries. The poor Italian boy who travels to London from his native Apennines, and picks up a few daily pence with his monkey or his mouse, calls his exhibition his *comedy.* But the puppet-showman, in the palmy days of itinerancy, had a very good comedy to exhibit, which modern farce and pantomime have not much improved upon. The puppet actors, according to Ben Jonson, lived in baskets, and they "were a civil company." "They offer not to fleer or jeer, nor break jests, as the great players do." Their master was "the mouth of them all." But in the hands of a clever mouth their satire and burlesque must have been irresistible. Jonson has given us a fair specimen of the burlesque in his own puppet-show of 'Hero and Leander.' Old Pepys did not like the puppet-show; but that is no great matter from the man who calls 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' "the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." We believe that they were very good puppets; and the classical story very much improved by being made "a little easy and modern for the times." The writer of the motion thus explains the scene and the characters:—"As for the Hellespont, I imagine our Thames here; and then Leander I make a dyer's son about Puddle-wharf; and Hero a wench o' the Bank-side, who going over one morning to Old Fish Street, Leander spies her land at Trig-stairs, and falls in love with her. Now do I introduce Cupid, having metamorphosed himself into a drawer, and he strikes Hero in love with a pint of sherry." This was rivalled two centuries afterwards by the immortal show-woman of the Round Tower at Windsor, who began her explanation of the old tapestry whose worsted told this tragedy of true love, with the startling announcement of "Hero was a nun," and ended with, "Leander's body was picked up by his Majesty's ship the Britannia, and carried into Gibraltar."

The puppet-show continued to be a real street sight, not only for children, but for "people of quality," in the reign of Anne. Mr. Powell placed his show under the Piazzas of Covent Garden; and the sexton of St. Paul's Church complained to the 'Spectator,' that when the bell was ringing for daily morning prayers, it was deemed a summons to the puppet-show, and not to the church. The town, according to the same authority, was divided between the attractions of Rinaldo and Armida at the Italian Opera, and Whittington and his Cat in Mr. Powell's exhibition. Powell was an innovator; for, whilst his contemporary puppet-show managers represented the 'Old Creation of the World,' and 'Noah's Flood,' after the fashion in which the puppet-shows continued the attractions of the ancient mysteries and moralities, Powell introduced a pig to dance a minuet with Punch. All the old fine things have perished. Where can we now go to see "a new motion of the City of Nineveh, with Jonas and the Whale," which were once to be daily found at Fleet Bridge?* Punch and the Fantoccini are the only living representations of the puppets. But Punch is still with us and of us. The police legislators tried to exterminate him, but he was too mighty for them. He is the only genuine representative which remains of the old stage. When we hear his genial cry at the corner of some street, and note the chuckle of unforced merriment which comes up from the delighted crowd, we know that he has passed the mortal struggle with the fiend, and that he has conquered him, as the *Vice* of old conquered. Punch has, however, lost something of his primitive simplicity. We are not quite sure that the dog is genuine,—but that may be tolerated. There are a great many societies formed amongst us for reviving things which the world had unwisely agreed to forget; and we are not without our hopes that there may be room for an association that would restore us the genuine puppet-show. It is an objection, however, that there is not much left of the black-letter literature of the puppets. Punch in his present shape is probably Italian. From Italy come the puppets that perform the most diverting antics upon a board, to the sound of pipe and drum. But these were once genuine English. We have put together in our engraving the exhibitor of dancing dolls, such as he is represented in Hogarth's 'Southwark Fair,' and the Italian stroller of our own day. Mr. Smith, the late keeper of the prints in the British Museum, complains, in his 'Cries of London,' that the streets are *infested* with these Italian boys; and yet he gives us a most spirited etching of one of them. Mr. Smith thought it necessary to be solemn and sarcastic when he had pen in hand; and in that curious farrago 'Nollekens and his Times,' he is perfectly scandalized that the old sculptor enjoyed Punch. He gravely adds, "In this gratification, however, our sculptor did not stand alone; for I have frequently seen, when I have stood in the crowd, wise men laugh at the mere squeaking of Punch, and have heard them speak of his cunning pranks with the highest ecstasy." We are glad to find, upon such grave testimony, that the race of wise men is not extinct.

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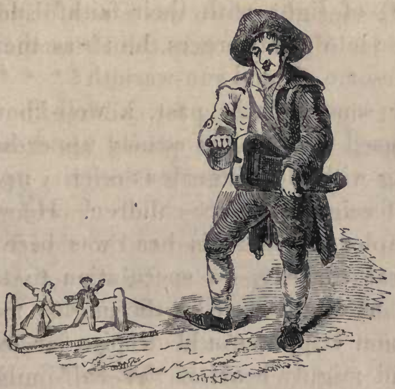
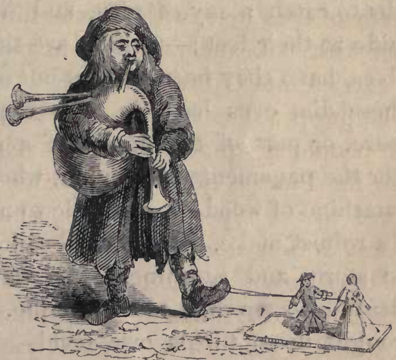
* Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour.'



[Dancing-dolls.—Italian.]



[Dancing-dolls.—Hogarth's Southwark Fair.]

We have some fears that the immigration of Italian boys is declining. We do not see the monkey and the white mice so often as we could wish to do. The ape-bearer is a personage of high antiquity. We have the ape on shoulder in a manuscript three hundred years earlier than the date of him who is

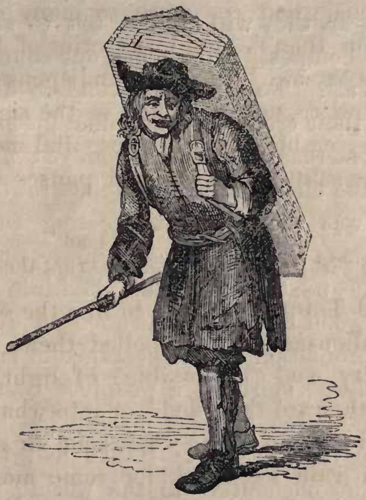
"Led captive still in chain
Till he renounce the Pope and Spain."

Let us cleave to old customs. What if the monkey of the streets be but a monkey, and his keeper know nothing of the peculiarities which distinguish the many families of his race! What if he be but the commonest of monkeys! Is he not amusing? Does he not come with a new idea into our crowded thoroughfares, of distant lands where all is not labour and traffic—where "a wilderness of monkeys" sit in the green trees, and throw down the fruit to the happy savages below? And then these Italian boys themselves, with their olive cheeks and white teeth—they are something different from your true London boy of the streets, with his mingled look of cunning and insolence. They will show you their treasures with a thorough conviction that they are giving you pleasure; and if you deny the halfpenny, they have still a smile and a *bon jour*—for they all know that French is a more current coin than their own dialect. We fear the police is hard upon them. We would put in a word for them, in the same spirit of humanity with which our delightful Elia pleaded for the beggars. They, by the way, were amongst the street sights, and we may well be glad to have an opportunity for such quotation:—

"The mendicants of this great city were so many of her sights—her lions; I can no more spare them than I could the cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the ballad-singer; and, in their picturesque attire, as ornamental as the signs of old London. They were the standing morals, emblems, mementos, dial mottos, the spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry—

"Look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there."

Above all, those old blind Tobits that used to line the wall of Lincoln's Inn Garden, before modern fastidiousness had expelled them, casting up their ruined orbs to catch a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light, with their faithful dog-guide at their feet;—whither are they fled? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven, out of the wholesome air and sun-warmth? * * * * These dim eyes have in vain explored, for some months past, a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man who used to glide his comely upper-half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood—a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a florid sailor-like complexion, and his head was bare to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity—a speculation to the scientific—a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness and mighty heart of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him: for the accident which brought him low took place during the riots of 1780, and he has been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born—an Antæus—and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment—as good as an Elgin marble. The nature which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules. I heard a tremendous voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake,—and casting down my eyes, it was this mandrake reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. He was as the man-part of a centaur, from which the horse-half had been cloven in dire Lapithan controversy. He moved on as if he could have made shift with the yet half body-portion which was left him. The os sublime was not wanting; and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the heavens. Forty-and-two years had he driven this out-of-door trade, and now that his hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, because he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poor-house, he is expiating his contumacy in one of those houses (ironically christened) of correction. Was a daily spectacle like this to be deemed a nuisance which called for legal interference to remove? or not rather salutary, and a touching object, to the passers-by in a great city? Among her shows, her museums, and supplies for ever-gaping curiosity—(and what else but an accumulation of sights—endless sights—*is* a great city, or for what else is it desirable?)—was there not room for one *Lusus* (not *Naturæ,* indeed, but) *Accidentium?*"



[" Oh raree-show!" From Tempest's Collection.]

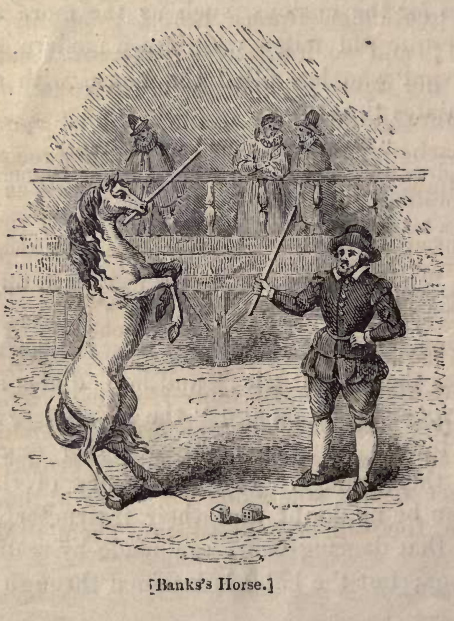
Here is an engraving of a raree-show man a hundred and fifty years ago. In that box he has stores for the curious, such as the more ancient showman bore about—for that grotesque old fellow was once a modern. In 'The Alchymist,' the master of the servant who has filled the house with searchers for the philosopher's stone speculates thus:—

"What should my knave advance
To draw this company? he hung out no banners
Of a strange calf with five legs to be seen,
Or a huge lobster with six claws?"

And he adds—

"May be, he has the fleas that run at tilt
Upon a table."

Tempest's raree-show man (Caulfield tells us he was known by the name of Old Harry) had "the fleas that run at tilt;" and he had also a tame hedgehog and a wonderful snake. Not many years ago "the *industrious* fleas" were exhibited as proper examples to the rising generation. Nor ought the wise and the learned to laugh at these things. If the industry of the fleas be somewhat questionable, there can be no doubt that their instructor had been sufficiently laborious. They say that dancing-bears are made by setting the poor animals upon a heated iron floor; but the habit is retained through that wonderful power of discipline by which the eye and the voice of man become supreme over the inferior animals. There must have been a thorough inter-communication of ideas between the lords of the creation and the baboon that played on the guitar —the ape that beat his master at chess in the presence of the King of Portugal— the elephant which Bishop Burnet saw play at ball—and the hare which beat the tabor at Bartholomew Fair. Our ancestors delighted in such street sights, and not unwisely so. In the age of Elizabeth and James new countries had been explored; travelling to far distant lands had become common; and thus, he that brought home "a dead Indian" or "a strange fish" was sure to be rewarded. "Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." So learned Trinculo, in the 'Tempest,' reprehends our countrymen. But they were not far wrong, if wrong at all. To see these wonders disabused them of many erroneous notions; and if their credulity was sometimes stimulated, their general stock of knowledge was increased. It was believed up to the middle of the seventeenth century that the elephant had no joints in its legs, and that it never lay down. An elephant was shown about kneeling and lying down, and the belief vanished. Sir Thomas Brown wishes for more such street sights, lest the error should revive in the next generation. Exhibitions of docility, such as elephants offer to us, are good for the multitude. A due appreciation of what may be effected by the combination of perseverance in man and of sagacity in a brute indicates a philosophical spirit in a people. Banks's horse was the great wonder of Elizabeth's time. He and his master have even found a niche in 'Raleigh's History of the World:'—"If Banks had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world; for whosoever was most famous among them could never master or instruct any beast as he did." This famous animal was a bay gelding, and he was named Morocco. Here is his picture,



[Banks's Horse.]

preserved also for the admiration of all ages. In 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Moth, puzzling Armado with his arithmetic, says, "The Dancing Horse will tell you." Hall, in his 'Satires,' notices

"Strange Morocco's dumb arithmetic."

Sir Kenelm Digby informs us that Banks's horse "would restore a glove to the due owner after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; and would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly showed him by his master." The Sieur de Melleray, in the notes to his translation of the 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius, tells us that he saw this wonderful horse in the Rue St. Jacques at Paris; and he is astonished that the animal could tell how many francs there were in a crown, but his astonishment was measureless that, the crown being then of a depreciated currency, the horse should be able to tell the exact amount of the depreciation, in that same month of March, 1608. Banks had fallen among a people who did not quite understand how far the animal and his keeper might employ the language of signs; and he got into trouble accordingly. The better instructed English multitude had been familiar with "Holden's camel," famed for "ingenuous studies;" and they had seen Morocco himself go up to the top of St. Paul's. Though they lived in an age of belief in wizards, they had no desire to burn Banks as a professor of the black art. But he had a narrow escape in France; and his contrivance for the justification of his horse's character and his own shows him to have been as familiar with the human as with the brute nature. The story is told by Bishop Morton:—"Which bringeth into my remembrance a story which Banks told me at Frankfort, from his own experience in France among the Capuchins, by whom he was brought into suspicion of magic, because of the strange feats which his horse Morocco played (as I take it) at Orleans, where he, to redeem his credit, promised to manifest to the world that his horse was nothing less than a devil. To this end he commanded his horse to seek out one in the press of the people who had a crucifix on his hat; which done, he bade him kneel down unto it; and not this only, but also to rise up again and to kiss it. 'And now, gentlemen (quoth he), I think my horse hath acquitted both me and himself;' and so his adversaries rested satisfied; conceiving (as it might seem) that the devil had no power to come near the cross." The people of Orleans were imperfectly civilized; but Banks and Morocco were destined to fall into barbarous hands. We have no precise record of his fate; but some humorous lines of Jonson have been accepted as containing a tragical truth:—

"But 'mongst these Tiberts*, who do you think there was?
Old Banks the juggler, our Pythagoras,
Grave tutor to the learned horse; both which,
Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."

It appears to us that Banks's horse, and Holden's camel, and the elephant that expressed his anger when the King of Spain was named, must have had a considerable influence in repressing the bear-baiting cruelties of that age. These were among the street sights sanctioned by royal authority. The patent to Henslowe and Alleyn, the players, constituting them "Masters of the King's

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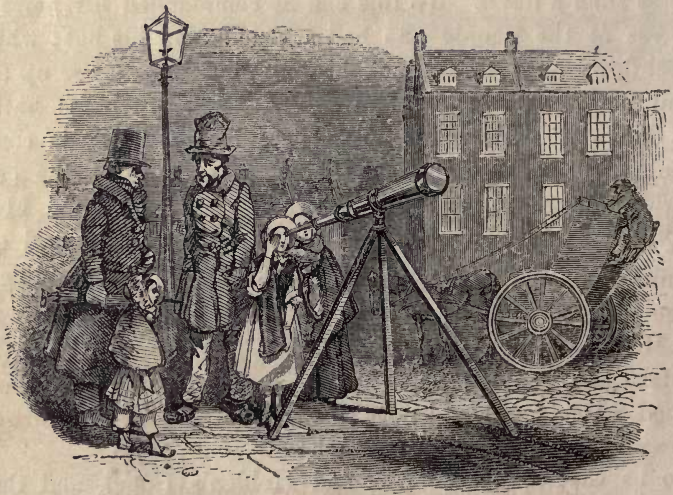
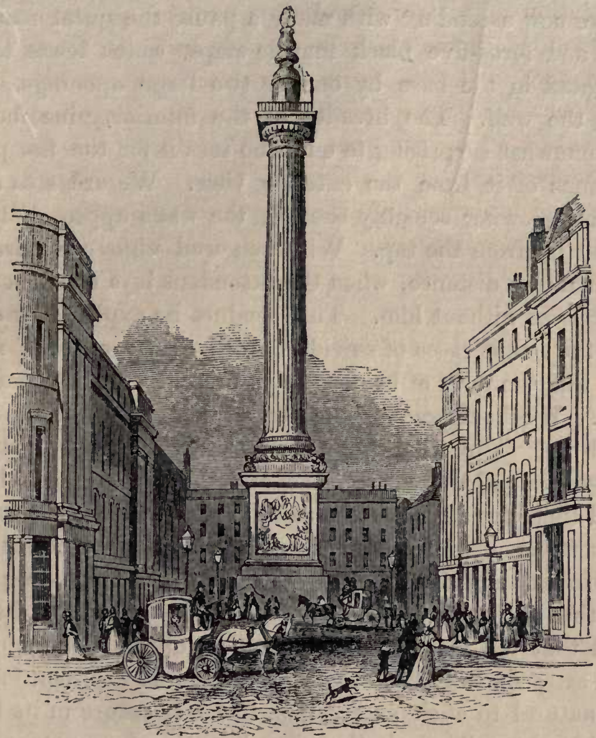
* Cats.

Games," in 1604, authorises them "to bait, or cause to be baited, our said bears, and others being of our said games, in all and every convenient place or places, at all times meet;" and accordingly the Masters of the Royal Games put down all unlicensed bearwards, and filled the town and country with their performances. This is an illustration of Master Slender's pertinent question to Mistress Ann Page, "Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?"

It is a blessing that we have now no such street sights as bear-baiting. Bull-baiting, too, is gone: cock-fighting is no more seen. Pugilism has made a faint attempt at revival; but we can part with that too. Are the people, then, to have no amusements accessible to all? Are the street sights to be shouldered out by commerce and luxury, and not a recreation to be left? We answer, let a wise government double and treble the class of healthful exercises, and of intellectual gratifications. Give us new parks if possible. Let us have gardens in which all may freely walk. Open our cathedrals, as the National Gallery and Hampton Court are opened. Instead of sending all the rare animals which are presented to the Crown to be shown for a shilling by one society, have menageries in Hyde Park and the Regent's Park. Take an example from the man who, when the planets are shining brightly out of a serene heaven, plants a telescope in Leicester Square or St. Paul's Church Yard, and finds enough passengers who are glad to catch glimpses of worlds unseen to the naked eye, and forget for a moment, in the contemplation of the mighty works of Omnipotence, the small things which surround us here. Open the great books of Nature, of Science, and of Art to the people; and they will not repine that the days of conjurers, and puppet-shows, and dancing bears have passed away.



[Telescopic Exhibition in the Streets, 1841.]



[The Monument, 1841.]

XXV.—THE MONUMENT.

In the 'Description of the Monument,' sold by its keeper, we are told the view from the top "is extremely fine and *extensive,* and in fact not to be equalled;" and no doubt the prospect is correctly described *when we can see it:* a matter of not very common occurrence. In provokingly close neighbourhood to the foregoing passage we find a statement of the hours of admission, from which it appears the Monument is open from eight in the morning from Lady-day to Michaelmas-day, and the remainder of the year from nine, till sunset. Thus, the only period when London can be properly seen, that of sunrise, when, in the noble lines of Wordsworth,—

> "Earth has not anything to show more fair.
> Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty.
> This city now doth like a garment wear
> The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
> Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
> Open unto the fields and to the sky,
> All bright and glittering in the smokeless air!"—

This period is carefully shut out; and we can only look at the great metropolis through the dense and discoloured medium of the smoke arising from the habitations of two millions of people. Well, until the Corporation in its goodness shall direct some alteration, we must make the best of the matter as it is; and so we are now ascending with many a pause the spiral staircase, with its three hundred and forty-five black marble steps, which leads to the summit. This is well lighted in the base by one or two large openings, and above by narrow slits in the wall. The breadth of the interior, nine feet from wall to wall, appears somewhat surprising to one who sees it for the first time, and has formed his notions of it from the exterior view. We are still ascending, and now the steps are growing sensibly shorter, the walls approach nearer to each other, we are not far from the top. With renewed vigour we are about to run up the little remaining distance, when the attendant lays his stick across in front to debar all advances without him. This conduct he explains by stating that, in consequence of the recent cases of suicide (which every one will remember), he has imposed on him the duty of being always present when there are any visitors on the balcony. We have gained the top at last, and what a scene is before, around, beneath us! The wind is blowing freshly and vigorously, and, to add to the self-possession of the visitor, the attendant encouragingly observes he would not stand there for a trifle if the railings were absent. With a shiver we assent to the pertinency of the remark; and placing our back for greater safety against the continuation of the pillar in the centre, and reminding ourselves that it is *not* true that the very edifice itself is, as has sometimes been considered, dangerous, and that the idea arose from the fact of the Monument having been at first used for astronomical observations, for which it was soon found unfit from the vibrations natural to such an erection, however secure in its build, we commence our brief survey. Though the view is not, and cannot be under such an atmosphere, very extensive, it is one that (out of London) the world cannot parallel. It is not beautiful—that sea of house-tops, with St. Paul's and countless other churches and public buildings rising up from its surface as from so many islands;—it is not sublime, in the physical idea of the words;—yet "dull" indeed "would he be of soul" in whose mind no sense of beauty and sublimity was raised as he gazed on that wonderful congregation of human homes.

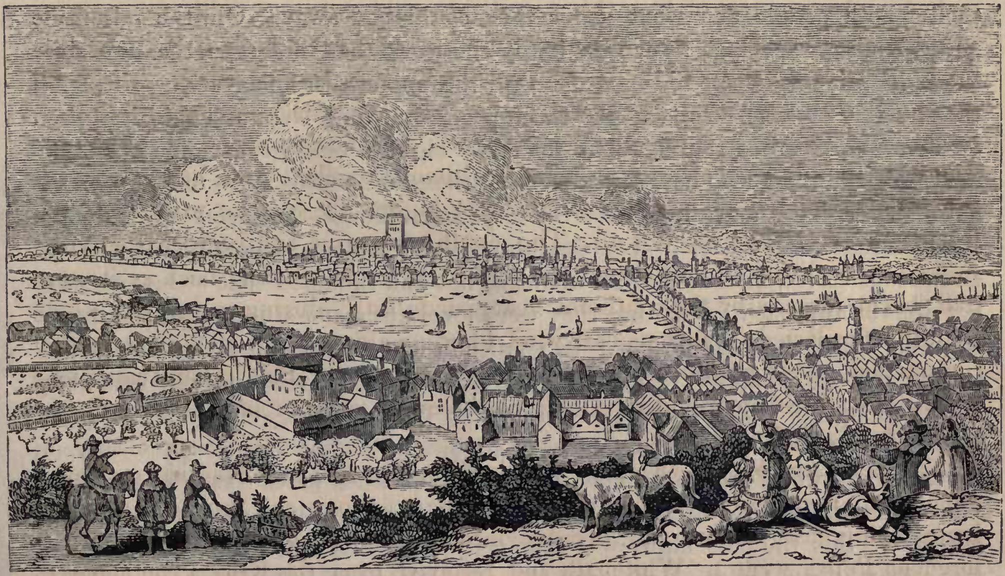
The door from the staircase to the balcony faces the east; in that direction therefore we are now sending our inquiring glance. The Tower, with its great keep, is the first object of attention, of which we remember Fitz-Stephen says, "the mortar of its foundation was tempered with the blood of beasts." To the left of the Tower the long façade of the Mint arrests the eye, whilst to the right we see the roof of the Custom House, and the tiers of shipping moored in the Pool far away into the distance. Near, and directly in front of us, is the fairy-looking spire of St. Dunstan's in the East, one of the many churches we see around whose history is connected with that of the Monument by a close tie, as having arisen like the latter from the ashes of the Great Fire. Beyond, interminable lines of docks are dimly descried, and on a clear day the hills of Kent, nine or ten miles off. On the other side of the river a bright column of smoke and the sharp whistle of the engine direct us to the train of the Greenwich Railway just starting. Turning the corner of the pillar, we behold on the south the countless chimneys of the breweries and other manufactories of Southwark rising up against the background of the Surrey hills, and the lofty piles of warehouses which edge the river bank, over one of which the church of St. Mary Overies rears its lofty and proud-looking tower, as though indignant at the unfitness of its humbler neighbours for such antique and romance-honoured walls. The bridges, those glorious architectural triumphs, and the curving Thames which they bestride, form a highly picturesque feature from the Monument. There is London Bridge, the youngest, and perhaps the noblest of the whole, with the Fishmongers' Hall at its foot; Southwark and Blackfriars in a tolerably straight line; then comes Waterloo crossing the curve; and beyond, the Thames, with the black sluggish barges so characteristic of this part of the river, is lost to our smoke-bedimmed vision. But though the bridge of Westminster is invisible, not so its famous Abbey: there it stands, with its dark body and lofty towers advanced city-wards, as if to defend its sacred precincts from the inroads of irreligion and wickedness, ever rife in populous places. But the great feature of the scene is the view westwards of St. Paul's. Its vast size and noble proportions are perhaps from no other spot so strikingly developed. Instead of looking down upon it, as we do, or appear to do, upon every other object, we have rather the sense of looking up to it even from this elevation of two hundred and two feet. Neither does the mass of houses around it appear at all to lessen its height or form. It might stand upon them; so grandly does it appear to rise—base, cupola, and cross—above all obstructions. On the north there is little to attract attention: churches and house-roofs, house-roofs and churches, extend from the farthest point of sight down to the base of the column on which we stand, and require no more particular notice; unless we may just mention that, among the other buildings particularly conspicuous, stand the lofty Guildhall to the left, and the tall tower of the Blackwall Railway to the right. We may conclude this hasty sketch of our view from the Monument on a gusty August afternoon by two or three general remarks. What has been called the natural basin of London may thence be seen very clearly, although its edges are not distinctly definable in some parts. Looking round from Islington, we have Highgate, Hampstead, the elevated land to the left of Westminster Abbey, the Surrey and Kent hills. And nearly the whole of this vast area is occupied by London! for few indeed are the spaces vacant of houses which the eye can detect even from the balcony of the Monument. How different would have been the view presented from the same spot prior to the erection of the Monument, and the event which it commemorates, one hundred and seventy-five years ago, had there then been any means of obtaining such an elevation; when Stratford, Hackney, Islington, and Charing Cross were suburban villages, with many a pleasant field between them and London; when Lambeth and Southwark showed more trees than habitations; and when St. Paul's was a long building with transepts projecting from the centre, north and south, and with a square tower rising upwards at the point of their intersection! A third and still more extraordinary view has yet to be mentioned—the view which met the eye of the well-known diarist Pepys, when he went up to the top of Barking Church, and there saw the "saddest sight of desolation" perhaps ever beheld. But let us not anticipate.

It was on the "Lord's Day," says Pepys, the 3rd of September, 1666, that "some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my night-gown, and went to the window; and thought it to be on the back-side of Mark Lane at the farthest, but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and then looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. . . . . By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above three hundred houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge."

The conflagration, which in so short a space had exhibited its destructive character, broke out some time after midnight, in the house of one Farryner, the King's baker, in Pudding Lane. This person stated, in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, that he had, after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, gone through every room, and found no fire but in one chimney, where the room was paved with bricks, which fire he diligently raked up in embers. As a matter of fact, this was all he could state: as to his opinions, he expressed himself as decidedly satisfied that his house must have been purposely fired. Whatever its origin, the progress of the fire was most startling,—we should say wonderful, but that the construction of the houses—generally timber, pitched over on the outside—the thatched roofs, and the narrowness of the streets, where the buildings of the opposite sides almost touched each other, were all evidently calculated to facilitate in the very highest degree the ravages of the fearful element. Nor was this all. The month of August had been characterised by an extraordinary drought, and the timber of the houses had been as it were half burnt already by the continual heat; and lastly, during nearly the whole time the fire lasted, a furious east wind blew; making in all such an unhappy conjunction of circumstances, that we need not wonder that other than pious people looked with fear and trembling on the event, as some more than ordinary visitation of an offended Deity.

The then Lord Mayor, on whose steadiness, judgment, and boldness so much depended, appears to have been unequal to the occasion; and thus, the first few hours being lost without any decisive measures, all was lost. Early in the forenoon Pepys went to Whitehall, and received from the King a command to bid the Mayor "spare no houses, but pull down before the fire every way." After long search, Pepys "met my Lord Mayor in Cannon Street like a man spent, with a handkerchief about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord, what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it;' that he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses too so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things." Soon after he "met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe. . . . . "River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and goods swimming in the water; and I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginals in it." Pepys's observing eye noticed also that the "poor pigeons were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies till they burned their wings and fell down."

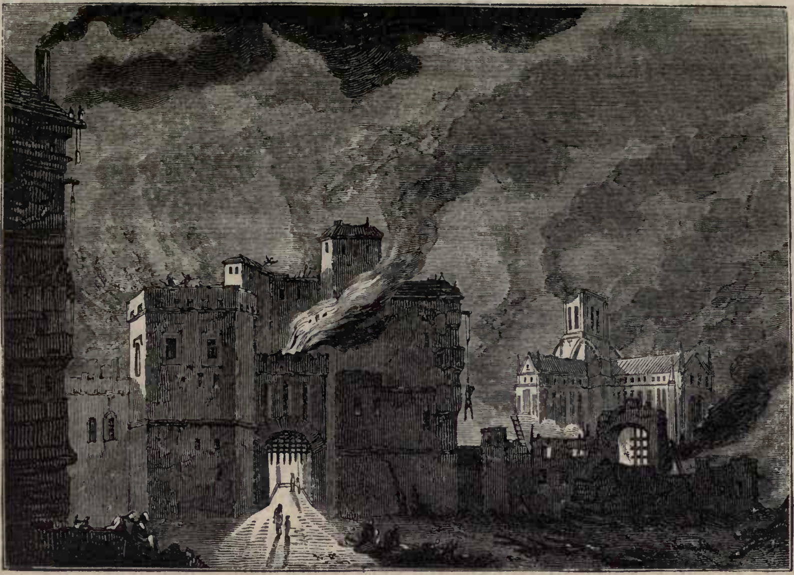
In the afternoon Pepys is on the "water again, and to the fire, up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside (Southwark), over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was almost dark, and saw the fire grow, and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners, and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. . . . .



[London during the Great Fire, from the Bankside, Southwark.]

We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it." The peculiar form of the great body of flame is also referred to by the Rev. T. Vincent, in his tract called 'God's terrible Advice to the City by Plague and Fire,' who says finely, "The burning was then in fashion of a bow; a dreadful bow it was, such as mine eyes never before had seen; *a bow which had God's arrow in it with a flaming point.*" Evelyn, who, like Pepys, was an eye-witness, and described only what he saw, was also at the Bankside, Southwark, but later in the evening, when he beheld an awful picture. "I saw," he says, "the whole south part of the City burning, from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious (Gracechurch) Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was taking hold of St. Paul's church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances from one to the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; as on the other, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration of it. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen for above forty miles round about for many nights: God grant mine eyes may never see the like! who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame: the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length." Mr. Vincent also says,—"The cloud of smoke was so great that travellers did ride at noonday some six miles together in the shadow thereof, though there were no other cloud besides to be seen in the sky." From the same authority we obtain one or two other interesting glimpses of the splendid horrors of this the first night:—"Amongst other things, the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together in view for several hours together after the fire had taken it, without flames, (I suppose because the timber was such solid oak), in a bright shining coal, as if it had been a palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass."

During Monday, the 4th, the fire extended as far as the Middle Temple westwards, and Tower Street eastwards, including, besides the streets already mentioned, all Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, Thames Street, and Billingsgate; the stones of Paul's flying, says Evelyn, "like grenadoes," its melting lead flowing through the streets in a stream, the pavements everywhere "glowing with fiery redness, so as



[Burning of Newgate: Old St. Paul's in the background.]

no horse or man was able to tread on them," and the east wind all the time still driving the flames impetuously forward. "But," writes the reverend gentleman before mentioned, "the great fury of the fire was in the broader streets; in the midst of the night it was come down to Cornhill, and laid it in the dust, and runs along by the Stocks, and there meets with another fire, which came down Threadneedle Street; a little further with another, which came up from Walbrook; a little further with another, which came up from Bucklersbury: and all these four, joining together, break into one great flame at the corner of Cheapside, with such a dazzling light and burning heat, and roaring noise by the fall of so many houses together, that was very amazing."

By Tuesday, the 5th, the fire had reached the end of Fetter Lane in Holborn, and the entrance of Smithfield. But now the wind somewhat abated, and the spirits of the people rose in a still greater proportion. Instead of pulling down houses by "engines," as they had before done, gunpowder was used, which soon produced gaps too wide to be overleaped by the fire; a measure that, according to Evelyn, "some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole city; but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first." About noon the fury of the flames began sensibly to abate in most parts, although they burned as fiercely as ever towards Cripplegate and the Tower. But the fire was gradually checked here also by the same means.

On the 6th Pepys was once more waked by "new cries of fire," a species of alarm that continued for some days to distract the attention of the miserable population when the great conflagration was dying away among the ruins it had made. He was, however, able to walk through some of the principal streets; and on the 7th his fellow diarist took a still longer and more careful survey. The description of the scene which met his eye appears to us one of the most painfully interesting pictures of desolation we ever read. "I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate

Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. . . . . At my return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church, St. Paul's, now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. . . . . There lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near 100 more; the lead, iron-work, bells, plate, &c., melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very water remained boiling; . . . . subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city wasted by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the Standard in Cornhill and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest: the ground and air, smoke, and fiery vapour continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated.* The by lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could any one have possibly known where he was but by the ruins of some church or hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and council, indeed, took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the city. There was in truth some days before great suspicion of those two nations joining, and now that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they ran from their goods, and, taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken." From the inscription on the north side of the Monument it appears that the total amount of destruction was "eighty-nine churches, the City gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, a vast number of stately edifices, thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses, four hundred streets; of twenty-six wards it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half burnt. The ruins of the City were four hundred and thirty-six acres from the Tower by the Thames side to the Temple Church, and from the north-east gate along the City Wall to Holborn Bridge. To the estates and fortunes of the citizens it was merciless, but to their lives very favourable (only eight being lost), that it might in all things resemble the last conflagration of the world."* The limits of the fire may be thus traced:—Temple Church, Holborn Bridge, Pye Corner, Smithfield, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, near the end of Coleman Street, at the end of Basinghall Street by the Postern, at the upper end of Bishopsgate Street, in Leadenhall Street, by the Standard in Cornhill, at the Church in Fenchurch Street, by the Clothworkers' Hall, at the middle of Mark Lane, and at the Tower Dock. The part of the City left standing within the walls contained eleven parishes, occupying an area of seventy-five acres. And this was all that the Great Fire had left of London! A table of estimates of the loss is given in Maitland's 'History,' which amounts to nearly *eleven millions*.

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* *Surbated*—battered, bruised, sore.

We have seen from the preceding extracts that the King and his brother exerted themselves greatly in endeavouring to check the progress of the fire, to preserve as far as possible something like order in the midst of so much inevitable confusion, and to ameliorate the unhappy condition of the inhabitants thus suddenly deprived of their homes, and dispersed through the open country, "several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels; many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board; who, from delicateness, riches, and every accommodation in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest poverty and misery." † In a manuscript from the secretary's office, quoted by Dr. Echard in his 'History of England,' we have a picture of the "merry monarch" which places him in a very favourable light. "All own the immediate hand of God, and bless the goodness of the King, who made the round of the fire usually twice every day, and for many hours together, on horseback and on foot, gave orders for pursuing the work by threatenings, desires, example, and good store of money, which he himself distributed to the workers out of a hundred-pound bag, which he carried with him for that purpose." Conduct like this was calculated to attract the popular favour, as it deserved; and the poets were not slow in commemorating it in verse sufficiently panegyrical, whatever other defects it might exhibit. Here is one specimen from 'The Conflagration of London Poetically Delineated, by Sir J. L., Knight and Baronet, 1667,' which must make the most serious smile, in spite of the awful nature of the subject:—

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* From the translation of the Latin inscription given in Maitland.

† Evelyn.

> "Here Cæsar comes, *with buckets in his eyes,*
> *And father in his heart.* Come, come, he cries,
> Let's make one onset more. The scatter'd troops
> At his word rally and retrieve their hopes:
> The rebel flames, they say, felt Charles was there,
> And, sneaking back, grew tamer than they were:
> So that, no doubt, were Fates to be defeated
> By man, the city's fate had then retreated.
> But loyalty befriends the flames. Their own
> Dangers neglected, *thine* affrights. Alone!
> Alone! dear Sir, let's fall, they cried aloud,
> And hazard not three kingdoms in a crowd."

We return to more serious matters. The origin of so awful a calamity was of course the very first object that engaged the attention of the King and the Parliament after the lapse of the first few anxious days. A Committee was appointed on the 25th of the same month. The report was made on the 22d of January following, by Sir Richard Brook, chairman, who stated that they had received "many considerable informations from divers credible persons about the matter," which they now laid before the House. The first evidence was "a letter from Alanson," of the 23rd of August, 1666, New Style, written from one Dural to a gentleman lodging in the house of one of the ministers of the French Crown in London, called Monsieur Herault: these were the expressions:—"They acquaint me with the truth of certain news which is common in this country, that a fire from Heaven is fallen upon a city called Belke, situated on the side of the river of Thames, where a world of people have been killed and burnt, and houses also consumed: which seemed a word of cabal, cast out by some that were knowing, and others that might be ignorant of the signification of it." Mrs. Elizabeth Styles informed the Committee that a French servant of Sir Vere Fan had said to her in April last, "You English maids will like the Frenchmen better when there is not a house left between Temple Bar and London Bridge;" and, on her answering, "I hope your eyes will never see that," he replied, "This will come to pass between June and October." William Tinsdale heard one Fitz-Harris, an Irish Papist, say, about the beginning of July, "there would be a sad desolation in September, in November a worse; in December all would be united into one." Two other witnesses reported conversations of a very similar nature, "Papists" in each case being the prophets. This was one line of evidence. The next, could it be depended on, was very much more to the purpose. This was the confession of "Robert Hubert, of Rouen in Normandy, who acknowledged that he was one of those that fired the house of Mr. Farryner, a baker, in Pudding Lane," at the instigation of one Stephen Piedloe, who came out of France with him, by putting a fire-ball at the end of a long pole, and lighting it with a piece of match which he put in at a window. He had also, he said, "Three-and-twenty complices, whereof

Piedloe was the chief." Mr. Graves, a French merchant, living in St. Mary Axe, declared he knew Hubert to be "fit for any villanous enterprise," and that, having visited him in gaol, the latter had confessed himself guilty, remarking he had not done it "out of any malice to the English nation, but from a desire of reward," which Piedloe had promised him on his return to France. "It is observable," remarks the report, "that this miserable creature, who confessed himself before the Committee to be a Protestant, was a Papist and died so." The well-informed Mr. Graves was also acquainted with Piedloe, who was "a very deboist (debauched) person, and apt to any wicked design." The baker, Farryner, being examined, said it was impossible any fire could happen in his house by accident; for he had, as before mentioned, after twelve of the clock that night, gone through every room thereof, and found no fire but in one chimney, where the room was paved with bricks, which fire he diligently raked up in embers. Lastly, Hubert was sent under guard to "see if he could find out the place where he threw the fireball," which he did with perfect accuracy. The third species of evidence related to the fireballs and other combustible matter said to be thrown into various houses during the days: Daniel Weymanset, Esq., "saw a man apprehended near the Temple, with his pockets stuffed with combustible matter." Dr. John Parker saw some "combustible matter" thrown into a shop in the Old Bailey; "thereupon he saw a great smoke and smelt a smell of brimstone." Three witnesses all agreed that they saw a person flinging something into a house near St. Antholine's church, and that thereupon the house was on fire . . . . and when this was done there was no fire near the place. Testimony of a somewhat similar nature was offered by other persons. Lastly, Mr. Freeman, of Southwark, brewer, found in his house, which had been lately burnt, about a quarter of an hour before that happened, a paper with a ball of wild-fire in the nave of a wheel; and Mr. Richard Harwood, being near the Feathers tavern, by St. Paul's, on the 4th of September, "saw something through a grate in a cellar, like wild-fire; by the sparkling and spitting of it he could judge it to be no other; whereupon he gave notice of it to some soldiers that were near the place, who caused it to be quenched." Thus far the first report. Additions were subsequently made of a similar, but certainly not more trustworthy, character. Then follows the report of the "Committee appointed to certify information touching the insolency of Popish priests and Jesuits, and the increase of Popery." The very heading of this last report shows the *animus* of the then Parliament; yet the Committee of that House, in making the report before mentioned, *offer no decided opinion of their own.* This is surely a significant fact. Hubert *may* have fired the house; there *may* have been wicked, mischievous, and discontented individuals who endeavoured to increase the horrors of the time in the modes described in the evidence; yet how much of this evidence might not be explained by the general excitement of mind in which all the witnesses must have participated, and by the important remark of Pepys already transcribed concerning the "shower of fire-drops," which he expressly says set fire to houses which the conflagration had not reached! But, at all events, that no large body of people, whether foreigners or Papists, were concerned in the affair, seems to us to be partly proved by the very absence of such a charge in the Committee's report; but still more by the facts that, first, it is impossible to discover how "Papists," the body chiefly suspected, could have been benefited by the destruction of the metropolis of their country; and secondly, that *no attempt of any kind appears to have been made by any party,* when—on the hypothesis of their guilt—success had rewarded their atrocious efforts, and they had only to reap the harvest they desired. As to Hubert, although, according to Clarendon, neither the judge nor any person present at his trial believed his story, but all saw that he was a poor distracted wretch, weary of his life, and anxious to part with it, yet the jury found him guilty, and the King and the judges, notwithstanding their conviction of his insanity, allowed him to be executed! "It was soon after complained of," says Bishop Kennet, in his 'History of England,' "that Hubert was not sufficiently examined who set him to work, or who joined with him." And Mr. Hawles, in his remarks upon Fitz-Harris's trial, is bold to say that, "the Commons resolving to examine Hubert upon that matter next day, Hubert was hanged before the house sate, and so could tell no further tales." We must add one still more important piece of evidence. Maitland * says that "Lawrence Peterson, the master of the ship that brought Hubert over, upon his examination some time after, declared that the said Hubert did not land *till two days after the fire.*" The truth appears to be that Hubert was insane; and yet the poor creature was executed! This is dreadful work to have taken place in England only one hundred and seventy-five years ago. Nor does it seem to have been done as a sacrifice to the popular frenzy. It is stated in the 'Pictorial England,'† and we find no evidence to the contrary, that "to the lasting honour of the London populace, desperate and bewildered as they were, and mad with excitement, they shed no blood, leaving such iniquities to be perpetrated by the fabricators of Popish plots, the Parliament, and the judges." It is gratifying to be able to add, from the same authority, that during this unhappy period "acts of Christian charity were performed on all sides, old animosities were mutually forgotten, nothing was remembered but the present desolation, all kinds of people expressing a marvellous charity towards those who appeared to be undone."

In addition to the distress and alarm felt by all during the fire, and the loss and physical privations it entailed for some time on the greater part of the population, it left an immense amount of difficulty and trouble behind in connexion with the arrangements necessary for the rebuilding. The King and the Government had now a painful duty to perform. On the one hand, they saw the necessity of preventing a new London from arising on the ruins of the old, liable to all the same dangers and inconveniences; and, in an affair of such magnitude, some little time for consideration was indispensable:—on the other, they beheld two hundred thousand persons bivouacking without the ruins of their late homes, all clamorous for the re-erection of their dwellings, shops, and warehouses, and who, in their extremity, were unwilling to listen to any schemes of amelioration which should cause a single day's delay. There was also the very delicate task to perform of carefully restoring to each person his own land or situation, for the general destruction had erased so many of the ordinary marks that official supervision and control were indispensable. This part of the business was intrusted to a court of judicature, consisting of the principal judges, who fortunately gave such general satisfaction that the City caused all their portraits to be painted. As to the rebuilding, the man was at hand who could have enabled the King without delay to devise whatever measures were required for the safety and splendour of the new metropolis. When Evelyn, who formed a plan for the rebuilding, took it to Charles a few days after the fire, he found Sir Christopher Wren had been before him; and we cannot but observe that there was something more than ordinarily remarkable in the fact that an architect of Wren's genius should have appeared at the precise moment that he was so much wanted, and when such a stupendous work offered for the development of his powers. Prior to the time of the Fire he was employed upon the restoration of St. Paul's, (which he had of course afterwards entirely to rebuild,) and in the erection of some other public edifices; but as yet he had completed nothing; and this is pretty well all we know, except by inference, of his architectural reputation in 1666. From the account published by his son in the 'Parentalia,' it appears that he was now "appointed surveyor-general and principal architect for rebuilding the whole City; the cathedral church of St. Paul, all the parochial churches (in number fifty-one, enacted by Parliament, in lieu of those that were burnt and demolished), with other public structures; and for the disposition of the streets. . . . He took to assist him Mr. Robert Hook, professor of geometry in Gresham College, to whom he assigned the business of measuring, adjusting, and setting out the ground of the private street houses to the several proprietors, reserving all the public works to his own peculiar care and direction. . . . . In order therefore to a proper reformation, Wren (pursuant to the royal command), immediately after the fire, took an exact survey of the whole area and confines of the burning, having traced over with great trouble and hazard the great plain of ashes and ruins; and designed a plan or model of a new city, in which the deformity and inconveniences of the old town were remedied, by the

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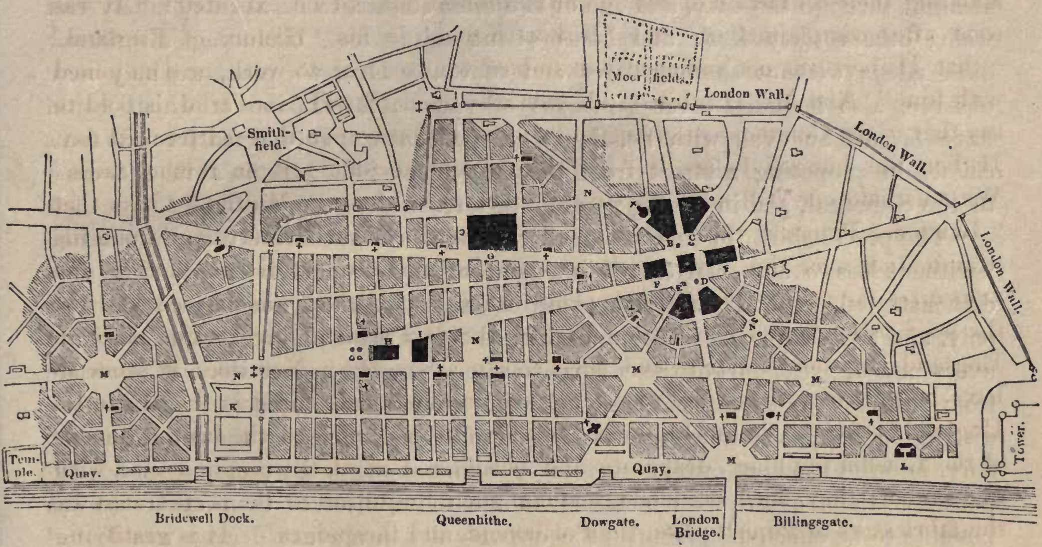
* Page 437.

† Book viii. p. 899.



[Wren's Plan for rebuilding the City.]

[The shaded part shows the extent of the Fire.]

A. The Royal Exchange.
B. Post Office.
C. Excise Office.
D. Mint.
E. Insurance Office.
F. Goldsmiths'.
G. Guildhall.
H. St. Paul's.
I. Doctors' Commons.
K. Wood Market.
L. Custom House.
M. Piazzas.
N. Market.
† Churches.
‡ Continuation of London Wall.

enlarging the streets and lanes, and carrying them as near parallel to one another as might be; avoiding, if compatible with greater conveniences, all acute angles; by seating all the parochial churches conspicuous and insular; by forming the most public places into large piazzas, the centre of (six or) eight ways; by uniting the halls of the twelve chief companies into one regular square annexed to Guildhall; by making a quay on the whole bank of the river, from Blackfriars to the Tower. . . . The streets to be of three magnitudes; the three principal leading straight through the City, and one or two cross streets, to be at least ninety feet wide; others sixty feet; and lanes about thirty feet, excluding all narrow dark alleys without thoroughfares and courts." Evelyn's plan, we may here observe, also included several piazzas of various forms, one of which would have formed an oval, with St. Paul's in the centre. It differed from Wren's chiefly in proposing a street from the church of St. Dunstan's in the East to the cathedral, and in having no quay or terrace along the river.

"The practicability of this scheme," continues the author of the 'Parentalia,' "without loss to any man or infringement of any property, was at that time demonstrated, and all material objections fully weighed and answered. The only, and as it happened insurmountable, difficulty remaining, was the obstinate averseness of great part of the citizens to alter their old properties, and to recede from building their houses again on the old ground and foundations; as also the distrust in many, and unwillingness to give up their properties, though for a time only, into the hands of public trustees or commissioners, till they might be dispensed to them again, with more advantage to themselves than otherwise was possible to be effected." Thus "the opportunity in a great degree was lost of making the new city the most magnificent, as well as commodious for health and trade, of any upon earth."* The best, however, was done under the circumstances that could be done; and the result was that, when London was rebuilt, which was accomplished in an almost incredibly short space of time (ten thousand houses being erected in the first four years), it was found little more convenient than before, but a good deal more magnificent as far as the public buildings were concerned, and, being built of brick and stone, altogether infinitely more safe. It appears also to have become in the transformation more healthy; the plague, which the year before had carried off one hundred thousand persons, disappeared from that time.

Instead of the present Monument, which was commenced in 1671 and completed in 1677, one after the design here shown was proposed by Sir Christopher, and it is unfortunate that the authorities could not be convinced of its superior fitness for the object desired. It was of somewhat less proportion than the existing Monument, namely, "fourteen feet in diameter, and after a peculiar device; for, as the Romans expressed in relievo on the pedestals and round the shafts of their columns the history of such actions and incidents as were intended to be thereby commemorated, so this monument of the conflagration and restoration of the City of London was represented by a pillar in flames; the flames blazing from the loop-holes of the shaft (which were to give light to the stairs within) were figured in brass-work gilt; and on the top was a phœnix rising from her ashes, in brass gilt likewise." Not only was this most happy, because most appropriate, design rejected, but in that which followed an alteration was made, decidedly injurious to its effect, and in opposition to the architect's wishes. He had proposed to place a colossal statue in brass gilt of the King, as founder of the new city, on the top of the pillar, or else a figure erect of a woman crowned with turrets, holding a sword and cap of maintenance, with other ensigns of the City's grandeur and re-erection. The flames, however, we suppose, pleased the learned persons who sat in judgment, though the design of which they formed so characteristic a feature did not; so, like other architectural judges nearer our own day, they cut off the feature from where it was appropriate, and placed it where it was not—hence the gilt bunch, representative of flames, of the present structure. On the completion of the Monument, the genius of Cibber, the well-known sculptor of the figures of the two lunatics on the gates of old Bethlehem Hospital, was put in requisition to decorate the front part of the pedestal with an emblematical representation of the destruction and restoration of the City. It is not, however, one of the happiest of his efforts. The work is in alto and bas-relief, and contains numerous figures, symbols, and decorations. We have already transcribed a portion of the inscription on the north side of the Monument; that on the south commemorates what was done for the improvement of London in its rebuilding; another, on the east, the names of the Mayors of London who held office during its erection; and beneath this was originally a fourth, ascribing the fire to the "treachery and malice of the Popish faction;" which was cut away in the reign of James, then restored in deep characters during that of William III., and again erased a few years ago by a vote of the Corporation. Our readers are of course aware that it is to this Pope refers in his famous line where he says the Monument,

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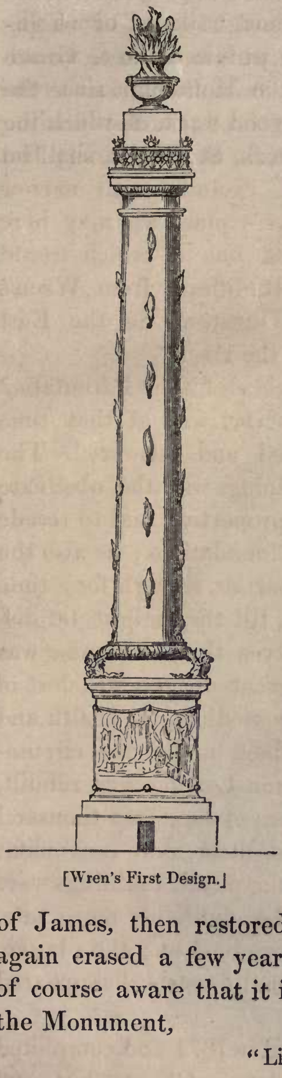
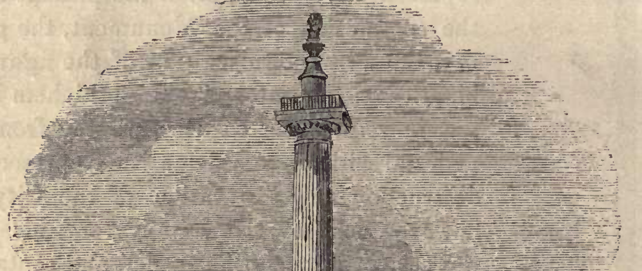
* Wren's Parentalia, p. 269.


[Wren's First Design.]

> "Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies."

In conclusion, it may be observed that Wren's plan would undoubtedly have secured to us both of the two great objects which should be sought in all our Metropolitan improvements, namely—complete and universally uninterrupted communication between all parts, and the increase of architectural beauty. But is it not too often forgotten, whilst the failure of that plan is being regretted, that it may *yet be carried into effect* in all its essential features? We do not mean to say that London can ever be brought to correspond with the design shown in our pages, nor is it necessary. Two or three great lines of communication from one end of London to the other; streets broad in proportion to their use, and the narrowest not too narrow for health or convenience; a quay along the bank of the river; and insulation of public structures, that is to say those worthy of such distinction;

are, we consider, the chief features of the great architect's proposals. What is to prevent us from realising all these now? Considerable progress has been made, or is making, already, with regard to the first two points; we hope yet to inhale the fresh breezes by the side of the pleasantest, because most "silent," of "highways;" and with regard to the better display of our public edifices, we are willing to look upon the improvements made around the Monument since the following drawing was taken as the commencement of a good work, of which the opening of the area around the same architect's greatest work, St. Paul's, shall be the next and more important fruit.



[Monument: eighteenth century.]

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